UPLIFTED VOICES

"They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord."
Isaiah 24-18.

A NEW CENTURY HYMN BOOK FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

EDITED BY
ADAM GEIDEL AND R. FRANK LEHMAN.

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UPLIFTED VOICES.

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"They shall lift up their voice; they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord."—*Isaiah 24: 14.*

A 20th CENTURY HYMN BOOK

... FOR ...

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

AND DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS.

... EDITED BY ...

Adam Geibel and R. Frank Lehman.

... PRICE ...

30 cents per copy, prepaid. $25.00 per hundred, not prepaid.

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To Sunday-School Workers:

In launching "Uplifted Voices" upon its mission of usefulness in the Sunday-school, we beg, with pardonable pride, for your recognition of its merits, because we believe that it embodies all of the forceful, helpful and other requisite qualities which modern Sunday-school work demands.

Our reason for this statement is that the book has been compiled on suggestions and ideas received from a host of prominent and influential Superintendents and workers in every part of our broad land; and for their generous co-operation we herewith return our hearty thanks.

That "Uplifted Voices" may also uplift the hearts of those who sing its melodies and bring them nearer to the throne of grace, is the earnest prayer of

The Editors

Special Note.—A hymn appropriate to the lesson of the day or to any special season may be instantly found by referring to "The Topical Index" on back pages.

Uplifted Voices.

UPLIFTED VOICES.

JAMES B. THOMPSON. ADAM GEIBEL.

FEMALE VOICES. *Unison.*

1. Uplift-ed voic - es, Heaven's Choir! Praising in mel - o - dies sub- lime;
2. Uplift-ed voic - es, sweetly swelling, Now faint and far, now loud and near;
3. Uplift-ed voic - es, soft - ly trill- ing, Songs that the angels e'er in - tone,

Love tunes their music, they ne'er tire, Nor shall their chantings cease with time.
Songs by the sav'd, their triumph telling, Hear them resounding strong and clear.
Music of love, our trib-ute will- ing, Rise with our pray'rs to Heaven's throne.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

"Glo-ry for- ev - er!" angels a - dore! Sing to His prais-es ev - er - more!

Harmony:

Mention His name who reigneth a-bove, Great in His wisdom, pow'r and love.

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No. 4. THE WORLD MUST BE TAKEN FOR JESUS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, Come, en - ter His
2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O hast - en and
3. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, The strongholds of

ar - my to - day; There's need of the true-heart - ed sol - diers, For
fall in - to line; Tho' might - y the foe, we shall con - quer, Led
Sa - tan must yield; Go for - ward with cour-age un - fail - ing, And

CHORUS.

might - y is Sa - tan's ar - ray.
on by the Cap - tain di - vine.
nev - er re-treat from the field.

En - list! en - list!
En - list! en - list!

En - list in His ar - my to - day; The world must be

tak - en for Je - sus, En - list in His ar - my to - day.

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No. 5. "HAIL TO KING JESUS!"

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Sing His prais - es all the day, Hail to King Je - sus!
2. His will be a reign of love, Hail to King Je - sus!
3. Sound His name o'er land and sea, Hail to King Je - sus!

Strew palm branches on His way, Hail to King Je - sus. He will set the
He has come from realms above, Hail to King Je - sus! Heav'nly hosts at -
King for- ev- er will He be, Hail to King Je - sus. Mill-ions fol - low

cap - tives free, Bless- ed will His king- dom be, He will reign o'er
tend Him now, God has sealed His spot - less brow, To Him all al -
in His train, Do- ing serv - ice "In His Name." Shout the glorious

CHORUS, *a little slower.*

you and me, Hail to King Je - sus!
le - giance vow, Hail to King Je - sus. } Hail to King Je - sus, our
cry a - gain, Hail to King Je - sus!

Ped.

Sav - iour and Lord! Ho - san - na! Ho- san- na! to the Son of God.

Ped.

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No. 6. HARK, THERE'S SOMEONE KNOCKING!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. T. H. ERVIN.

1. Hark, there's Someone knocking At thy heart to-day! O haste in joy to greet Him
2. O how oft has Je - sus Waited there be-fore! Then lin-ger now no lon-ger,
3. Time is pass-ing on-ward, Soul, no longer wait; O bid the Saviour en - ter,

Turn Him not away. 'Tis the Saviour seeking, For an entrance there. A-rise, fling
Open wide the door. Joy and peace He'll bring thee For thy doubt and sin. Arise, make
Ere it be too late. All to Him sur-ren-der, O in gladness say, "My Saviour,

CHORUS.

O haste, a- rise and let the

wide thy heart's door To this stranger fair!
haste to an - swer, "Jesus, en- ter in."
I enthrone Thee, In my heart to-day."

Let the Saviour in, Arise, and

Sav-iour in, This hour He'll cleanse thy heart from

let the Sav-iour in, He this hour will cleanse, will cleanse thy

sin, ... Thy doubts will cease, He'll bring sweet

heart, thy heart from sin, all thy doubts shall cease, He'll bring sweet

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HARK, THERE'S SOMEONE KNOCKING!—Concluded.

peace, ...

peace, He'll bring sweet peace, A - rise, and let the Sav - iour in.

No. 7. UNFURL THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. Adam Geibel.

1. Un - furl the Gos - pel ban - ner, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Be zeal - ous for your Mas - ter, 'Gainst e - vil brave - ly fight;
3. Go for - ward is your or - der, And storm the forts of sin;
4. Ere long a Might-y Con - q'ror, He'll come to earth a - gain;

Be-neath its crim - son col - ors, Count earth - ly things but dross.
He will be ev - er with you, Go for - ward in His might.
The ranks of Sa - tan scat - ter, For Je - sus vic - t'ry win.
Go for - ward, fight His bat - tles, If you would with Him reign.

Chorus. *Unison.*

Go for - ward Christian sol - diers, And brave - ly march a - long;

With Je - sus for your Lead - er, You'll sing the vic - tor's song.

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No. 8. LET THE GOSPEL LIGHT SHINE OUT.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Adam Geibel.

1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly-ing all around, O, what moral darkness
3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or-der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this path-way

darkness, sin, and crime. O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime,
ev - 'ry-where is found Warn some oth-er ves-sels off from dang'rous ground,
trimmed and burning bright, Try to be a bless-ing, bright-en up the night,
you will pass no more, Till He bids you wel-come on the oth - er shore,

Chorus.

Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos - pel light shine

out, out,

out, (shine out,) Let the Gos-pel light shine out, (shine out.) Keep your lamp in

or-der, trimm'd and burning bright,— Let the Gospel light shine out,

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No. 9. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA B. ENKHORN. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo- ments be

sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav- iour al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun- ny side we al - so may view.
sun again will shine bright and clear.
keepeth ev-'ry one in His care.
} Keep on the sunny side, Always on the

sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,

It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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No. 10. LIFE AND LIGHT FOREVER.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL. Melody of Refrain, Paul Rodney's "Calvary."

1. O wea - ry of heart, heavy la - den, Look up to the Cal - va-ry hill, The
2. Press on, 'tis the Christ-light undy-ing, The glory that ne'er will grow dim, That
3. A voice ringeth down thro' the ages, Above earthly sorrow and strife, "Be -

way to the cross may be lone-ly, But Je - sus abides with you still, Blessed
shines thro' the gathering darkness, To lead weary pilgrims to Him; Still it
cause I live ye shall live al - so, For Death is the gate-way of life;" Tru - ly

rit. REFRAIN. *Unison.*

Je - sus abides with you still.
leads weary pilgrims to Him.
Death is the gate-way of life.
} Come hither, ye faith - ful, Love banish- eth

fear, No path can be lone - ly, With Je- sus so near; . . Come,

cres.

come with rejoic - ing, Hail our ris - en King; Life and light for- ev - er,

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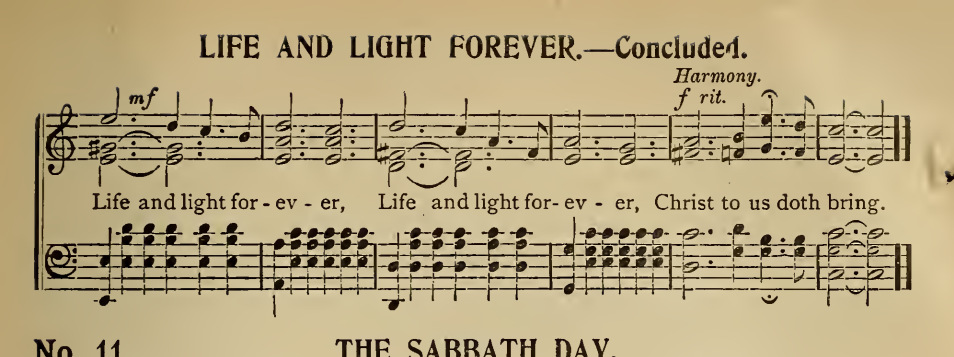
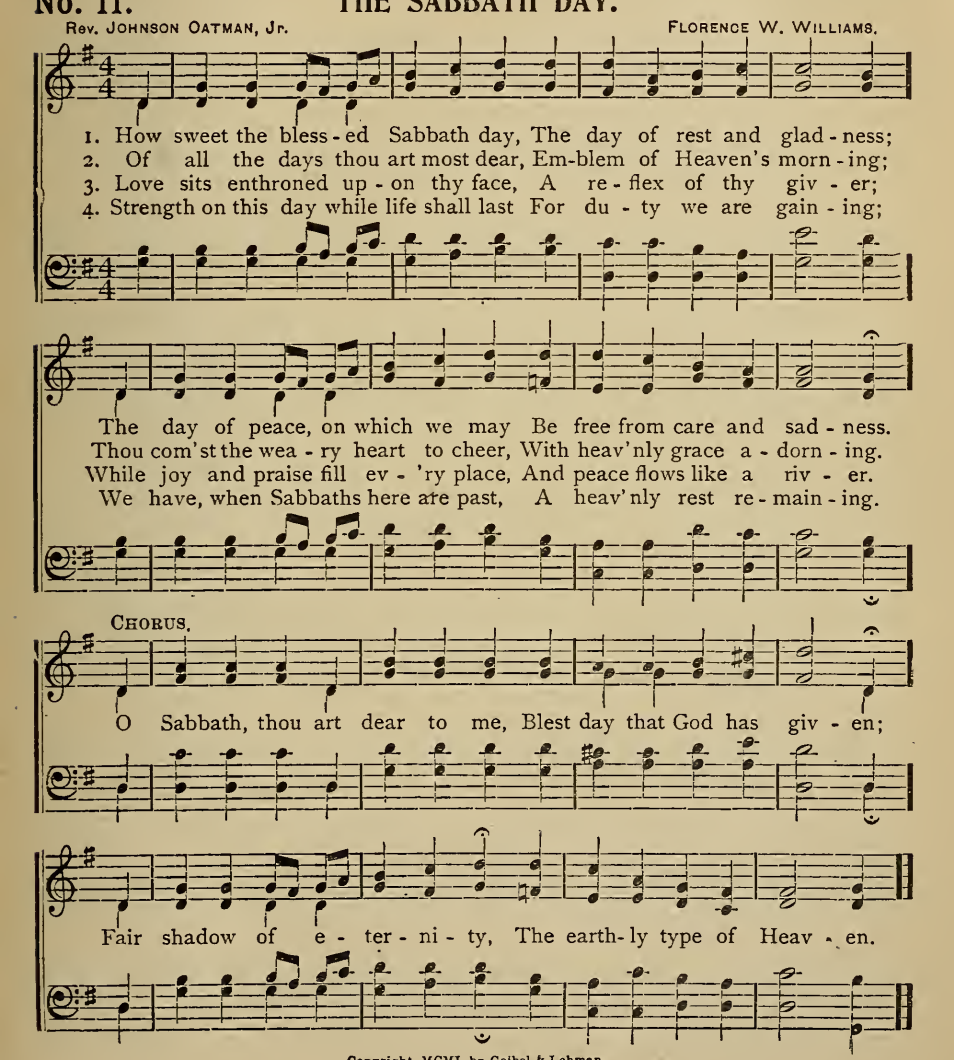


No. 11. THE SABBATH DAY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



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No. 12. IN GRATEFUL PRAISE.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Unison. *Harmony.*

1. In grate-ful praise, to Thee we raise, Our song to-day, great God and King;
2. We praise Thy might, great God of right, We praise Thy pow'r and majesty;
3. In grate-ful praise, Lord, all our days, Our songs shall rise un- to the throne;

Unison. *Harmony.*

E'en to the skies, there will a-rise The ech - oes of the songs we sing.
We praise Thy love, that from a-bove, Sends down its blessing cease-less-ly.
Grant when, at last, the goal is passed, We may be gathered with Thine Own.

CHORUS. *ritard.*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God a - bove!

tempo.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
- Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Praise the might-y King, the might-y King, the King of Love.
lu - jah!

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No. 13. THE MARCH OF THE RANSOMED.

NOTE.—A good effect may be obtained as follows.—Have 1st verse sung by male voices, 2d by female voices and 3d by full school in unison.

LLEWELLYN A MORRISON. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. The re-deemed of the Lord, in glad free - dom re - turn - ing, Their pil-grim-age jour- ney to God have be - gun; The des - ert, the darkness, the tra - vail, the mourning, The bond-age and serf-dom are o - ver and done.
2. By the "High-way" they come and are com - ing; and ev - er New feet join the mu - sic, new lips the re-frain; The "weak hands" are strengthen'd by ceaseless en- deav- or; The dumb tongues are loosened and blend in the strain:
3. From the hedge-rows and by - ways, from sor - row and sigh - ing—The wil - der-ness breaking in bloom as they sing—With joy ev - er-last - ing, all dan-gers de - fy - ing, In glo - ry they come, to a - bide with the King.

REFRAIN. *Harmony.*

On-ward to Zi-on, the cit- y im-mor-tal; Riseth their song of delight by the road,

unison. *rit.*

Swelleth afar, till they reach its bright portal, The home of the ransomed, the city of God.

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No. 14. ALWAYS HAPPY.

C. H. C. CHAS. H. CHANDLER.

1. Christians should be happy all the live-long day, Walking with the Saviour in the
2. Christians should be happy with each want supplied, For our heav'nly Father daily
3. Christians should be happy working for their Lord, In His service ev-er great is

heav'nly way; Words of cheer He whispers, Of the Father's love: And the joys a-
will pro- vide. If we only trust Him naught can ev- er harm For about each
their re - ward. "Whatsoever He would" always "try to do" Life will then be

REFRAIN.

Al - ways hap - py,

wait-ing in His home a-bove.
loved one is His might-y arm.
happy all its journey through.
} Always be happy, Christian; why should any care

Al - ways hap - py,

Fill your heart with sorrow, doubt or dark de - spair? Always be happy, Christian;

As you jour-ney on, Drive a-way all troub-le with a cheer - ful song.

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No. 15. ANCHOR YOUR BARK.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - ered the
2. Concealed by the gath - er - ing dark - ness, Are break - ers of
3. So anch - or your bark to the Christ-rock, And ask the dear

faith strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moorings, And
sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma- ny a dan - ger To
Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

Drift - - ing a - way,.....

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea.
keep you from gaining the land.
shores of e - ter - ni - ty.
} Drift-ing a-way, drift-ing a-way,

drift - - ing a - way,.....

drift-ing away, drift-ing away, Far from the home of the blest,

Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock, For un-der its shadow is rest.

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No. 16. I LOVE HIM MORE AND MORE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. A. DUBOIS.

Sprightly.

1. Each day I fol-low Christ my Lord T' ward that eternal shore, O be His bless-ed
2. I sought Him and He took me in But loved me long before, And since He pardoned
3. And so I'll sing along the way, To that ce- les- tial land, As Je-sus guides me

name adored, I love Him more and more. My cup of blessings ne'er is low, He
all my sin, I love Him more and more. I find His mercies here abound, His
day by day, And holds me by His hand. And when my King I meet and see, On

fills it o'er and o'er, And while I know He loves me so, I love Him more and more.
grace a boundless store, So much of glory shines around, I love Him more and more.
that e-ter-nal shore, I'll sing thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, "I love Him more and more."

CHORUS, *in march time.*

I love the Lord my King, I love Him more and more,

Bless the Lord, my King, bless the Lord, Bless Him more and more, more and more,

The more I know of Him, I love Him more, Yes, more and

All I know of Him, know of Him more and more,

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I LOVE HIM MORE AND MORE.—Concluded.

more, I love the Lord my King, I love Him more and

more and more, Bless the Lord, my King, bless the Lord, I love Him more, love Him more and

more. The more I know of Him,

more, more and more. The more I know, more I know of Him, know of Him, I love Him more and more.

No. 17. CHOSEN OF GOD AND PRECIOUS.

R. F. L. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Cho-sen of God and pre-cious, Je - sus! Je - sus! Come to us now, re-
2. Oft- en the way grows drear-y, Je - sus! Je - sus! But Thou canst cheer the
3. No oth-er hope in sor - row, Je - sus! Je - sus! Bring us a glad to -

CHORUS.

fresh us, Je - sus, Lord.
wea - ry, Je - sus, Lord.
mor - row, Je - sus, Lord.

Oh! how we need re - fresh - ing,

Oh! how we need Thy blessing, Come, Jesus, precious Saviour, Come, come, come.

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No. 18. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To Him that o - ver-com - eth, A

rit.

army shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

rit.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol- diers of the cross; Lift

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

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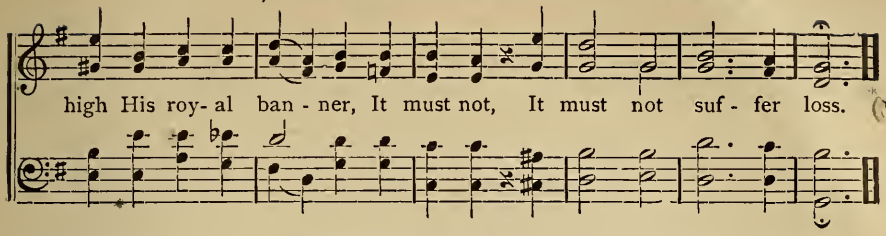
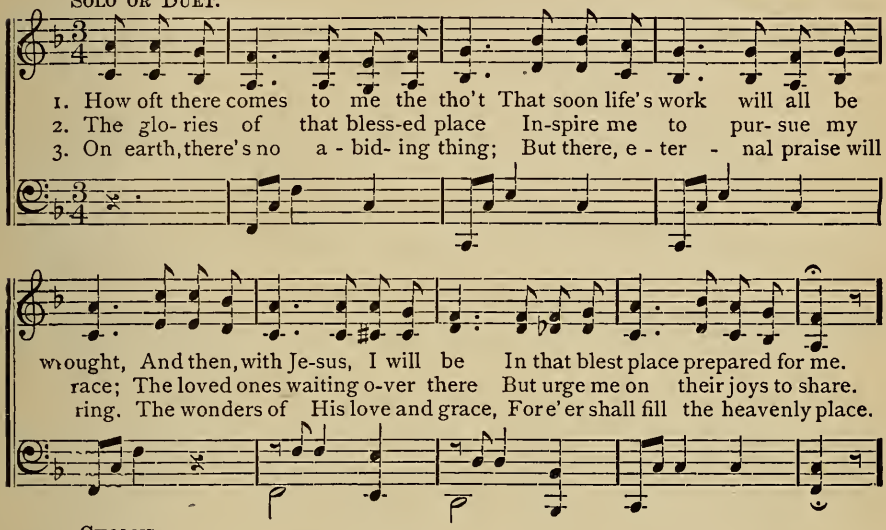
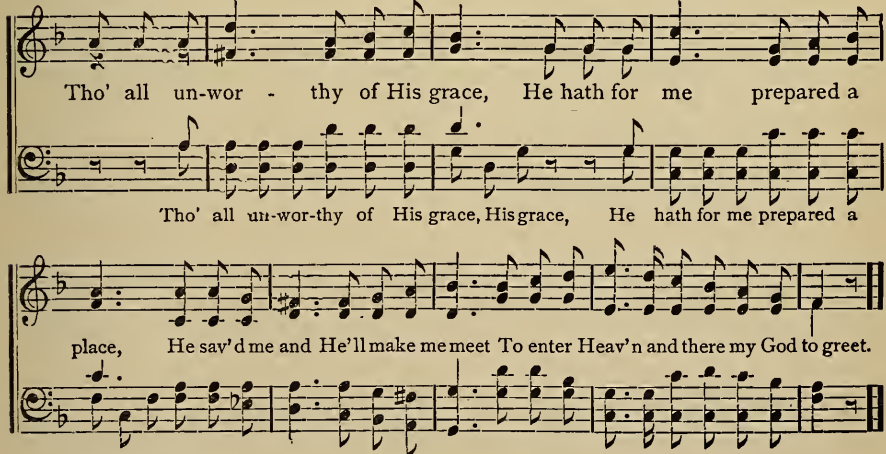
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 19. THE HEAVENLY PLACE.

R. F. L. R. Frank Lehman.





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No. 20. SHARON'S ROSE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O - ver the o - cean In si-lence grows Fra - grant and love-ly
2. O, of all ro - ses This is the queen But oft its beau - ty
3. Child, there's a les-son Told un - to thee By this sweet blossom

Instrument.

Sharon's sweet rose; Clear laughing wa-ters Mur- mur-ing by,
Is all unseen. Yet in its gladness Still it would smile
O - ver the sea; With un-as-sum - ing And love - ly grace

Mir - ror its beau - ty And the blue sky.
Liv - ing in sweet - ness Life's lit - tle while.
Make life the bright - er With thy sweet face.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Shar - on's sweet ro - ses Bring to us word

poco rit.

Of One more love - ly, Je - sus our Lord.

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a tempo.

Fair - er than ro - ses Or lil - ies rare,

He is the fair - est Of all the fair.

No. 21. BE A TRUE SOLDIER.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Be a sol - dier true with-in the ar - my of the King,
2. Nev - er know re-treat although the com - ing foe be strong:
3. For-ward go nor fal - ter, O thou sol - dier of the Lord,

Loy - al hosts for Je - sus will a glo - rious vic - t'ry bring.
Je - sus is thy Cap- tain, soon shall sound the tri - umph-song.
Fight on brave - ly, thou shalt have the vic - tor's sure re-ward.

CHORUS.

Be a true sol-dier; fight on, fight on; Vic - to-ry will soon be won.

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No. 22. A VOICE FROM CALVARY.

Dedicated to Jas. B. Mitchell.

GEO. P. BEARD. Matt. 27: 46. Luke 23: 34. John 19: 30. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus, pleading From the Cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. Hear the voice of Je - sus, praying "Fa-ther, pit - y and for-give!"
3. Heed the voice of Je - sus, say - ing "It is finished"—all may live;

Scourg'd and pierc'd, His bod - y bleeding, "Why hast thou for - sak - en me?"
He has giv'n His life to save you, Dy - ing sin - ner, look and live;
Still He's plead-ing, He is pray - ing, That the Fa - ther may for - give;

All a - lone the wine-press treading, Je - sus died for you and me;
He has poured a full li - ba - tion, From His wounded hands and side,
Je - sus' voice, from Calv'ry sounding, Down the a - ges, of - fers free,

Wrath of God, on Him descend - ing, He, our ran - som, sets us free.
Sac - ri - fice for free sal - va - tion, Flows for all, in crim - son tide.
Par-don, peace, and life a - bounding, Take the gift He of - fers Thee.

CHORUS.

He is plead - ing, He is pray- ing, From the cross of Cal - va - ry,

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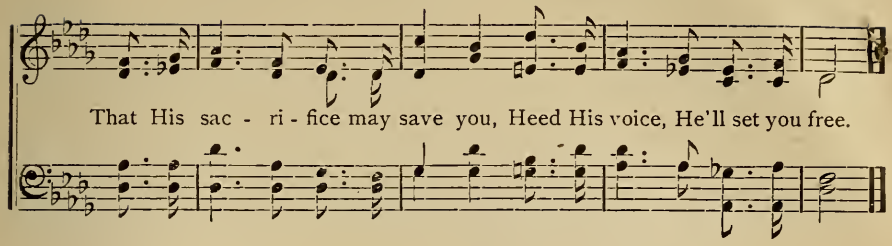
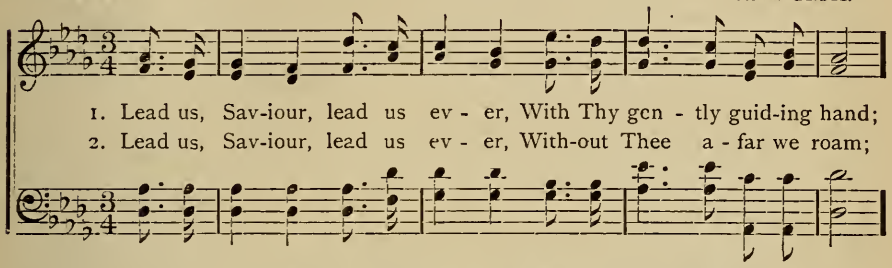
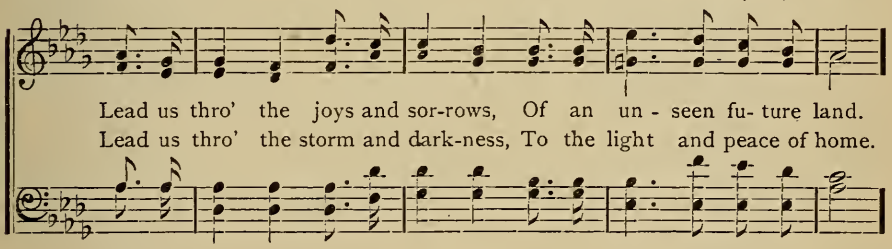
A VOICE FROM CALVARY.—Concluded.

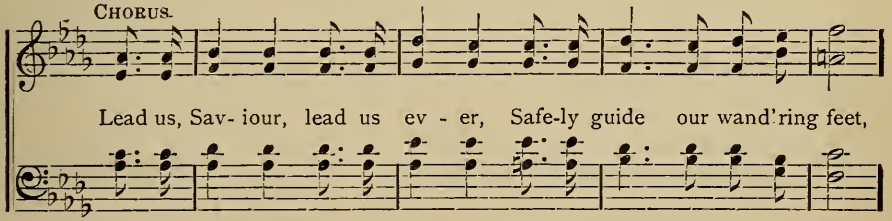


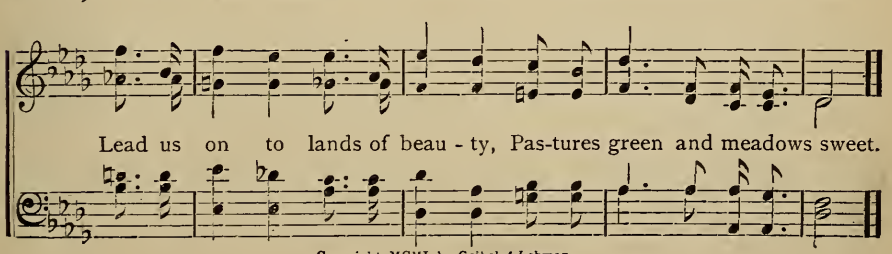
No. 23. LEAD US, SAVIOUR.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.









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No. 24. OPEN THY HEART.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O - pen thy heart to the love of the Sav-iour, List' to His
2. Oft in the shad - ow, when friends all forsake you, Je - sus is

1. O-pen thy heart to
2. Oft in the shadow,

plead - ing while yet you may; His is the hand that will
wait - ing to hear your call; Lead-ing the way thro' the

ist' to His pleading,
e-sus is wait-ing

His is the hand,
Leading the way

safe - ly lead you, Up to the glo - - ry of end-less day.
storm and dark-ness, Saviour—Re-deem - er—yes, all in all.

Up to the glo-ry
Saviour—Redeemer—

CHORUS.

O - pen thy heart! . . . . . O - pen thy heart! . . . . .

O - pen thy heart! O - pen thy heart!

voice,

Let in the sun- shine from heaven a - bove; List' to His voice, (His voice,)

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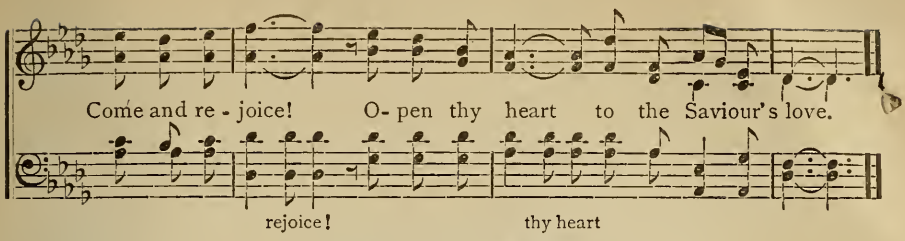
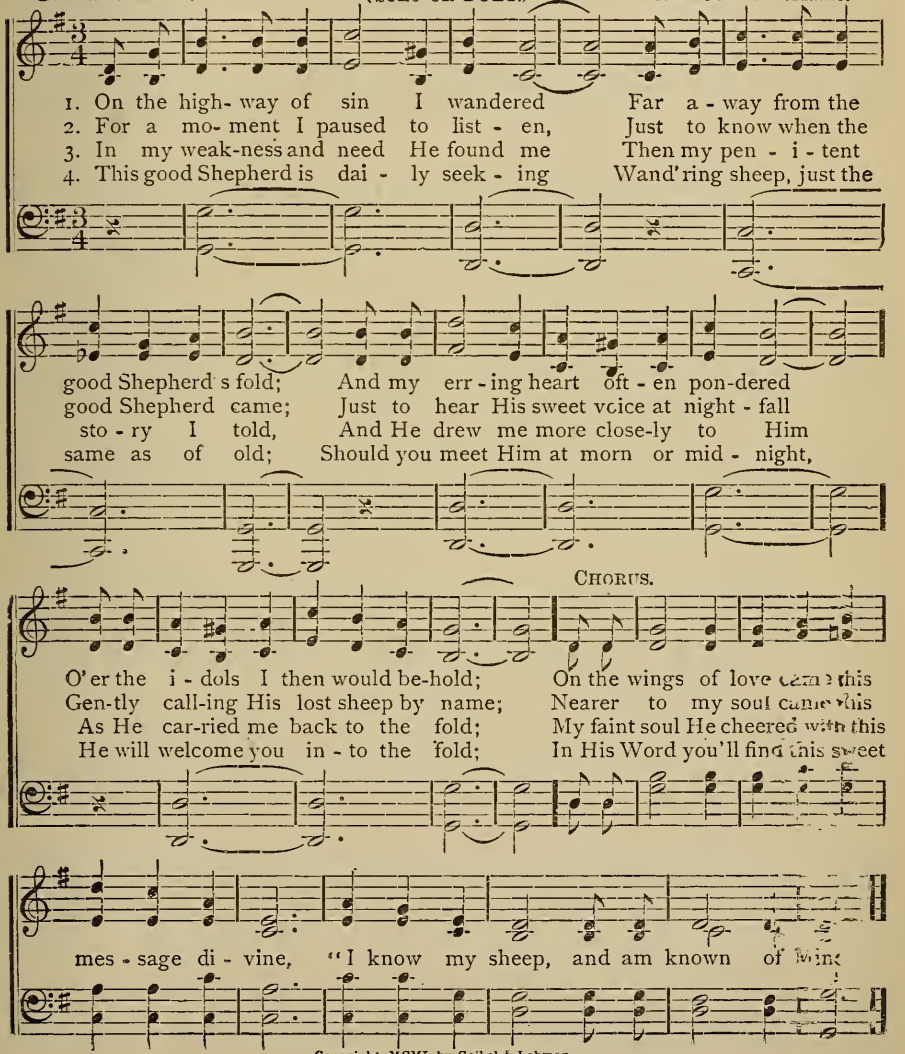


No. 25. I KNOW MY SHEEP.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. (SOLO OR DUET.) FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



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No. 26. AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. (SOLO AND QUARTET.) ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO.

1. Some day I shall cross the river, I know not if soon or late, But
2. O joy - ful will be the meeting, When safe in His blest em - brace! I'll
3. Earth's sorrows will seem as nothing When lov'd ones again I see, And

this do I know—the Sav - iour Will meet me at Heav-en's gate!
dwell in His glo - rious pres - ence, Be - hold - ing Him face to face.
life but a lit - tle jour - ney To that blest E - ter - ni - ty!

CHORUS.

mf *cres.*

At por - tals of the Heav'nly gate My Lord will stand and for me wait,

dim. *p* *rit.*

All sor - row past—all safe at last, I'll en - ter thro' the Heav'nly gate.

past—all

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No. 27. SPREAD THE NEWS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Let the gos- pel banner be unfurled, Spread salvation's message o'er the world,
2. Hail, De-feat of all unrighteousness! Jesus comes His ransom'd ones to bless;
3. Oft as dawns the joy of wak-ing day, Grief and gloom as shadows flee away,

See the mid-night shadows flee a-way, At the glorious dawning of the day.
Hosts of darkness yield their deadly might, With the burst of heav'nly joy and light.
While in joy the na-tions join to sing, Praise and honor to the mighty King.

CHORUS.

Spread the glo - rious Heav'n's sal -

Spread the glorious news, the glo-rious news from sea to sea, Heav'n's salva-tion,

Instrument.

va - tion

heav'n's sal- va- tion now is full and free, Spread the news from sea to sea,

Instrument.

Now sal- va-tion's full and free, Spread the news, the glorious news from sea to sea.

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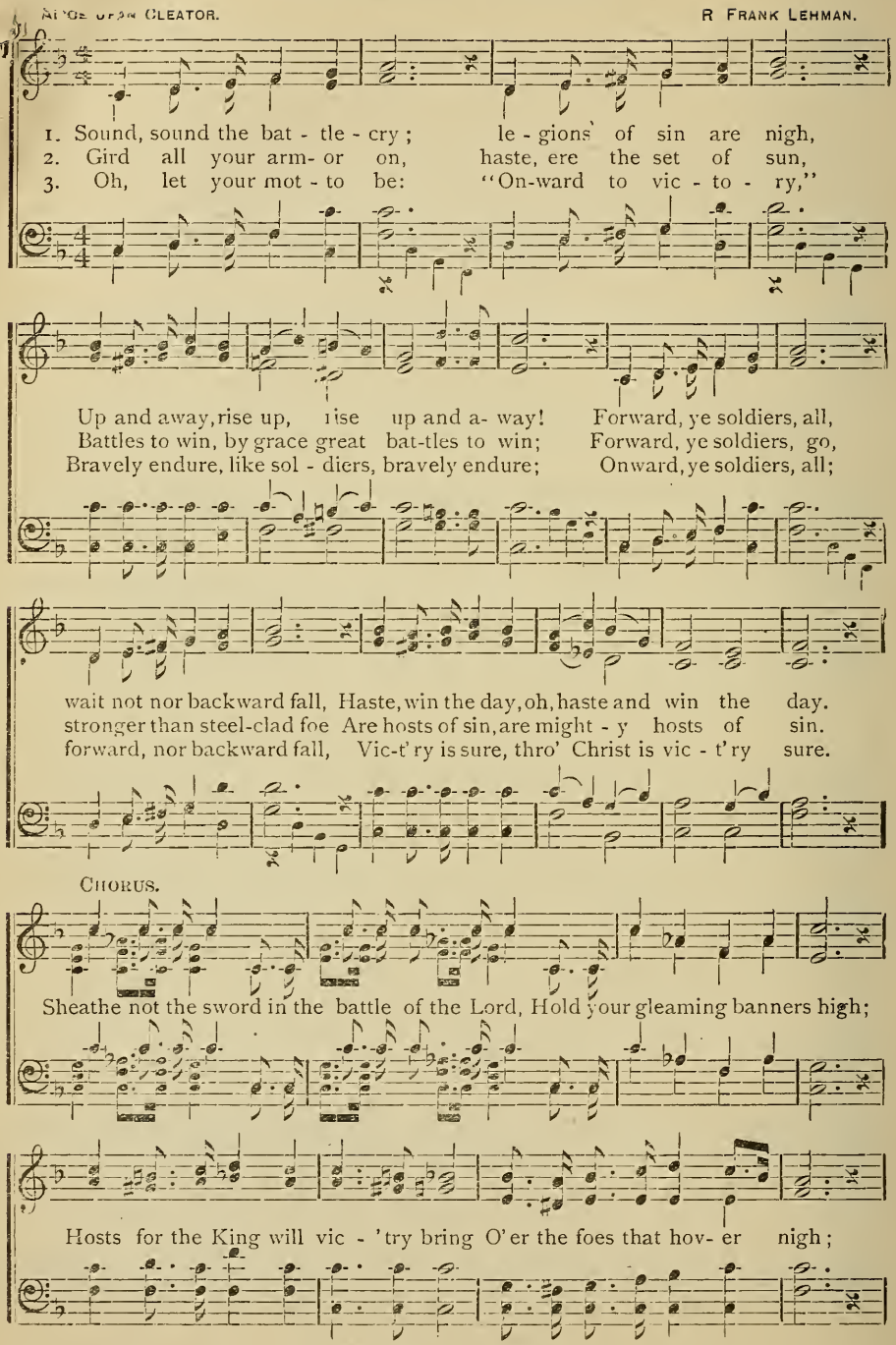
No. 38

FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

ADOPTED FROM CLEATOR. R FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Sound, sound the bat - tle - cry; le - gions of sin are nigh,
2. Gird all your arm- or on, haste, ere the set of sun,
3. Oh, let your mot - to be: "On-ward to vic - to - ry,"

Up and away, rise up, rise up and a- way! Forward, ye soldiers, all,
Battles to win, by grace great bat-tles to win; Forward, ye soldiers, go,
Bravely endure, like sol - diers, bravely endure; Onward, ye soldiers, all;



wait not nor backward fall, Haste, win the day, oh, haste and win the day.
stronger than steel-clad foe Are hosts of sin, are might - y hosts of sin.
forward, nor backward fall, Vic-t'ry is sure, thro' Christ is vic - t'ry sure.

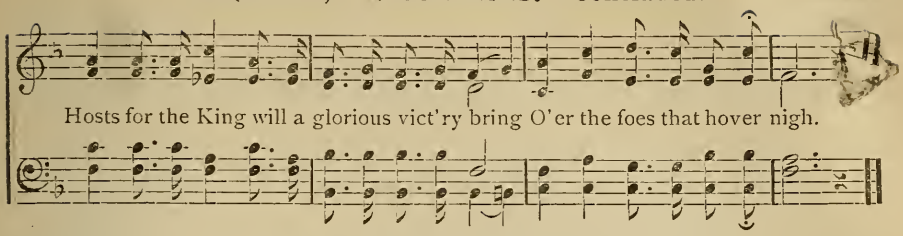
CHORUS.

Sheathe not the sword in the battle of the Lord, Hold your gleaming banners high;

Hosts for the King will vic - 'try bring O'er the foes that hov- er nigh;

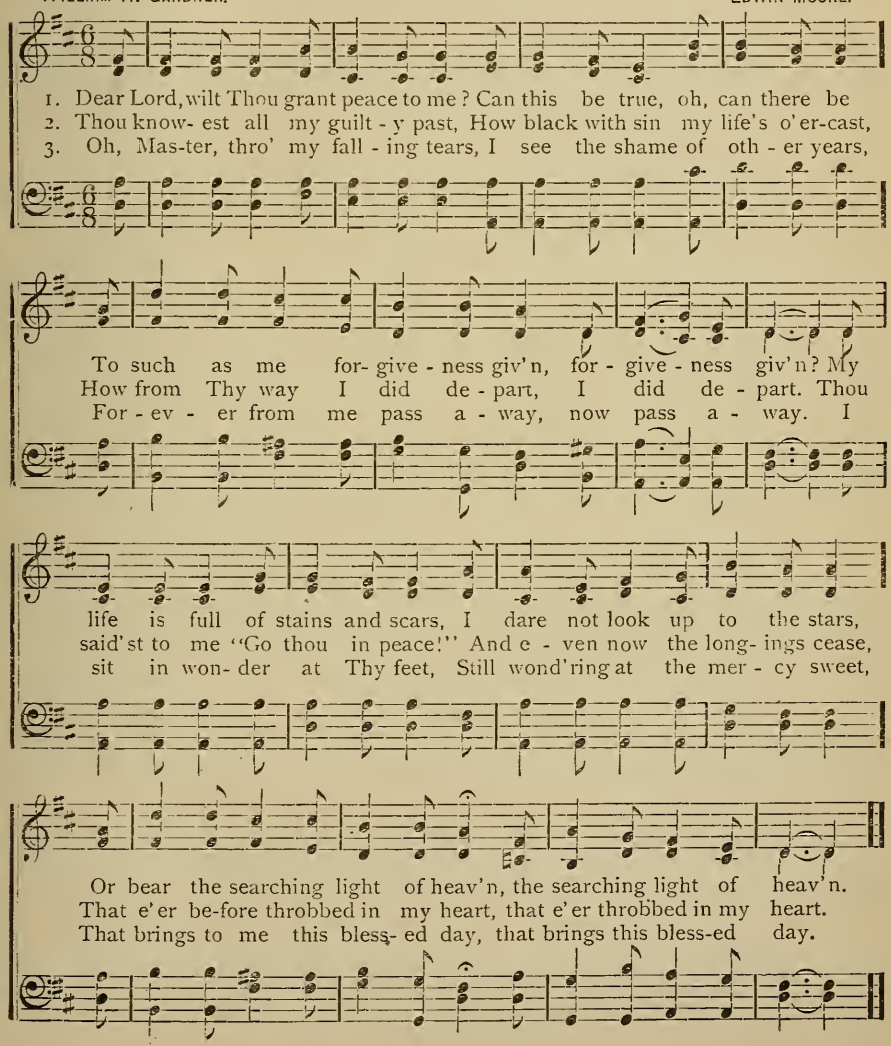
By permission of E. S. Lorenz

FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.—Concluded.



No. 29. FORGIVENESS E'EN FOR ME.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.



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No. 30. O'ER THE BILLOWS LIGHT IS STREAMING.

JENNIE WILSON. ADAM GEIBE.

1. O'er the bil - lows light is streaming, From the har- bor of the blest,
2. When our per - ils and pri - va - tion On the waves of time are o'er,
3. Swift - ly on- ward we are glid - ing, To the bright im- mor-tal land,

Where that ra - di - ance is beaming, By and by we'll sweet-ly rest.
With glad songs of ex - ult - a - tion, We shall moor by yon- der shore.
In our Saviour's care con- fid - ing, We shall reach that blessed strand.

CHORUS.

From the hap - - - - py coast of heav - - - en Light is

From the hap - py coast of heav - en, From the coast of heav- en,

shin - - - ing while we roam, ... 'Tis a bea - - - con

Light is shining while we roam, is shining while we roam, 'Tis a beacon God has

God has giv - - - en, home, ...

giv - en, bea-con God has giv - en, Guiding life's way - far - ers home, safe-ly home.

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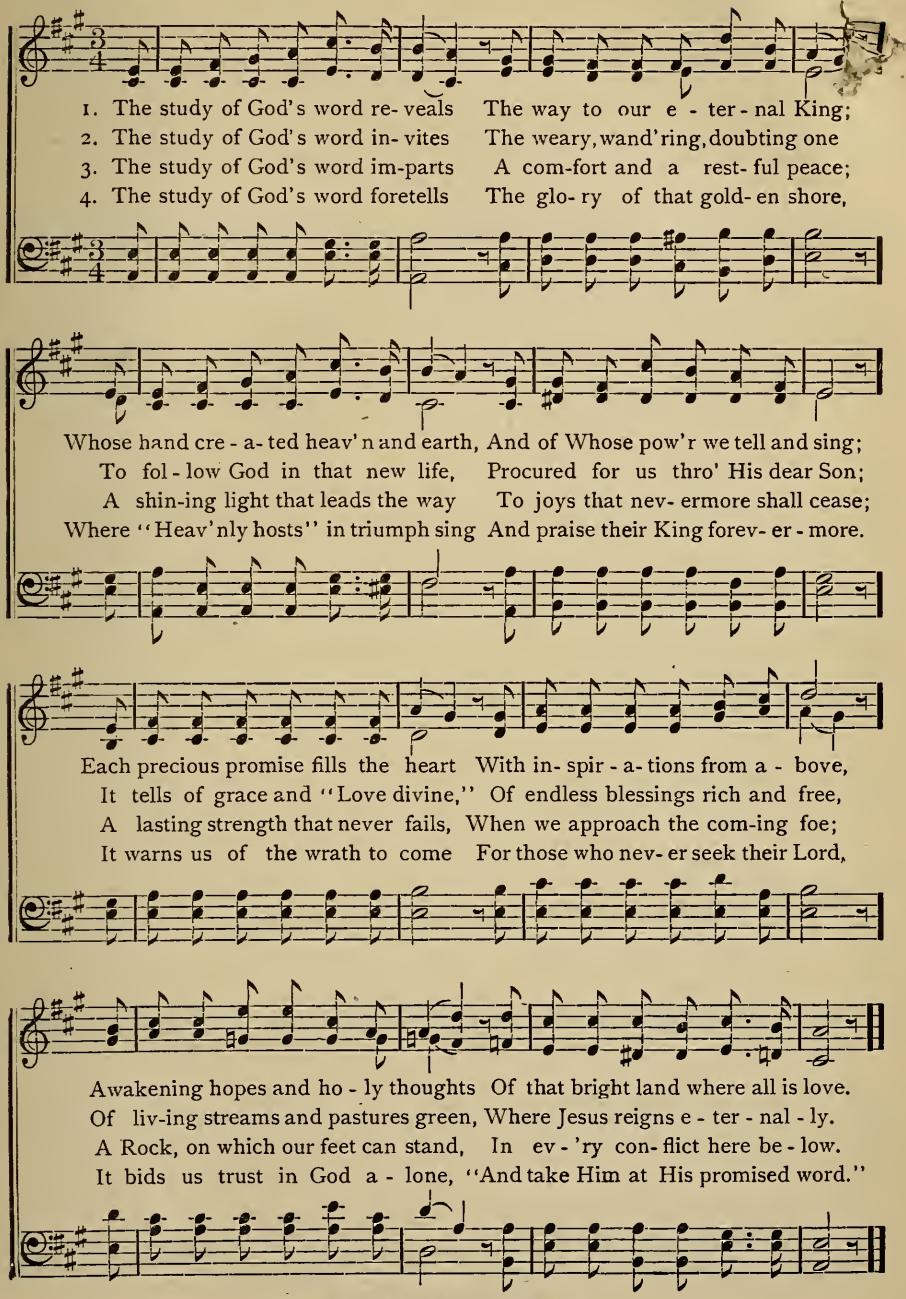
No. 31. THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORD.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 32. THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE TO ME.

SOLO OR DUET.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.

1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
2. When far, far a - way, and in con- dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
3. Oh, won-der-ful love, is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's

just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
cared for me, There came a sweet voice,—I shall ne'er for - get it,—
cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone - ment

CHORUS.

Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
"Je - sus thy Sav - iour still loves thee."
For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.
} There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

By per. of Powell G. Fithian.

No. 33. FREEDOM IN CHRIST.

SADIE STERLING. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A long time I strug-gled with con-flicts with-in, I longed to be
2. I heard the glad sto-ry of par-don so free, And mer-cy a-
3. At last His love conquered, I flew to His breast, And cried in my
4. No lon-ger in sad-ness or sor-row I roam, My Sav-iour goes

free from the bur-den of sin, My heart was so wayward, tho' oft I had
bund-ant for sin-ners like me; But pride was my mas-ter, I still'd my heart's
an-guish, "O Lord, give me rest!" I heard His sweet voice say, "Fear not, I am
with me, my heart is His home; I tell Him my troub-les, and all that a-

CHORUS.

tried To yield up my will to the dear Cru-ci-fied. I longed to be
moan, And went on my way, feel-ing sad, and so lone. I longed to be
near, Thy pray'r I have answer'd, thy par-don is here." And now I am
larms, He whispers most sweetly, "Come, hide in my arms." And now I am

free, oh, I longed to be free! From bondage and sin, how I longed to be free!
free, oh, I longed to be free! From bondage and sin, how I longed to be free!
free, yes, I know I am free! My chains have been broken, I know I am free!
free, yes, I know I am free! My chains have been broken, I know I am free!

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No. 34. FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. A. A. DUBOIS.

Unison. *Tempo. Harmony.*

rit.

1. Forward, Christian soldier! Forward go with song! On-ward to bat- tle,
2. Forward, Christian soldier! Mighty is the foe, Trust in thy Leader,
3. Forward, Christian soldier! Sin shall be o'er-thrown, Brave-ly advancing,

Hop-ing, re-joic-ing; Right shall de-feat the wrong. Je - sus will be thy
He'll fail thee nev- er, Cour-age He will be - stow, Fierce tho' the strife and
Look to the Saviour, Trust in His strength a-lone. Ev - er o-bey His

guide A-gainst the pow'r of sin; The hosts of heav'n are on thy side,
long, O nev - er, nev-er yield, Un - til the vic- tor's joy - ous song,
word, O firm and loy - al be, The hosts who bat - tle for the Lord

CHORUS. *Unison. March time.*

The vic-t'ry thou shalt win!
Rings o'er the bat - tle- field!
Shall gain the vic - to - ry!
} Forward, Christian soldier, in the cause of Right,

Harmony.

Trust-ing ev - er, trusting in the Saviour's might. On with courage ev - er,

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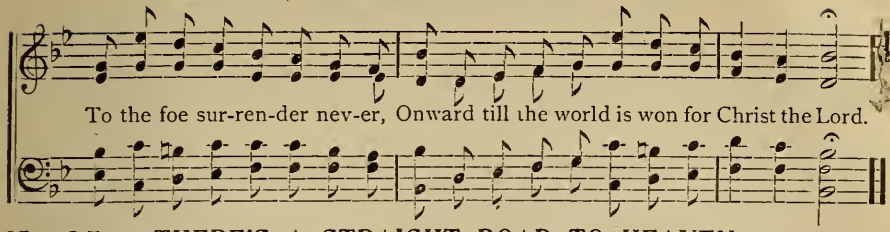
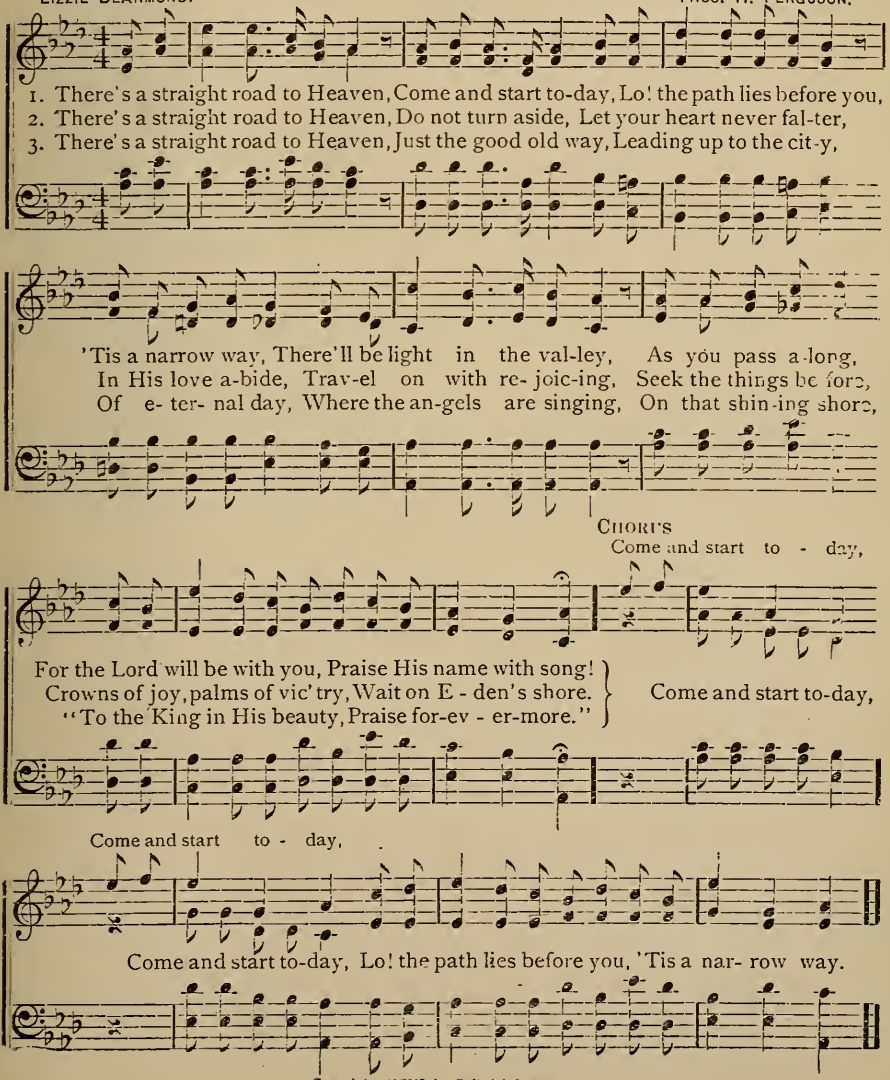


No. 35. THERE'S A STRAIGHT ROAD TO HEAVEN.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. THOS. H. FERGUSON.



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No. 36. LOYAL SOLDIERS.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

March time.

1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Master,
2. Ev - er on from strength to strength progressing, Ev - 'ry pow'r impressing,
3. Marching on - ward, ev - er on-ward, upward, Marching ev - er forward,

in each day's endeav - or; True in thought, in deed, in word and purpose,
we would by His blessing, Give ourselves in lov- ing-heart- ed serv- ice
marching ev- er heav'nward, Bear-ing high the cross em-blazon'd ban - ner

p Prayerfully.

to our Lord and King. Help us, Je- sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je- sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je- sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,

to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.

tempo.

Sol-diers, loy - al, serv- ing Christ, our lead-er, We will nev - er fal - ter,
Go - ing forth un - to the world-wide reaping, Fainting not nor sleeping,
In the might of Him who reign- eth o'er us, We will be vic - torious,

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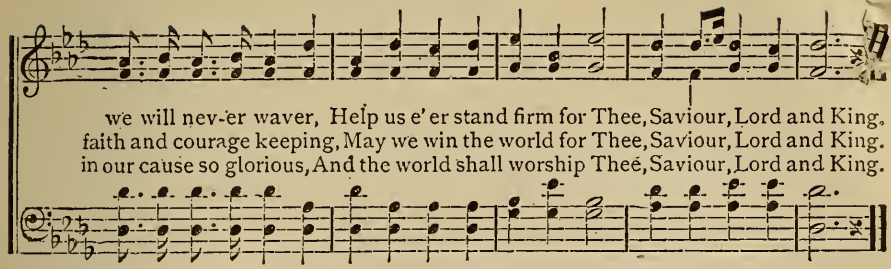
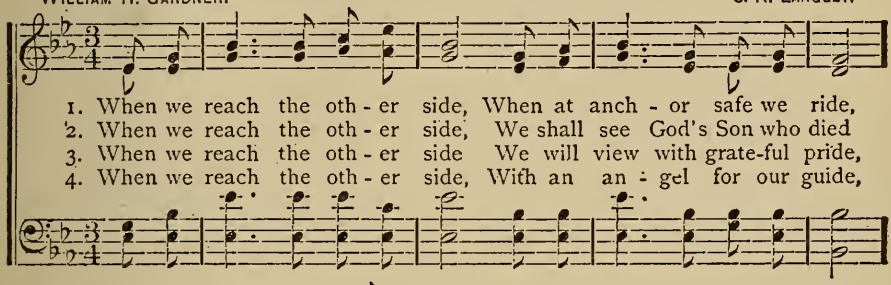
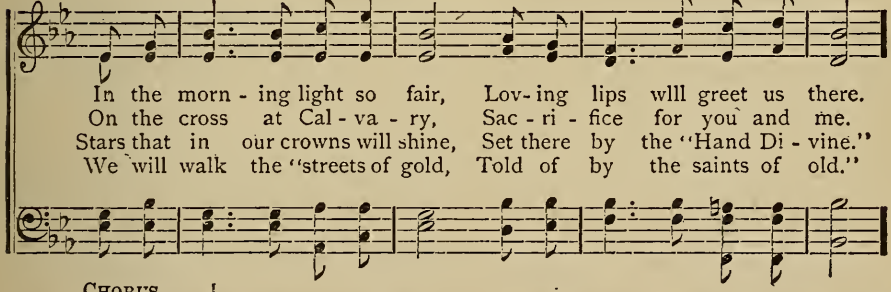


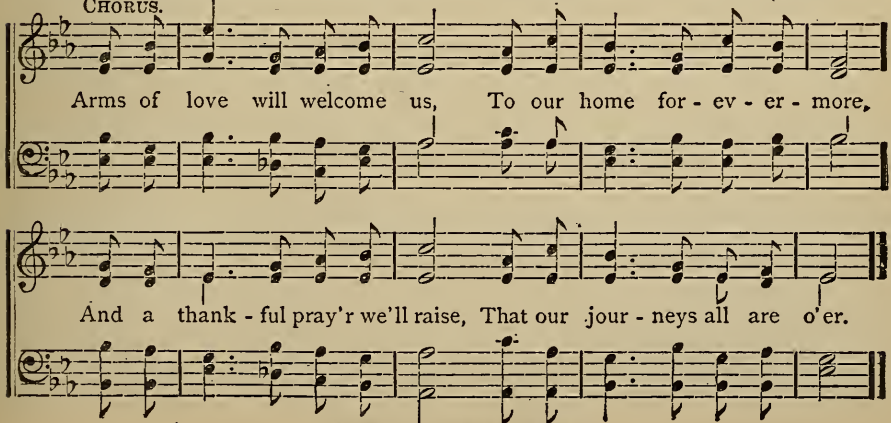
No. 37. WHEN WE REACH THE OTHER SIDE.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. C. K. LANGLEY.





CHORUS.



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No. 38. RALLY IN THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

JENNIE WILSON. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. Hearken one and all to the earn- est call, Ral - ly, ral - ly in the
2. Cast-ing fear a - way, glad-ly come to - day, Ral - ly, ral - ly in the
3. Lift the ban-ner high, raise the bat-tle - cry, Ral - ly, ral - ly in the

Sav-iour's name, Come from far and near, free - ly vol - un-teer, Ral - ly,
Sav-iour's name, There is need of you, do not be un-true, Ral - ly,
Sav-iour's name, O'er the pow'r of sin, you shall tri-umph win, Ral - ly,

CHORUS.

O ral - - - ly round the ral - ly in the Sav-iour's name. O ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly round the Cross, loss, Cross, round the Cross, Zi-on's sol - diers nev - er meet with loss; meet with loss;

Send to ev - 'ry na- tion, tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Ral-ly, ral - ly,

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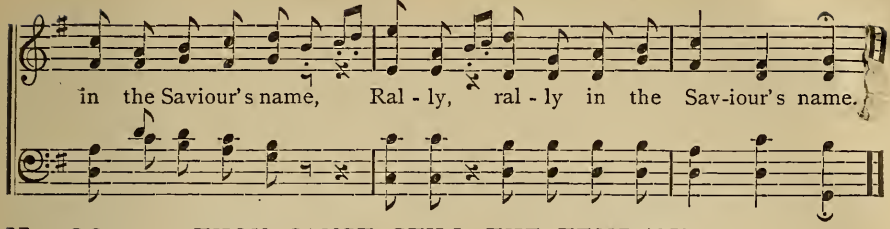
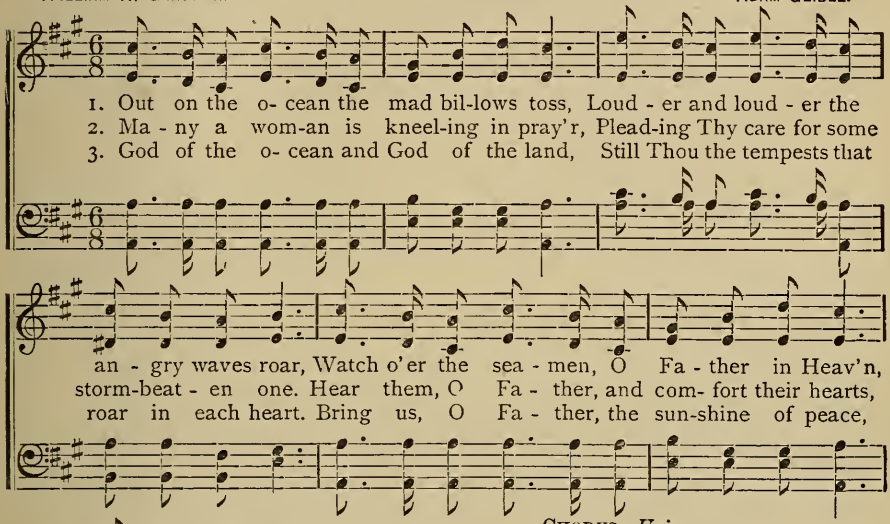
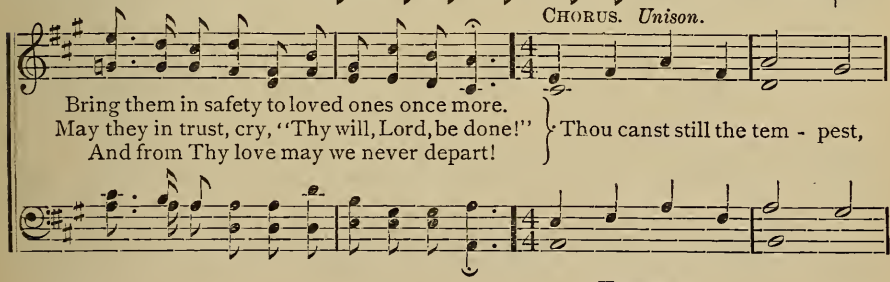


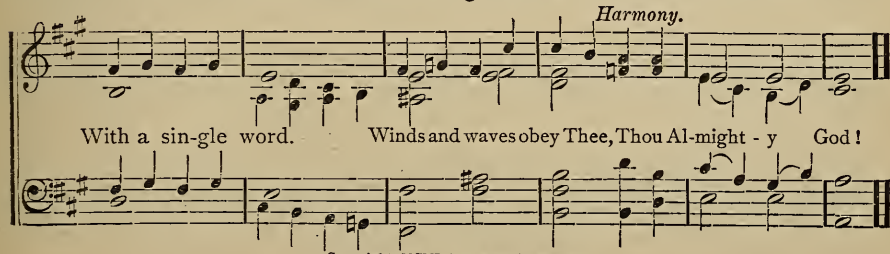
No. 39. THOU CANST STILL THE TEMPEST.

(A Hymn for the Seamen.)

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. ADAM GEIBEL.







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No. 40. LAMP OF MY FEET.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Andante con express.

1. Lamp of my feet, Thy guid - ance lend, Walk by my side my path at - tend; Led by Thy hand I can - not stray, Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!
2. Light of my path, il - lume my soul, Help me Thy glo - ries to ex - tol; Fill me with peace like that a - bove, Light of my soul, Ce - les - tial Dove!
3. Star of my soul, with - in me shine, Fill me with beams of joy di - vine; Let me Thy faith - ful serv - ant be, Star of my soul, oh, lead Thou me!

By permission of J. Howard Entwisle.

LAMP OF MY FEET.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lamp of my feet, Light of my path! Lead, oh, lead Thou me;

rit. ad lib. Thee! . . . .

Star of my soul, guide and con-trol, Lead me near-er, near-er Thee!

No. 41. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. The Saviour lov'd the children Within the long a-go; He gave to them His
2. The Saviour loves the children As in the days of old; His arms of love and
3. With tho'ts and words of kindness, With shining deeds of love, May we with gladness

CHORUS.

bless-ing, He sought each one to know.
mer-cy A-bout us He will fold!
ev-er Our love for Je-sus prove!
O let us ev-er serve Him Who

is the children's Friend, For He will ev-er guide us And keep us till the end.

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No. 42. HARK! HARK! MY SOUL!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls! for
3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drea-ry, The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels! sing on: your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je-sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea - ry,
of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

REFRAIN. MALE VOICES. *Unison.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu- sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
} An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the

ALL. *Unison.*

night, An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

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Harmony.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

No. 43. THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

J. H. C. J. HARRY CROSSLEY.

March time.

1. Hear you not the cry 'long the bat-tle line, "The world, the world for Christ,"
2. Marching on, with faith in our Lead-er's might; The world, the world for Christ;
3. We shall know no fear, and we'll ne'er retreat; The world, the world for Christ;
4. O, the bless-ed day, when o'er all the earth; The world, the world for Christ;

All the ranks of sin 'gainst His reign combine; The world, the world for Christ.
Standing true and firm, we shall win the fight; The world, the world for Christ.
Till as King of kings, we our Sav-iour greet; The world, the world for Christ.
Ev-'ry tongue con-fess to the Saviour's worth; The world, the world for Christ.

CHORUS.

"The world for Christ," our bat-tle cry, The world for Christ; We will fight and die If need be, for our King on High; The world, the world for Christ.

From "Songs for the Master," by permission.

No. 44. HOSANNA.

MINNIE A. GREINER. A. A. DUBOIS.

1. When Je - sus to Je - ru - sa-lem Came on that old - en day, (that day,) The
2. When Je - sus to Je - ru - sa-lem In triumph rode that day, (that day,) The
3. To Je - sus, as in old - en days, The lit - tle ones are dear, (are dear,) And

hap - py lit-tle children throng'd To meet Him on the way. And o'er the verdant
hap - py lit-tle children strew'd Palm branches in His way. He smil'd as He pass'd
now as then their lisping praise Is sweet un-to His ear. The children praise Him

hills Their sweet young voices rang, As with the shouting mul - ti - tude,
by And bless'd them as they sang, Their loud ho-san-nas to His praise
still And hail Him as their King; While in ho-san-nas loud and clear,

CHORUS.

Ho - san-nas loud they sang!
Un - til the hill-sides rang!
Their child-ish voic - es ring!
} "Ho - sanna!" hear them cry, "Bless - ed

is the Lord our King," Hosan - na! Ho-sanna! Ev-ermore the children sing.

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No. 45. GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There are ma - ny to - day who are wand'ring a - way, Far a - way in the darkness and cold; Haste to gath - er them in, from the path - ways of sin, To the shel - ter and peace of the fold.

2. O how sweet the re - ward— O how pre - cious the word, When safe Home in that cit - y of gold, Should some one to thee say—"Far I wan - dered a - way, But you brought me back in - to the fold."

3. Soon the morn - ing is gone—soon the night com - eth on, Soon the sto - ry of Life shall be told; Then O hast - en to - day—souls are wan - d'ring a - way, Haste to gath - er them in - to the fold!

CHORUS.

Gath - - - er them in!.....

Gather them in! Gather them in! Out from the darkness and cold!

O count not the cost—seek for the lost, But gath-er them in- to the fold!

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No. 46. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

CONSECRATION.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o- ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to- day there are lov- ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied—

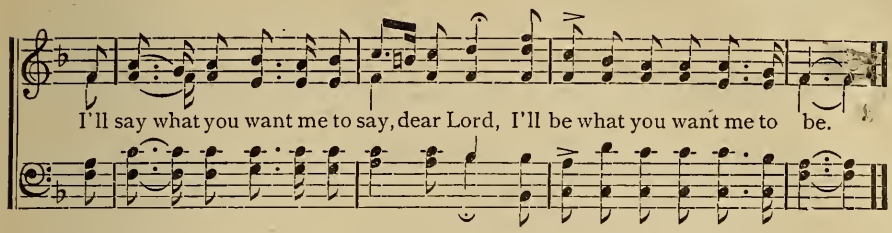
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav- iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust- ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
My voice shall ech- o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

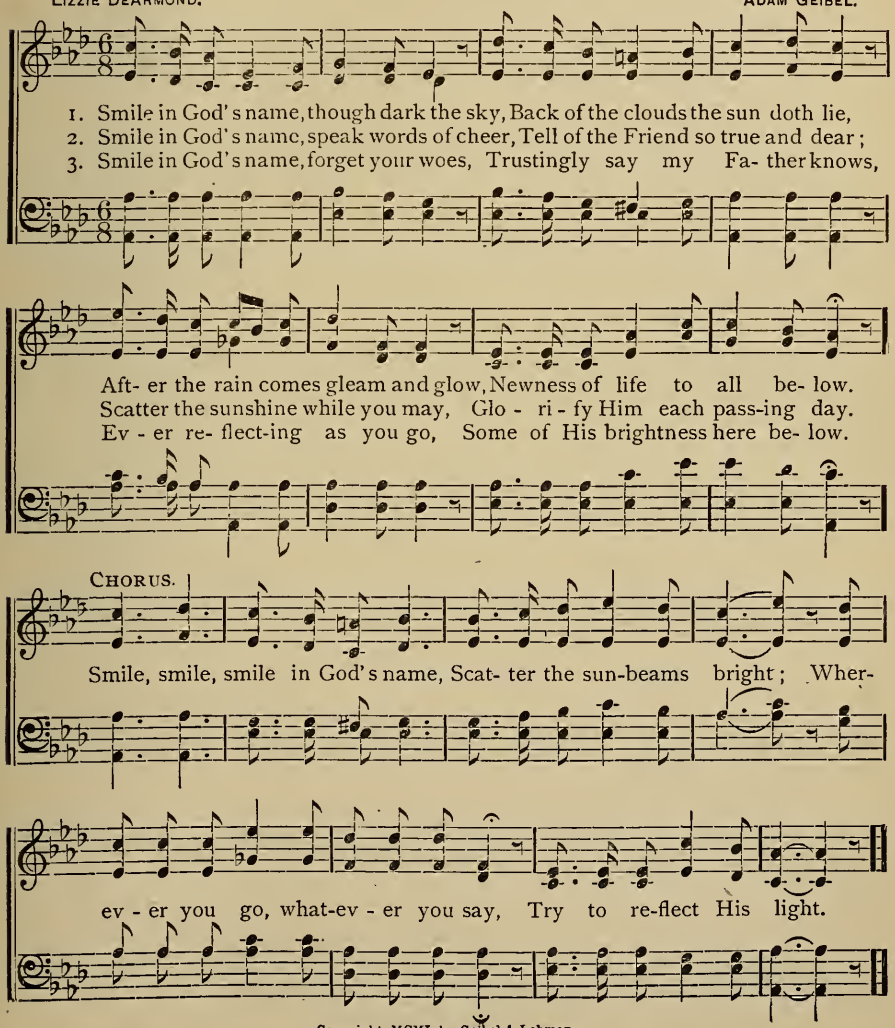
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

By per. of C. E. Rounsefell.



No. 47. SMILE IN GOD'S NAME.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 48. THE CHILDREN ARE MARCHING.

JENNIE WILSON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A happy sound is floating thro' the air, Sweet hymns of praise the breezes to us bear, While on our sight there gleams a banner fair, The children are marching in the
2. Like flowers fair their joyous faces glow, As onward, upward day by day they go, To blessed heights where living waters flow, The children are marching in the
3. A youth-ful ar-my e - vil foes to fight, Their strength to use in battling for the right, Before them beaming truth's eternal light, The children are marching in the
4. Oh, look rejoicing on the gladsome throngs, U- nite in singing Zion's cheering songs, Extolling Him to whom all praise belongs, The children are marching in the

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

highway of the King, The children are marching in the highway of the King, The

Marching, march - ing, march - ing, marching,

children are marching in the highway of the King, With songs of faith and love they

Marching, march - ing, march - ing on,

seek the land above, The children are marching in the highway of the King.

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No. 49. THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. When clouds and storms the way make dark, And dangers seem a-round life's bark,
2. Drift not up- on life's rocks and reefs, Drift not a-mongst its cares and griefs,
3. There is a har - bor up a- bove, Where thro' the Father's wondrous love,

Cast out hope's anchor, with a prayer, And an-gels will watch o'er you there.
Cast out hope's anchor, wear-y one, And end-less peace to you will come.
Our longed for joys will come at last, By hope's strong anchor e'er made fast.

REFRAIN.

Cast out the anch - or of hope, Fear not the bil - lows that

of hope,

roll, ... An - gels a - bove, on wings of love,

that roll,

rit.

Lov- ing - ly watch o'er each soul, Lov- ing- ly watch o'er each soul.

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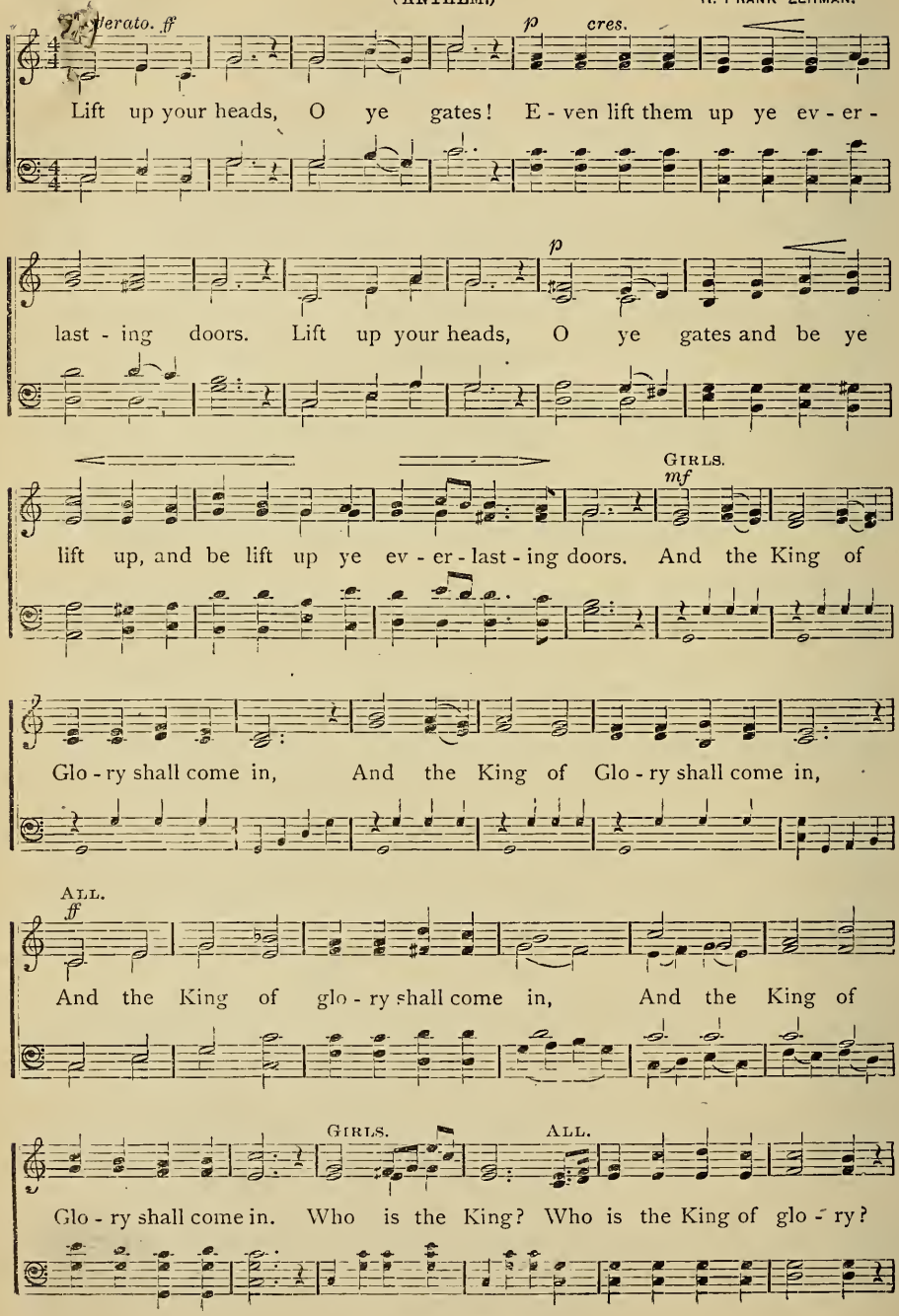
No. 50. LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

(ANTHEM.)

R. FRANK LEHMAN.



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LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.—Concluded.

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS.

Who is the King? Who is the King of Glo - ry? Who is the

ALL.

King? Who is the King of Glo - ry? The Lord, strong and mighty! The

Lord, strong and mighty! The Lord, strong and mighty! The Lord of Hosts.

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS. ALL.

He is the King! He is the King of Glo - ry! He is the King! He

GIRLS. ALL.

is the King of Glo - ry! He is the King! He is the King of Glo - ry!

ritard.

He is the King! He is the King! He is the King, The Lord of Hosts. A - men.

No. 51. GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Who-so the word be- lieves, From the wide
2. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Whereso our lot is cast, Hast-en- ing
3. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, He will our baskets fill, Scat-ter His

fields of serv-ice, Gath-er the gold-en sheaves. Scatter the seeds of bless-ing,
hours redeem-ing, Till the brief day is past. Now while the sun is shining,
boun-ty free - ly, More will be giv-en still, Gather the sheaves for Jesus,

Scatter them all a-round, O-ver the barren hill-side, Over the fer-tile ground.
Now while the sky is bright, Gather the sheaves for Jesus, Toil in the Master's might.
Till He shall bid us "come," Singing His grace and glory, At the great Harvest Home.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy sow- ing be - side all wa-ters, Joy, joy,
O what joy, heav'nly joy O what joy, heav'nly joy,

joy the heart re-ceives, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the sheaves for
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves,

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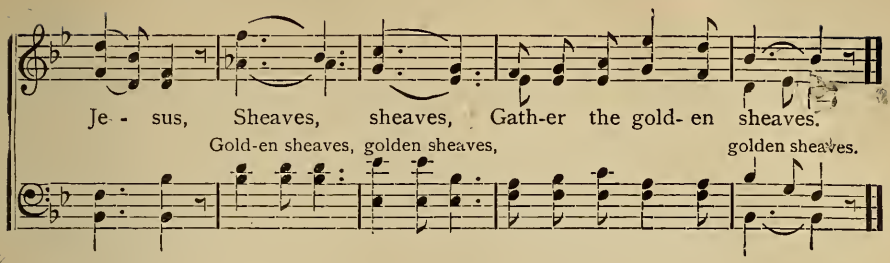
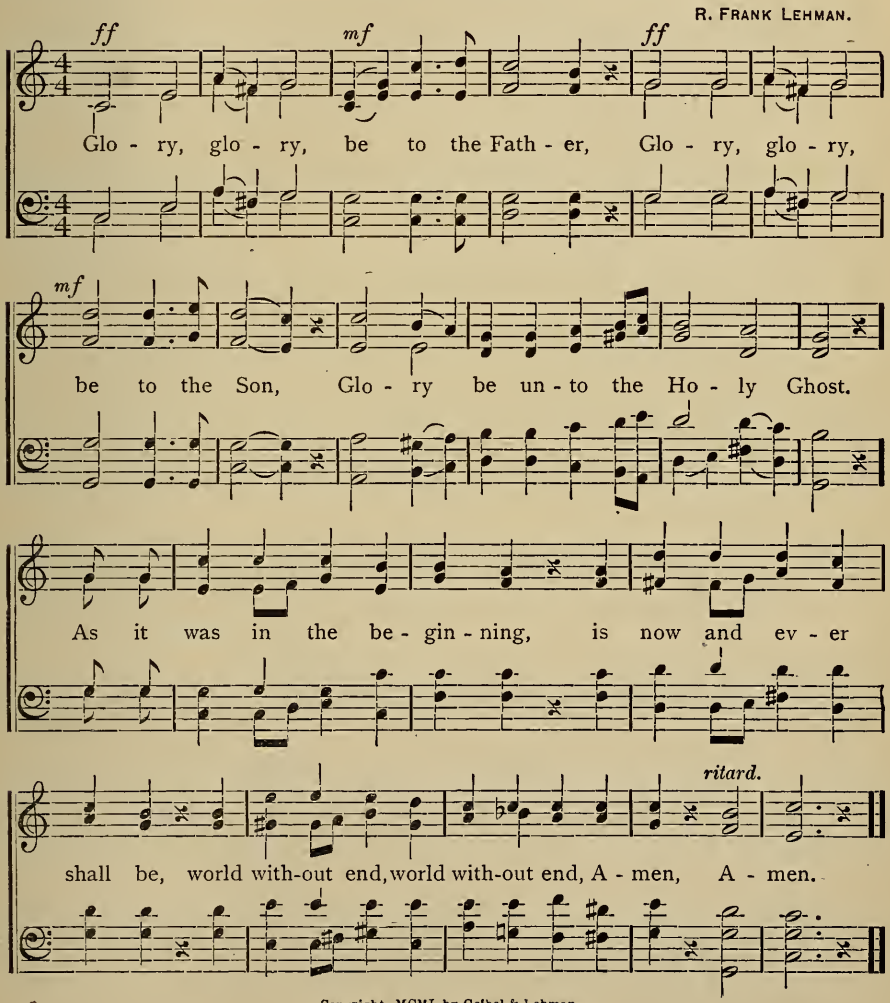


No. 52. GLORIA PATRI.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.



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No. 53. PRAISE THE LORD, YE NATIONS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. T. H. ERVIN.

1. Praise, O praise the Lord, ye nations, Praise Him with joy and gladness, O sound forth the
2. Praise, O praise the Lord, ye nations, He is Thy great Redeemer, O bow down in

mes-sage of sal-va-tion, Laud and mag- ni - fy His name, King of Kings—His reign shall
love and a- do- ra-tion, Sound forth the glories of His name. He will ev-er be a

be for-ev- er, He is great-ly to be praised, His love shall perish nev-er, O
shield and refuge, He is the world's e-ter-nal light, Join with the hosts of glo- ry, O

CHORUS.

praise ye the Lord with gladness. Praise, O praise the Lord, ye nations, Praise Him with joy and

glad-ness, O sound forth the message of sal-va-tion, Praise and mag- ni - fy the Lord.

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No. 54. THE BLESSED BOOK.

BIRDIE BELL. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a bless-ed Book that's giv - en for the sav-ing of man-kind, All who
2. In this Book we read of Je - sus who once came to earth to save Dy- ing
3. Let us stud - y it with pa-tience, learn to love it more and more, It will

read its pre-cious pa - ges may a price-less treasure find, Rar- er than the
souls from sin's do-min - ion and the ter - ror of the grave; And our hearts are
teach us of the Sav - iour whom our youthful hearts a-dore, If we heark-en

gems which spark-le in the monarch's beauteous crown Are the mes- sa - ges of
nev - er wea - ry of the les-sons which we learn As we read the sto - ry
to its coun- sels, heed its precepts true and pure, Then our footsteps will not

CHORUS.

pardon for the souls in sin bow'd down.
o - ver, as the sacred leaves we turn.
wan-der from the pathway safe and sure.
} Blessed Book! be thou our Guide, We would

walk at Je -sus' side; Teach us how to live each day As we tread the narrow way.

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No. 55. ZION'S GLAD MORNING.

THOMAS HASTINGS. Arr. from Rubenstein.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning; Joy to the lands that in

dark- ness have lain; Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor - row and mourning;

Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign. 2. Hail to the brightness of

Zi-on's glad morning; Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the

mill-ions from bondage re-turn-ing; Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-hold.

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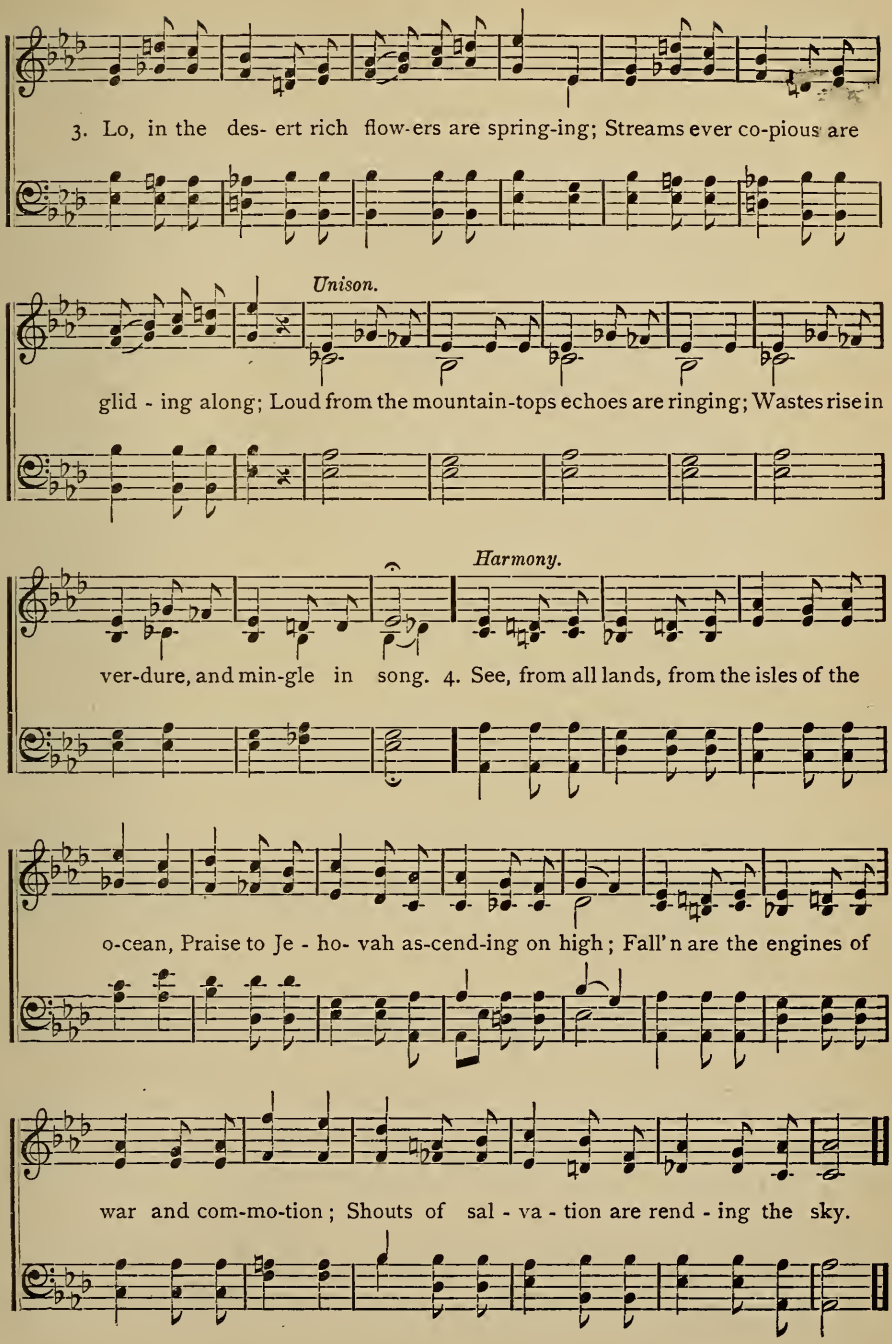
ZION'S GLAD MORNING.—Concluded.



No. 56. JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Spanish Melody, harmonized by FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, O, how dear Thou art to me,
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Thou art dear, so dear to me,
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Thou wilt be the first and best,

When I be - hold Thee On dark Cal - va - ry, But I find Thee
When Thy grave o - pens When the shad - ows flee, But my heart was
Till cords are bro - ken And I sink to rest, Then, when I be -

dear - er When up - on life's dust- y road, Thou dost say "Come near- er,
bro - ken With the love that came to me, When the words were spok - en,
hold Thee, When mine eyes Thy face shall see, With Thy love en - fold me,

CHORUS.

Cast on me thy load."
Words that set me free,
All E - ter - ni - ty.
} Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Wilt Thou tar - ry

by my side, Man of my Coun - sel, Broth-er, friend and guide?

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No. 57. GIVE TO GOD THE GLORY.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. When the glorious sun-shine, Streams a-long your way, Give to God the
2. When the stars are shin - ing, In the si - lent night, Give to God the
3. When the birdlings car - ol, And the fountains sing, Give to God the
4. When the lightning flash - es, And the thunders roll, Give to God the

REFRAIN.

glo - ry, Praise Him all the day!
glo - ry, For the wondrous sight.
glo - ry, While the prais - es ring.
glo - ry, Praise Him, heart and soul.
} Give to God the glo - ry,

Lift your hearts in praise; Thank Him for His goodness, Praise Him all your days!

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No. 58. CHILD'S PRAYER.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. Sav-iour, guide our foot - steps In paths of right;
2. May we strive to know Thee In ear - ly youth;
3. Help us to be faith - ful Through life's short day;

May we seek Thy glo - ry, Thou art the Light!
Teach us Thine own pre - cepts, Thou art the Truth!
Help us Thee to fol - low; Thou art the Way!

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No. 59. TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS AGAIN!

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. You say there's a Sav-iour that came to this earth, To die on the cross for the chil-dren of men. You say that the an-gels did her-ald His birth; Then
2. You say that He suf-fered for you and for me; That for the whole world He en-dured Calvary's pain, You say that His com-ing made sal-va-tion free; Then
3. No mat-ter how wick-ed or vile I may be; How long I have lived in earth's darkness and shame, That if I re-pent He'll give par-don to me; Then

CHORUS.

tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain! Tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain! Won-der-ful Je-sus! the Sav-iour of men! Tell me His blood will wash out sin's dark stain! Tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain!

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No. 60. CHRIST, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. On this day of glad - ness, Let us join to sing Joy - ful songs of
2. Words that tell of Je - sus, Sweeter thoughts dis - close, Than the breath of
3. With glad songs of Na - ture May our voic - es blend, Tell- ing of the

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Christ our Heav'nly King.
lil - ies Or of Shar- on's rose.
Sav - iour, Christ, the children's friend.
Let us serve Him ev - er,

And glad prais-es sing Of our Great Re - deem - er, Christ, our Heav'nly King.

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No. 61. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD. "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."—Ps. 4: 8. J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

No. 62. ON TO VICTORY.

J. H. E. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark! the trumpet sounding, Rise at the break of day, On to the front where
2. March-ing like valiant sol-diers, Stead- y our steps and true, Faith in our Leader,
3. Then shall the path be brighter, No more by care oppress' d, Firm in our purpose,

sin is abounding, Forward, the call o- bey; Put on the gos-pel arm - or,
no thought of danger, Fear and a-larm, a- dieu; On, tho' the world oppress thee,
true in our mo-tives, Hop-ing for what is best; Trusting the King of glo - ry,

Go forth in faith to con - quer, Hear, hear the Captain' s words in - spir - ing,
On, tho' the foe dis-tress thee, Steadfast and firm, keep mov-ing on till
Tell-ing the old, old sto - ry, Wait-ing the Master' s call to en - ter

CHORUS.

On, soldiers, on to the fray.
Fair Canaan' s land stands in view.
In - to the ha-ven of rest.

Forward, then, with banners waving high,

Forward, as we shout the battle-cry, Onward in the conflict, hoping, trusting. On to victo - ry!

By per. of J. Howard Entwisle

No. 63. SHALL THE WORLD BE MADE THE BETTER?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. There are burdens to be lightened ev-'ry day; There are sad hearts to be brighten' d ev' ry day; Shall the burdens be made light? Shall the sad hearts be made bright?
2. There are seeds of love to scat-ter by the way; There are souls to win from Satan's stern array; Shall the seeds of love be sown? Shall the souls for Christ be won?
3. There are those who in the paths of darkness stray; Knowing not the brightness of the Heav'nly way; Shall their feet be led a-right From the darkness to the light?

CHORUS.

O the answer is for us to say! Shall the world be made the better for our having journey'd here? Shall the world be made the brighter day by day and year by year? To the Promised Day of gladness shall the nation soon draw near? O the answer is for us to say!

By permission of E. S. Lorenz.

No. 64. GATHER THE CHILDREN IN.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. "Go out in the highway," the dear Master said; Gather the children in;
2. O lead them to Jesus, He'll bless them to-day; Gather the children in;
3. There's room in our classes, there's room in our hearts, Gather the children in;
4. Let eyes beam with kindness, let hearts throb with love, Gather the children in;

In sweet blooming pastures the lambs must be fed, Gath-er the children in.
And teach them to walk in the heav-en-ward way, Gath-er the children in.
The Mas-ter the pow'r of His Spir- it im-parts, Gath-er the children in.
And there shall be joy in the Tem-ple a-bove, Gath-er the children in.

CHORUS.

Gath-er them in-to the Shepherd's fold; Gath-er them in from the storms and cold,

Do not for- get that the Mas- ter said; "Let them come unto me."

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No. 65. TRUSTING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. I will kneel at the cross in my sin and shame, Trusting in the
2. I have on - ly a pen - i - tent's plea to bring, Trusting in the
3. I can find rest and peace at the cross a - lone, Trusting in the
4. At the foot of the cross all my sins I'll lay, Trusting in the

name of Je - sus, There the mer - cy di-vine I will hum-bly claim,
name of Je - sus, To no hope but of par- don-ing grace I cling,
name of Je - sus, At the cross find a joy to my soul un-known,
name of Je - sus, And the love that re-deems me I'll praise for aye,

CHORUS.

Trust-ing in the name of Je - sus. I am turn - ing a - way from the

world's empty dross, And for-sak-ing the path-ways of darkness and loss; With my

bur-den of guilt I will kneel at the cross, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

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No. 66. THE FRUITAGE COMETH FROM GOD.

Anon. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Sow thou thy seed in the morn - ing, And wa - ter it oft - en with tears,
2. Speak words of love to the err - ing, And plead with a gen - tle breath,
3. Trust then in His blest prom - ise, Grieve not when you see no sign

And pray that the time for the reap - ing Will come in the fu - ture years;
And trust God while you are pray - ing To save a soul from death.
Of fruit from the fields where you la - bor, Or life from gifts of thine;

For the gleaners wait with patience, And from field of un-faith- ful sod,
The fruit may pass un - heed - ed, And care not for love nor rod,
No ef - fort will be for - got - ten, Tho' you rest be - neath the sod,

rit.

Will come the sweet as - sur - ance That the fruit-age cometh from God.
Say when thou sendest a mes - sage, The fruit-age cometh from God.
And oth - ers may gather the har - vest, Yet the fruit-age cometh from God.

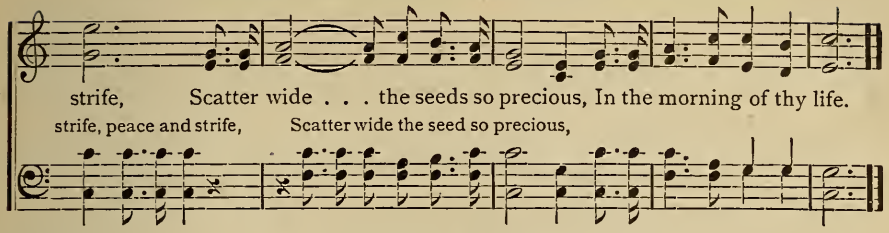
CHORUS.

Sow in love . . . . the precious seed, 'Mid the scenes . . . of peace and

Sow in love the precious seed, precious seed, 'Mid the scenes of peace and

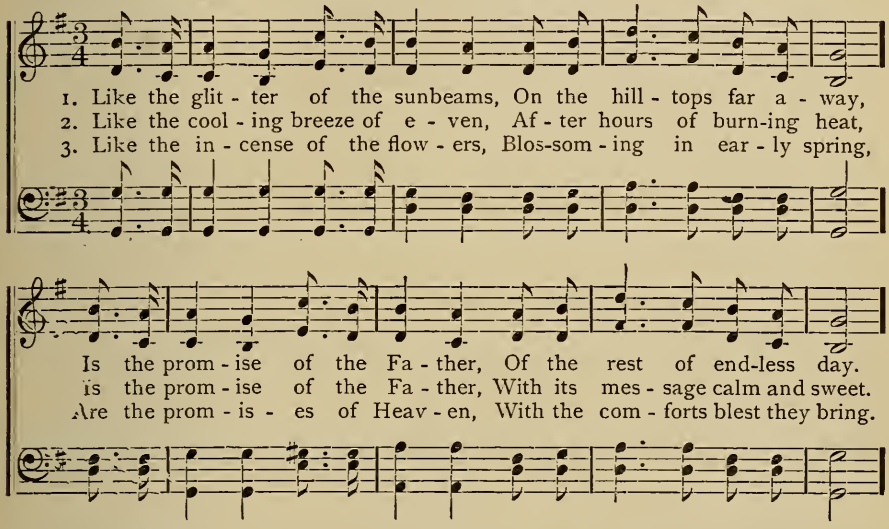
By permission of Geo. B. Holsinger

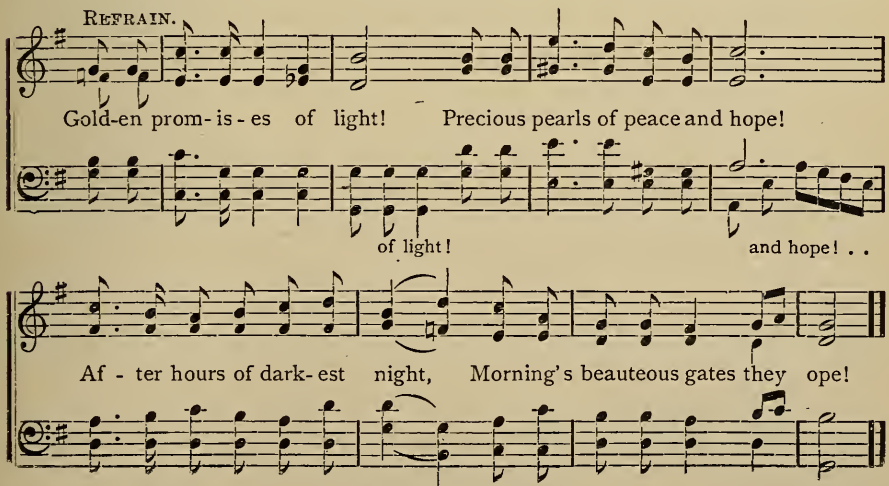
THE FRUITAGE COMETH FROM GOD.—Concluded.



No. 67. GOLDEN PROMISES.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. (THE STUDY OF THE WORD.) R. FRANK LEHMAN.





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No. 68 LET THE SAVIOUR BE THY GUIDE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. A. A. DUBOIS

Not too fast.

1. Trav'ler on life's winding way, Let the Sav-iour be thy guide, Trusting
2. Trav'ler on life's winding way, Tho' thy path be rough and steep, There's a
3. Trav'ler on life's winding way, Storms a-cross thy path may rise; Si-ren

Him each pass-ing moment, No e-vil can be-tide. Fol-low still when
Hand outstretch'd to help thee Whose pow'r will save and keep. Je-sus will thy
tongues may bid thee stray From thy journey to the skies. Let the Sav-iour

to thy sight All the way seems dim; For He will guide thee to the light,
sorrows share; He will be thine aid; For He will all thy burdens bear,
be thy guide; Fal-ter not nor roam, For with His pres-ence at thy side,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On-ly trust thy way to Him.
Onward go; be not afraid.
Thou shalt safely reach thy home.
} Trav'ler on life's winding way Let the Saviour

Harmony. ritard.

be thy guide; Trusting Him from day to day Naught of e-vil can be-tide.

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No. 69. KEEP TELLING THE WONDERFUL STORY.

ADA BLENKHORN. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry, How Je - sus on
2. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry The sin - ful are
3. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry,— The blind at His
4. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry Of pu - ri - ty,

Cal - va - ry died. They wound - ed, for our great trans-gres - sions,
long-ing to hear. The mes- sage the Mas - ter shall give you
touch have their sight, And hearts, so re - bell-ious and sin - ful,
par- don and peace, Un - til thou shalt hear in thy spir - it

CHORUS.

His hands and His feet and His side.
Like mu - sic will fall on the ear.
Are washed in His blood clean and white.
His summons, that biddeth thee cease.

Keep tell - ing the won-der - ful

sto - ry Of Je - sus the mighty to save; The mes - sage so

full of His glo - ry, The life and the love that He gave,

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No. 70. JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

May be used as a duet.

1. We shall walk life's thorny ways, Just a lit - tle while, Burdened by a heav - y cross, Just a lit - tle while. Shadows o'er our path will fall,
2. We shall suf - fer grief and pain Just a lit - tle while, Face the stormy winds that blow, Just a lit - tle while. Tho' the night be dark and long,
3. We can say brave words of cheer, Just a lit - tle while, Tell of Je- sus' deathless love, Just a lit - tle while. Let us ev - er read - y be

But our Father knoweth all, On His name we'll trusting call, Just a little while.
He will help us to be strong, Give to each a victor's song, Just a little while.
With our help and sympathy, God has need of you and me Just a little while.

CHORUS.

Just a lit - tle, lit-tle while, Yes, just a lit - tle, little while, To live and love and work for Him, Encouraged by His smile. Just a lit - tle, lit- tle while, Yes,

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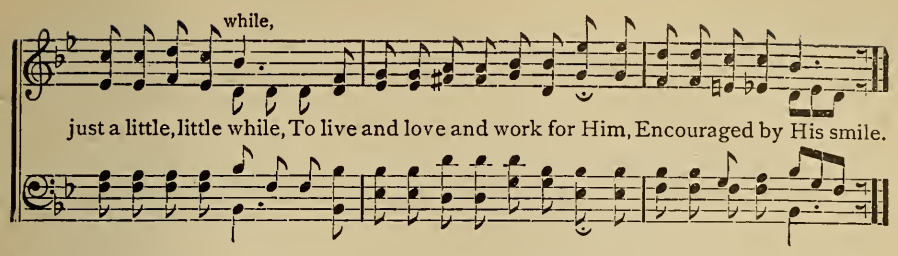
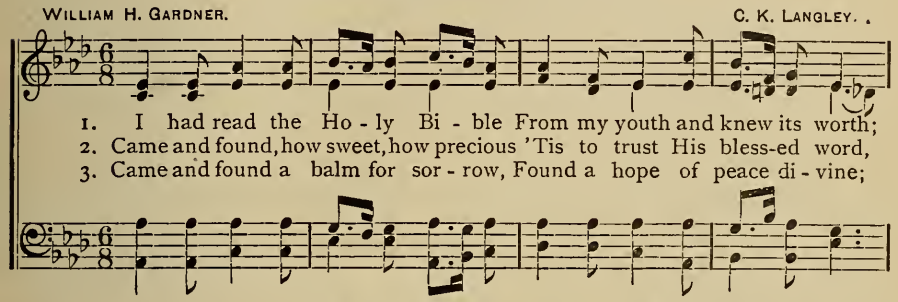
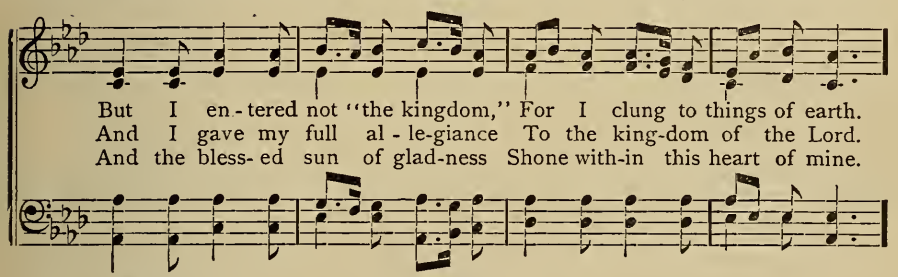
JUST A LITTLE WHILE.—Concluded.



No. 71. THEN I CAME TO CALVARY.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. C. K. LANGLEY.





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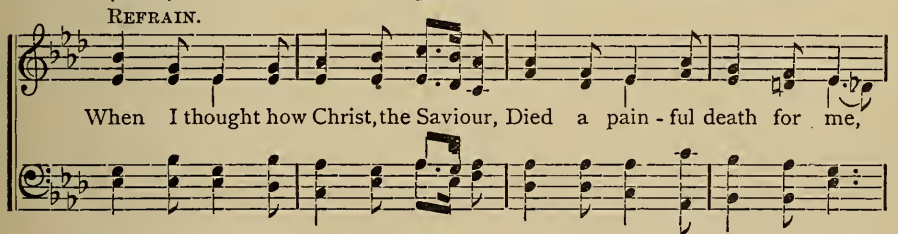

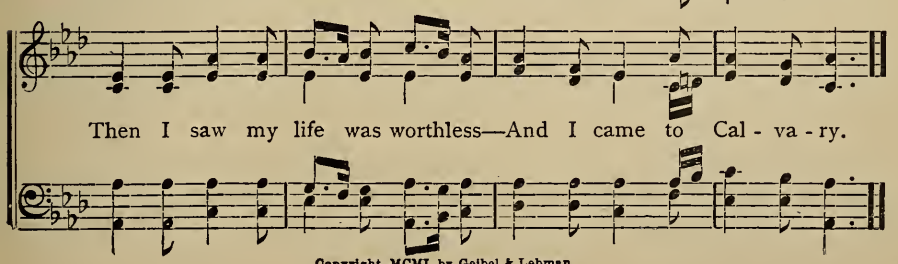

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No. 72. THE HARVEST WILL SURELY COME.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Take heed what you sow in life's field day by day For the
2. Who care - less - ly sow - eth shall sor - row at last, For the
3. Go la - bor to - day with new cour- age and might, For the

har - vest will sure - ly come. Each seed that you sow will spring
har - vest will sure - ly come! O ev - er be watch- ful for
har - vest will sure - ly come! God grant that your sheaves may be

up by the way, For the har - vest will sure - ly come.
time speedeth fast, And the har - vest will sure - ly come!
gold- en and bright, For the har - vest will sure - ly come!

CHORUS.

O the har-vest will sure - ly, sure - ly come! O the har - vest will sure - ly,

come! .....

sure - ly come! Take heed what you sow in life's field day by day,

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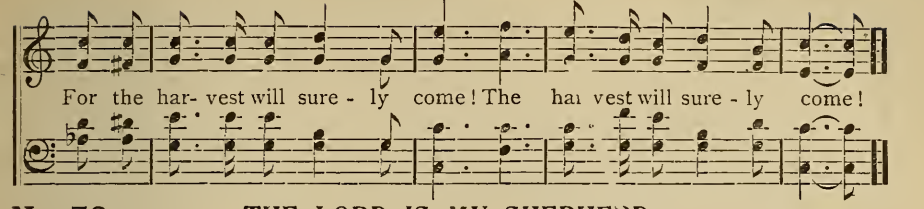
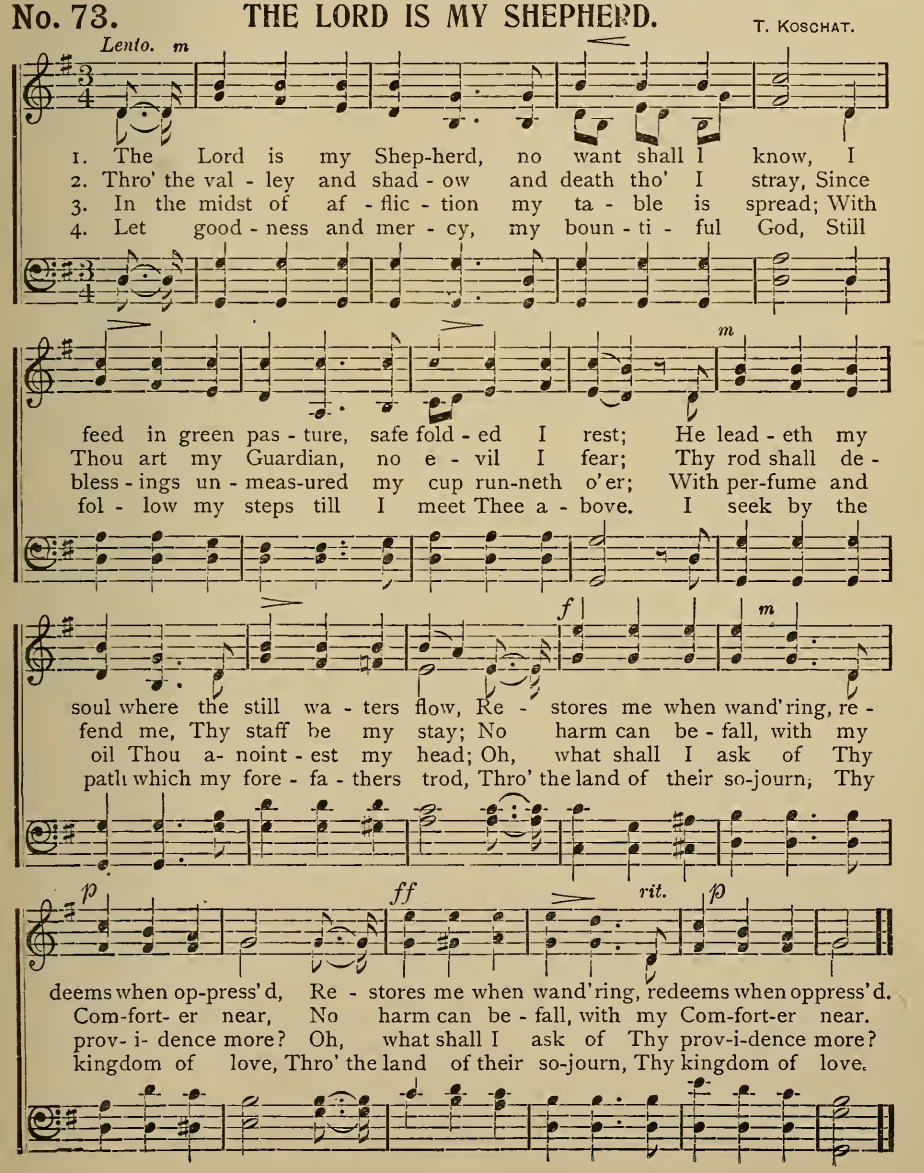
THE HARVEST WILL SURELY COME.—Concluded.



No. 73. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

T. Koschat.



No. 74. GOD IS LOVE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

FEMALE VOICES.

1. Let us sing the song of the birds on wing, "God is Love,— God is Love."
2. Sweetest song that mortal has ever heard "God is Love,— God is Love."
3. May each heart respond to the golden sound, "God is Love,— God is Love."

Let us sing the song that the an-gels sing, "God is Love,—God is Love."
Courts of Heav'n re-ech-o the joyful word "God is Love,—God is Love."
Till its gladness spreads all the world around, "God is Love,—God is Love."

CHORUS.

O the love of God is o'er us, Like the brood - ings of a dove,

O the love of God is o'er us, Like the broodings of a dove,

Let us join the hap-py cho- rus,

Let us join the happy cho-rus, God is Light and Truth, and God is Love.

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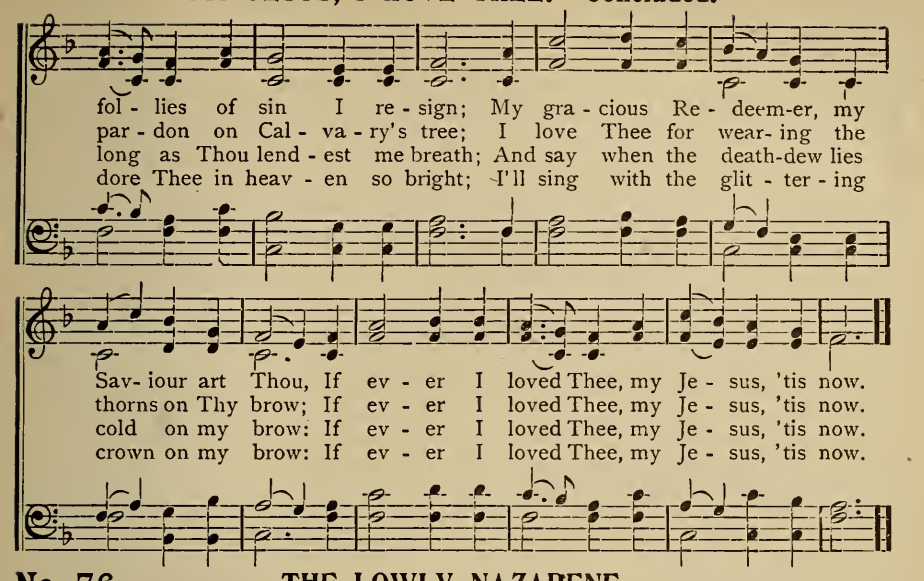
No. 75. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

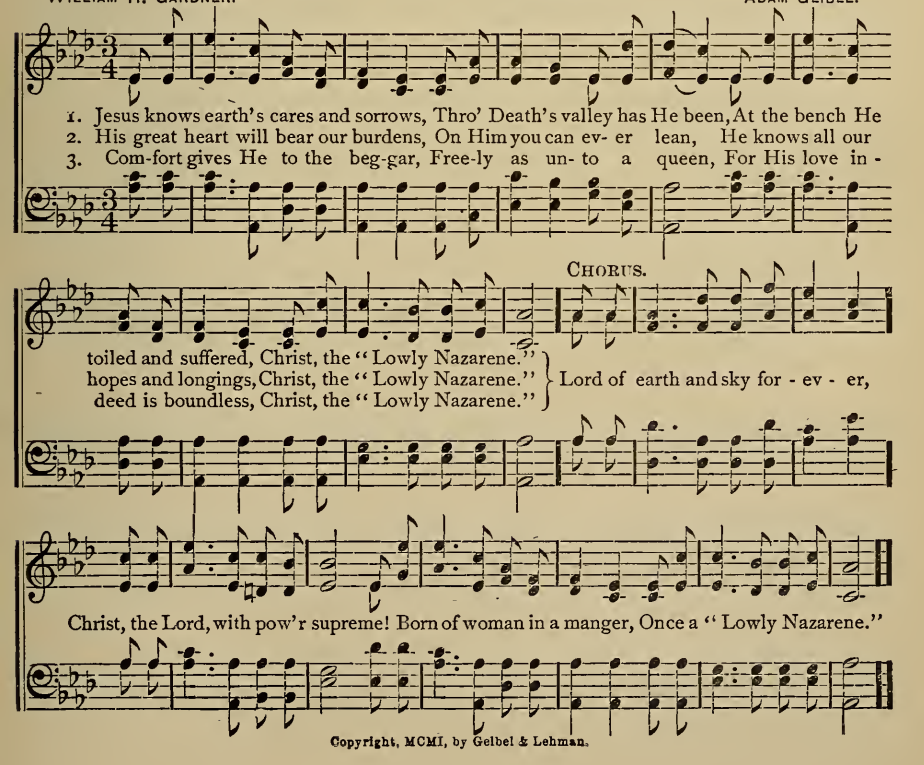
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.—Concluded.



No. 76. THE LOWLY NAZARENE.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 77. THE LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
3. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban-ish pain.
And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - becloud-ed eyes;

FEMALE VOICES.

There ev - er-last - ing spring abides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs:
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

ALL.

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

FINE.

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

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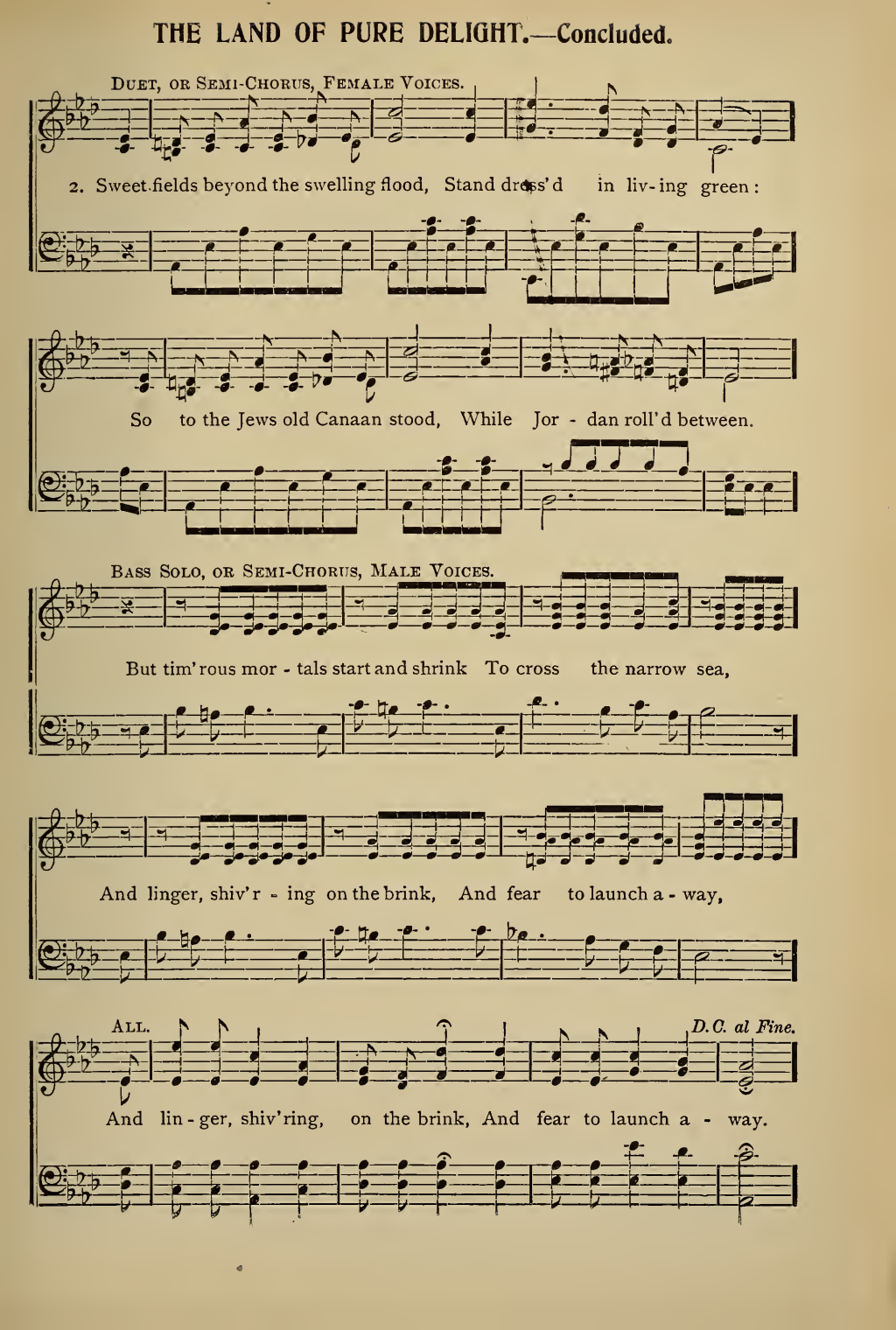
THE LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.—Concluded.



No. 78. **SOME OTHER DAY.**

J. A. P. *With expression.* J. A. PARKS.

1. You speak of the good you intend to do, Some oth- er day, Some oth-er day; You
2. You mean to come back from the paths of sin Some other day, Some oth-er day; You
3. Life's evening comes on as you wait until Some oth- er day, Some oth-er day; With

mean to be loy-al and brave and true, Some oth-er day, Some other day. The
say that the Saviour will let you in Some oth-er day, Some other day. But
hands that are empty you beckon still, Some oth-er day, Some other day. The

Sav-iour is standing outside the gate, He's read-y to en-ter, why long-er wait?
what of the days that are passing by? You're wasting your life—and the end draws nigh;
shadows are fall-ing around you fast, The sunshine you know cannot always last,

Accept Him to-day—it may be too late Some oth-er day, Some oth-er day.
It may be too late when for help you cry, Some oth-er day, Some oth-er day.
Your sea-son for la-bor may all be past, Some oth-er day, Some oth-er day.

CHORUS.

Some . . . oth-er day, . . . ah, yes, some . . . oth-er day, . . .
Some other day, some other day, ah, it is far, so far a-way,

By permission of R. H. Lorenz.

SOME OTHER DAY.—Concluded.

What of the days that are pass-ing by? A wast-ed life—and the end draws nigh;

In vain, perhaps, you for help may cry Some oth-er day, Some oth-er day.

No. 79. ALONE WITH JESUS.

Anon. R FRANK LEHMAN.

1. A-lone with Je-sus! O how sweet, In health to wor-ship at His feet:
2. A-lone with Je-sus! How se- cure, Vile in my- self, in Him how pure;
3. A-lone with Je-sus! What a-larms The infant in its moth-er's arms?
4. A-lone with Je-sus! Earth grows dim; I e-ven see my friends thro' Him;

But sweet-er far, when, day by day We droop, and pine, and waste a - way,
The tempests howl, the wa- ters beat, They harm me not in my re - treat;
Before me death and judg-ment rise, I lean my head and close my eyes;
Time, space, all things below, a-bove, Re-veal to me one life, one love,—

To feel His arm a-round us close, And on His bo- som find re-pose.
Night deepens with its gloom and chill, He draws me nearer to Him still.
There's nought for me to fear or do. I know that He will bear me through.
That One in whom all glo-ries shine, All beauties meet,—that One is mine.

By permission of Charles A. Bethany.

No. 80. THE SHEPHERD.

M. E. SHOREY. H. W. PORTER.

(Arpeggio notes in treble staff can be omitted if desired.)

March time. Unison Chorus for all voices.

1. In green pastures large and fair, All the way, all the way,
2. If in unknown paths they stray, "Fol-low me, fol-low me,"
3. When the day at length is passed, To the fold, to the fold,

Je - sus, Shepherd, leads with care, Leads His flock with ten - der
Je - sus' voice is heard al - way, Gen - tly call - ing "Fol - low
As the shades of night grow fast On the way, now dark and

care; And His sheep by wa - ters clear; With the lambs,
me;" His own sheep the voice o - bey, And the lambs,
cold, The good Shepherd takes His sheep, And the lambs,

cres.

with the lambs, He is watch - ing, watch - ing, watch - ing ev - er
and the lambs, Je - sus calls them gen - tly, gen - tly lest they
and the lambs, Them He safe - ly, safe - ly will for - ev - er

p

near; O'er the lambs, lit - tle lambs He is watching, watching,
stray, Lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs, Calls them gen - tly, gen - tly,
keep; Lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs; Them He safe - ly, safe - ly

f *p* *f*

By permission of E. S. Lorenz.

THE SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

mf

watching ev - er near By the wa - ters still and clear. Thus His
gen - tly lest they stray In the rough and thorn - y way. Thus His
will for - ev - er keep In the lov - ing Sav-iour's fold. Thus His

flock with ten - der care, All the way, all the way He has
flock the voice o - bey, "Fol- low me, fol - low me," When He
flock when day is past, To the fold, to the fold, Will be

pp

watch'd in pas- tures fair, in pastures fair By the wa - ters still and clear.
calls them gen - tly, gen - tly, lest they stray In the rough and thorny way.
gath-er'd safe, all gather'd safe at last In the lov - ing Saviour's fold.

No. 81. WEARY OF EARTH.

SAMUEL J. STONE. JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la- den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en - ter in,
2. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear, His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
3. 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild, And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
And His the blood that can for all a - tone, And set me faultless there be- fore the throne.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me His grace of par-don, and will give.

No. 82. PRAISE TO THE KING.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Let ev - 'ry thank-ful heart re - joice And voic - es blend in praise,
2. The sun de-clares His pow'r by day, The moon His pow'r by night,
3. Let glad ho - san - nas fill the air And spread from shore to shore,

To God for His un - fail - ing love, And for our length of days.
Each star dis-plays the work of Him Who said, "Let there be light."
Till slumb-'ring na - tions praise the name Of Him whom we a - dore;

Thro' win - ter storms His might-y arm Pro- tects us from all ill,
The winds and waves o - bey His voice Whene'er He bids them cease;
The name of Him whom an - gels praise In realms of end - less rest;

And thro' the gold - en sum-mer hours His peace a - bid - eth still.
The mountains and the hills re- joice, And all things tell of peace.
The name of Him who died that we Might be for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS. *rit.* *tempo.*

This is our day of ju - bi - lee, Re - joice, re - joice and sing,

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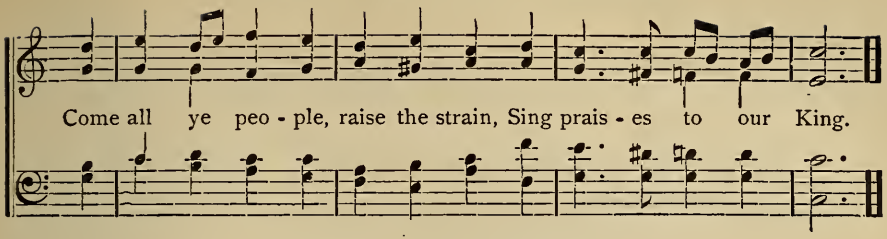
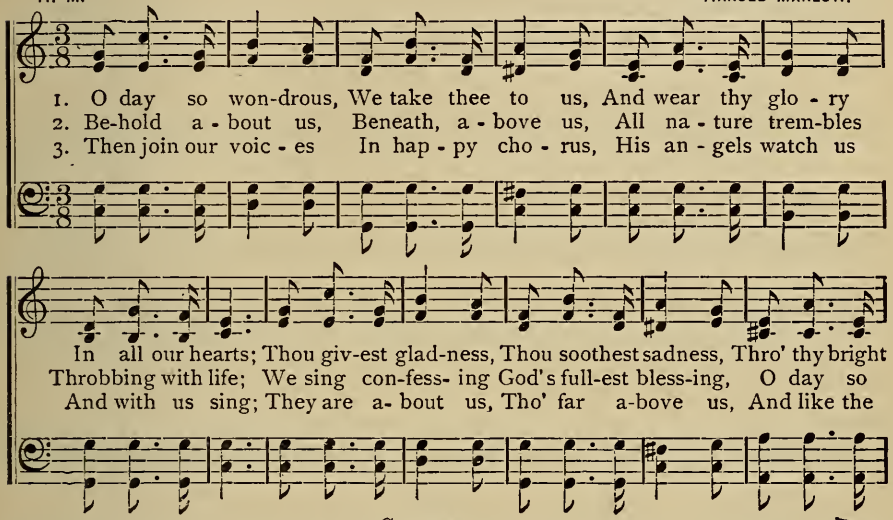
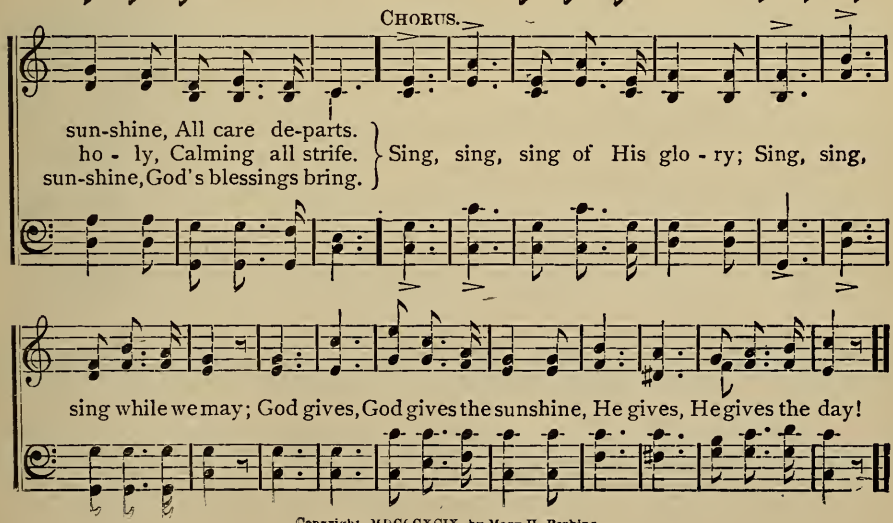
PRAISE TO THE KING.—Concluded.



No. 83. O DAY SO WONDROUS.

H. M. HAROLD MARLOW.





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No. 84. THE PALMS.

J. FAURE.

Andante maestoso.

f

1st and 2d time. *Last time.*

p

SOLO, OR MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
2d and 3d Verses, FEMALE VOICES IN UNISON.

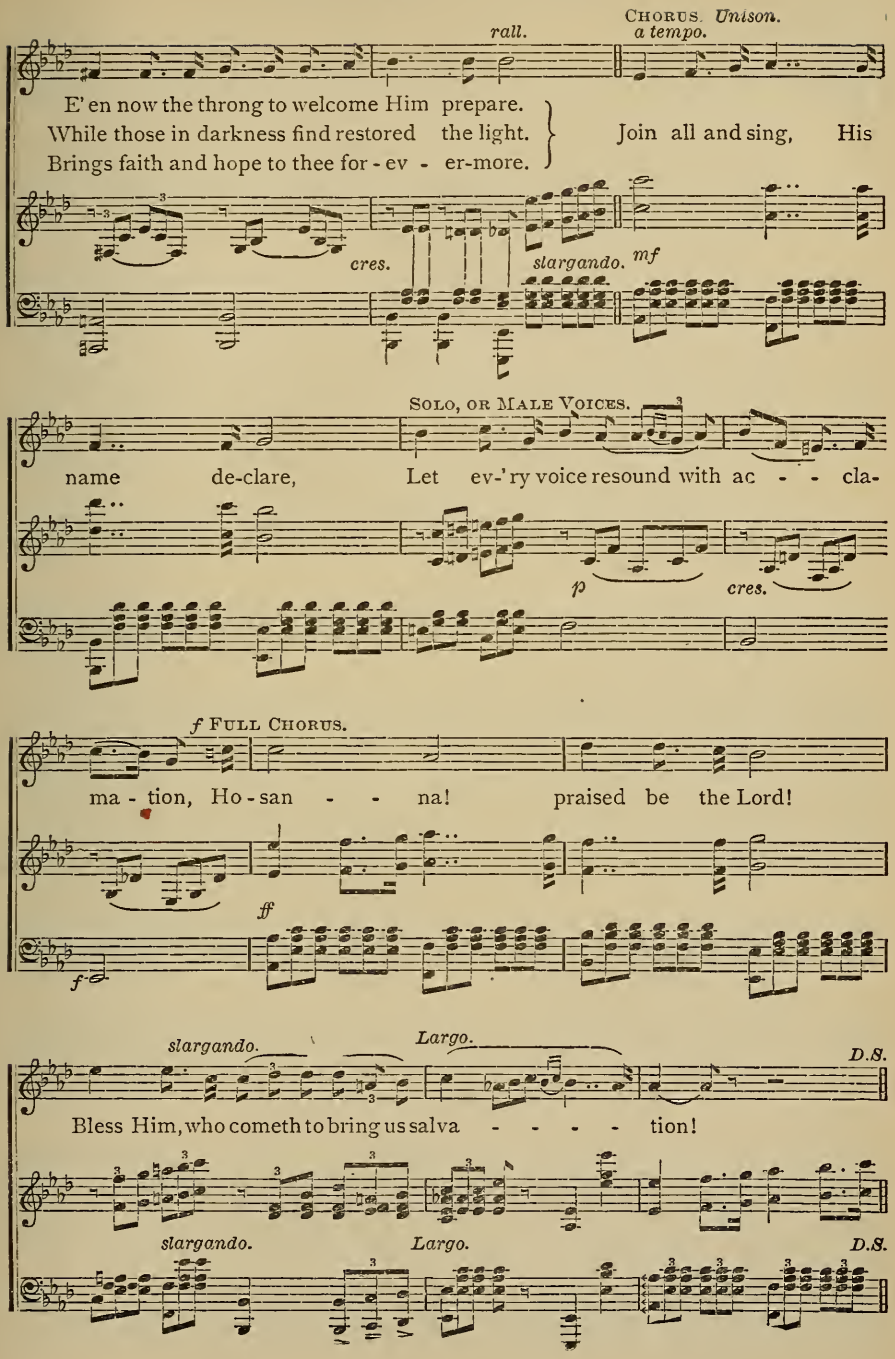
1. O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay Are strewn this day in fes - tal
2. His word goes forth, and people by its might Once more their freedom gain from
3. Sing and rejoice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy sons sing the e -

p e cres.

prep - - a - ra - tion, Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears a - way,
deg - - ra - da - tion, Hu - man - i - ty doth give to each his right,
man - - ci - pa - tion Thro' boundless love, the Christ of Bethle - hem

ff

THE PALMS.—Concluded.



No. 85. GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Adam Geibel.

1. We meet once more with hearts aflame, To praise the bless-ed Saviour's name,
2. 'Tis here we come to learn of Thee, Un-close our eyes that we may see,
3. Be in the les- son of to-day, And help each teacher, Lord, we pray,
4. Now help the chil-dren while they sing The prais-es of their Lord and King,
5. Be with each heart, be with each home, Be with us in the years to come,

And while we praise, This pray'r we'll raise, God bless our Sun - day-School.
Un - to each heart Thy grace im-part, God bless our Sun - day-School.
And while they teach, Still we beseech, Lord bless our Sun - day-School.
May they to Thee U - nit - ed be, Lord bless our Sun - day-School.
While still to Thee, Our pray'r will be, God bless our Sun - day-School.

Chorus.

God bless our school, our Sun- day-School, 'Tis here we learn the gold - en rule,
Fill us with love And from a - bove, God bless our Sun - day-School.

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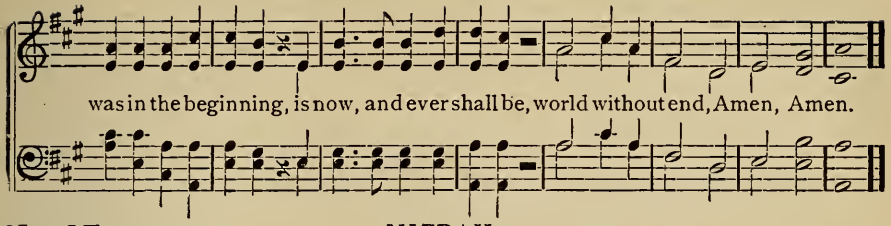
No. 86. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

GLORIA PATRI. — Charles Meineke.

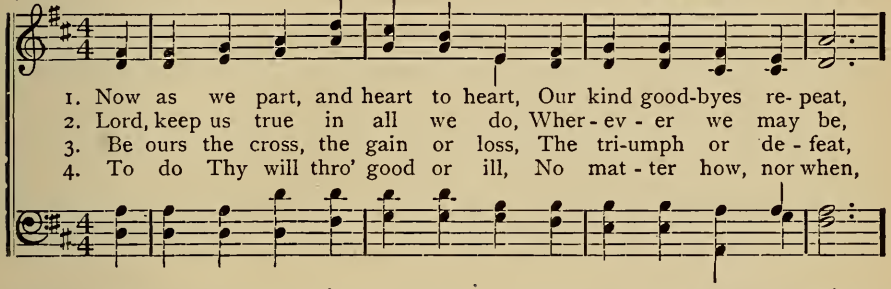
Glo- ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it

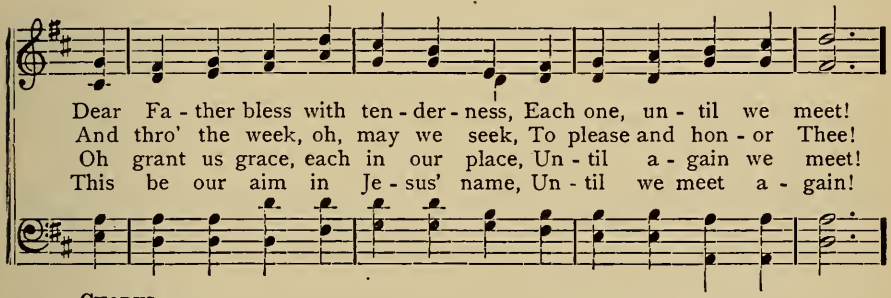
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.—Concluded.



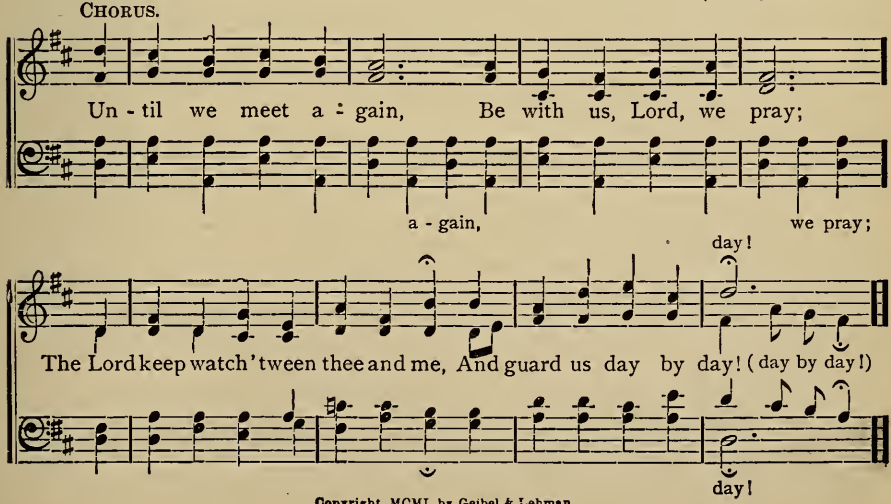
No. 87. MIZPAH.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.





CHORUS.



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No. 88. ANGEL VOICES, EVER SINGING.

FRANCIS POTT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel
2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan, Can it
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee; And for

harps, for - ev - er ringing, Rest not day nor night; Rest not day nor night;
be that Thou regard-est Songs of sin - ful man? Songs of sin - ful man?
Thine ac - ceptance proffer, All un-wor - thi - ly, All un-wor-thi - ly,

MALE VOICES. *Unison.*

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee And con-fess Thee, Lord of might!
Can we feel that Thou art near us And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic-est mel - o - dy.

FEMALE VOICES. *Unison.*

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
Can we feel that Thou art near us And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.

ALL. *Harmony.*

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
Can we feel that Thou art near us And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic-est mel - o - dy.

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No. 89. A CHILD'S OFFERING.

AMELIA SANFORD. A. A. DUBOIS.

1. A mul - titude drew near the Lord, They'd come from far away; (far away;) But
2. The Master took the off'ring small, The child had bro't Him then; (bro't Him then;) He

faint and hungry ma - ny grew Be-fore the close of day. O Master, where shall
bless'd the gift; and lo, it fed Five thousand hungry men! And so our lit - tle

we find bread Here in the wil- der - ness? A child has brought his gift to Thee;
deeds of love, Our self-de - ni - als small, The mighty Lord who looks on them,

CHORUS.

Too small for such dis - tress.
He'll bless and use them all.
} See what a child- ish off'ring did, In gos- pel

sto - ry told; The Lord hath bless'd and sent it forth, Increas'd a thousand-fold.

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No. 90. AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

ISAAC WATTS. ADAM GEIBEL

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight, if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

On the cross . . . . . of Christ my Sav - - - iour,
On the cross of Christ my Sav - iour, on His bless - ed cross,
Where His blood . . . . . was shed for me. . . . . .
Where His pre- cious blood was shed for me, was shed for me,
I will rest . . . . . my sins for - ev - - - - er,
I will rest my sins for - ev - er, there for - ev - er - more,

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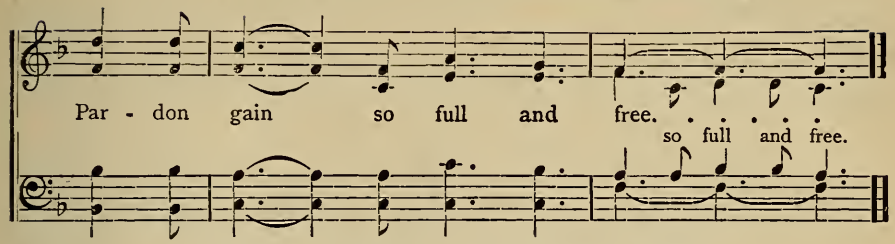
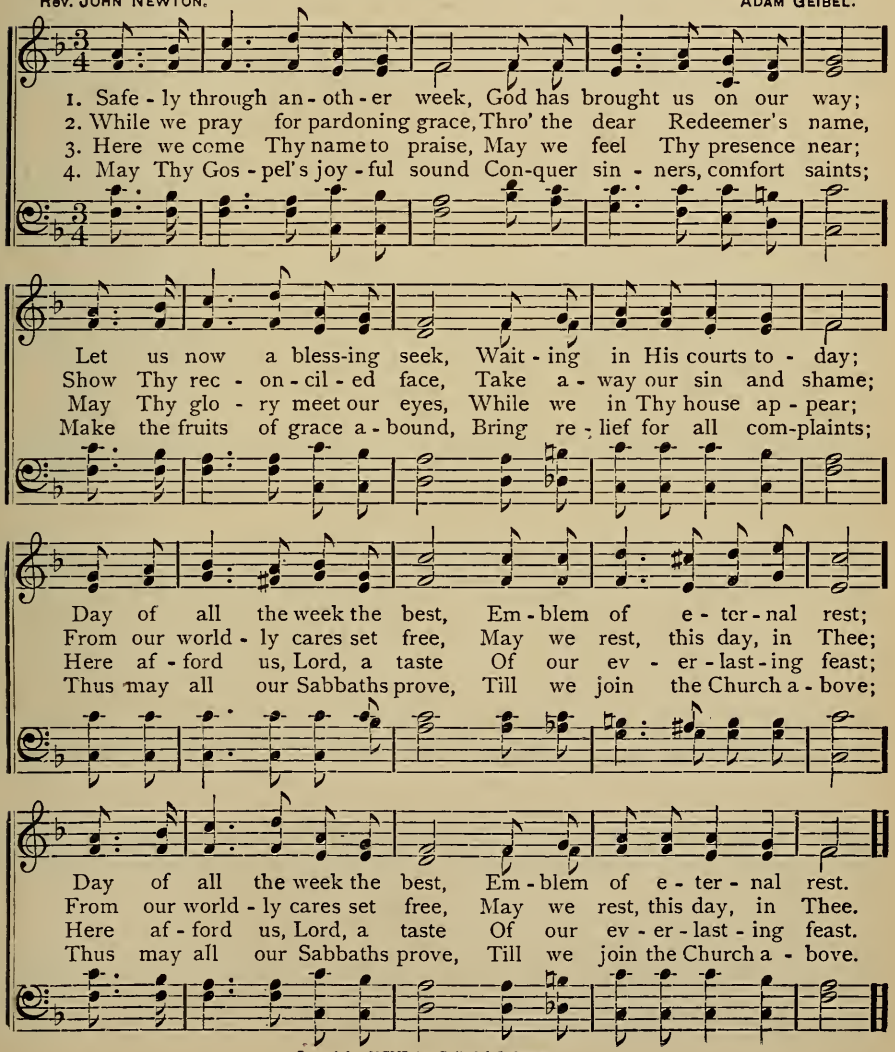
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?—Concluded.



No. 91. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 92. GIVE THANKS TO THE LORD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. JAS. H. FILLMORE.

Give thanks to the Lord and bless His name, Give thanks, give thanks,

Give thanks, give thanks,

Give thanks to the Lord and bless His name, Give thanks, give thanks,

Give thanks,

Give thanks to the Lord and bless His name, And bless ye His ho - ly name.

Give thanks and bless His name, And bless His name.

(This section may be sung as a solo, and repeated in full chorus.)

He send - - - eth . . . . the rain in the ear - ly spring - time,

He sendeth the rain, sendeth the rain, the rain in the ear-ly springtime,

The south . . . wind . . . comes forth at His sov' reign call, ...

The south wind comes forth, the south wind comes forth, at His call,

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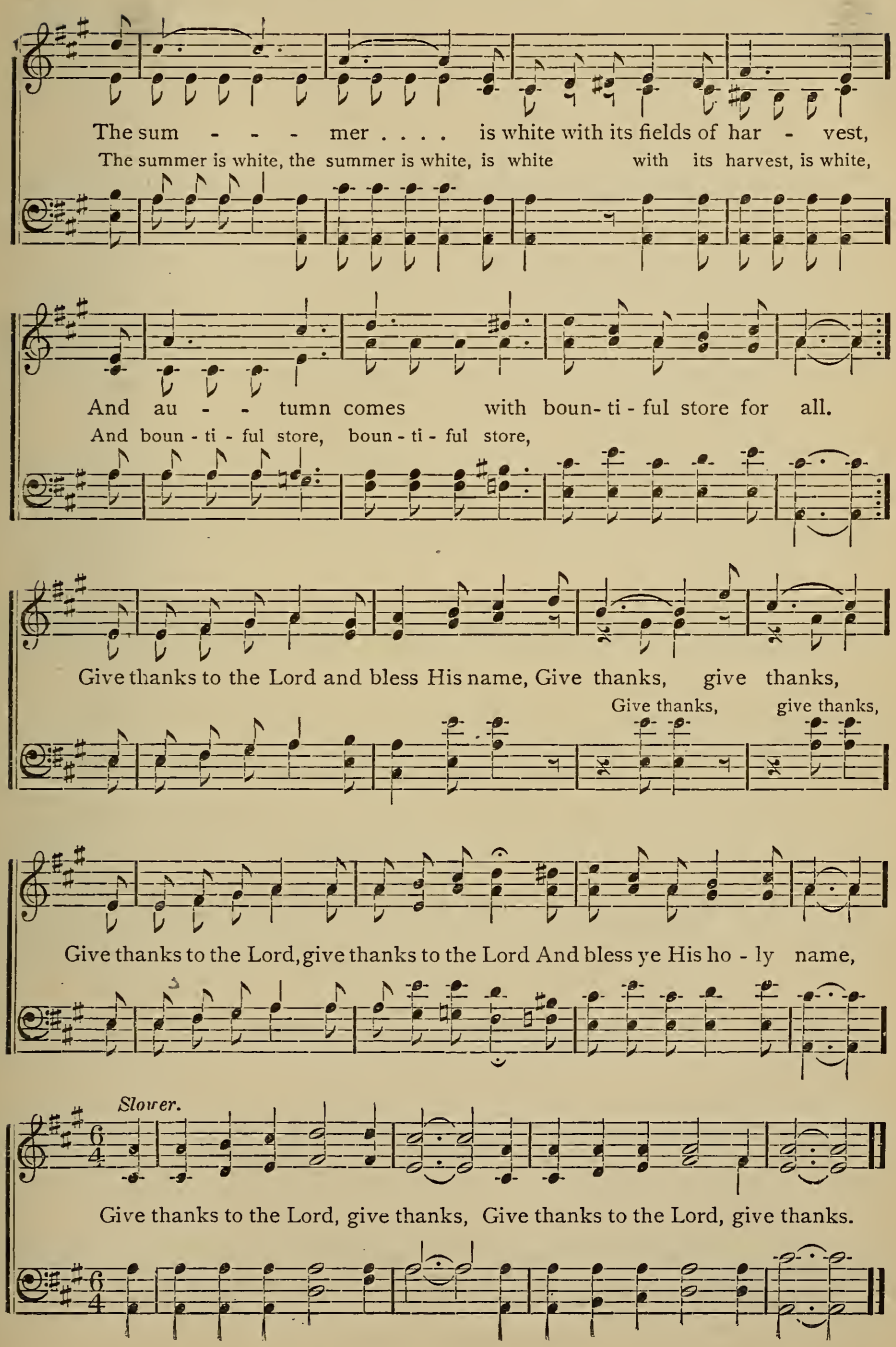
GIVE THANKS TO THE LORD.—Concluded.



No. 93. LITTLE THINGS.

A. T. G. A. T. GOODSELL.

1. Our lives are not full of might - y deeds, As His dis - ci- ples of old,
2. Each day that we live, we' re sow-ing words, Words we can nev- er re - call,
3. We must use the look of sym - pa - thy, Reach out a hand to cheer;
4. Lose then more and more, all tho' t of self, Striv-ing for Christ to win,

Nor must we do some wondrous work His gos - pel to up - hold.
Words that are stored in some-one's heart; Love should run thro' them all.
A cup of wa - ter in His name, And lo, the Mas - ter's near.
That by each deed and word and tho' t, Some may be saved from sin.

CHORUS.

Some lit - tle act, or some lit- tle word, Some lit-tle deed of love;
Fill-ing each mo-ment of our days, Will make earth like heav' n a - bove.

From "Songs for the Master," by permission.

No. 94. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. (DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.) ADAM GEIBEL

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth- er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

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JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pests still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me!
Let the heal -ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with-in,

Hide me, O..... Till the storm.....
All my trust..... All my help.....
Thou of Life..... Free-ly let.....

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of Life the Fountain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to.....
Cov-er my.....
Spring Thou up.....

Safe in - to, in -to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.
Cov-er, cov-er my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou, spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 95. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 96. DON'T YOU THINK WE'LL BE HAPPY?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. THOMAS H. FERGUSON.

1. When we all reach our home in that beau - ti - ful land Which our
2. What tho' o - ver the path- way our tired feet have press'd Are deep
3. Neith - er dark - ness, nor dy - ing, nor sor - row nor sighs Will a-
4. Soon the Sav - iour will send for His chil - dren to come And re-

Sav- iour has gone to pre - pare, When a - gain with our loved ones of
footprints of sor - row and care; When we en - ter those Por - tals for-
gain fill our hearts with de - spair; But where God will in love wipe all
side in that Cit - y so fair; Then when we shall all meet in that

earth we shall stand Don't you think we'll be hap - py up there?
ev - er to rest Don't you think we'll be hap - py up there?
tears from our eyes Don't you think we'll be hap - py up there?
beau - ti - ful home Don't you think we'll be hap - py up there?

CHORUS.

Don't you think we'll be happy up there when we stand With our friends that we

love at our Sav-iour's right hand, When at last we shall meet in that

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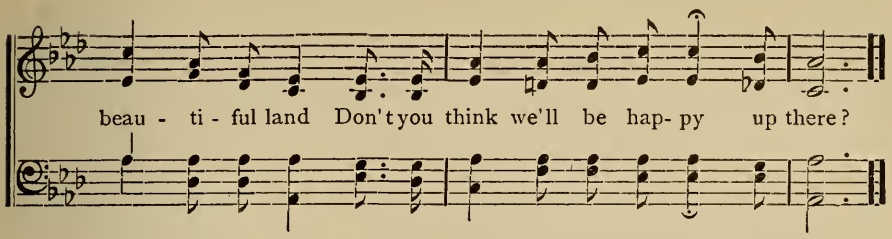
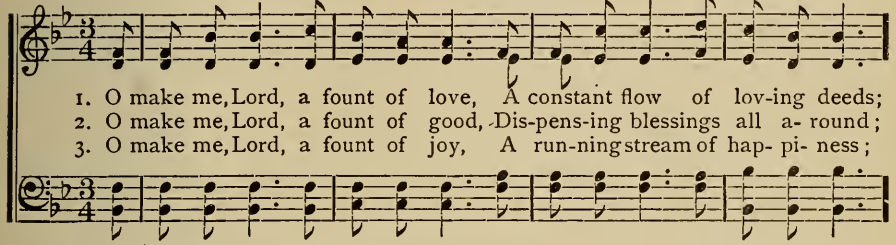
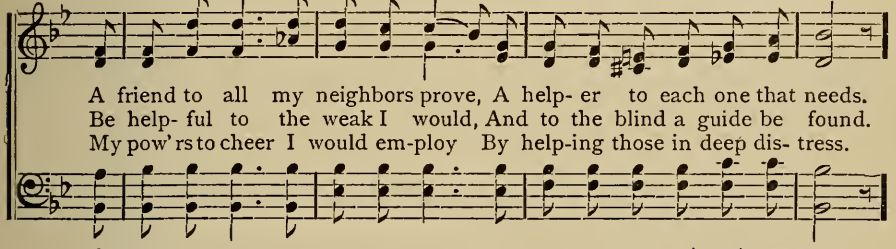


No. 97. MAKE ME, LORD, A FOUNT OF LOVE.

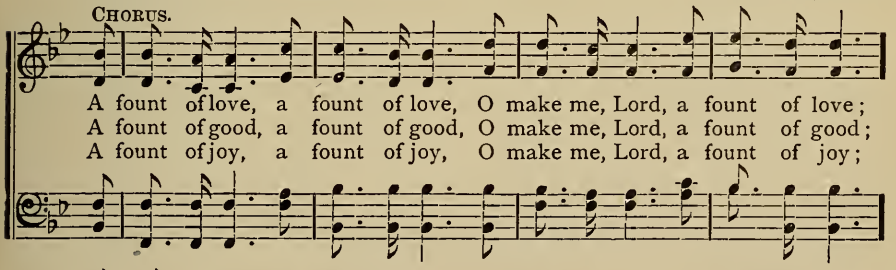
"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—John 4 : 14.

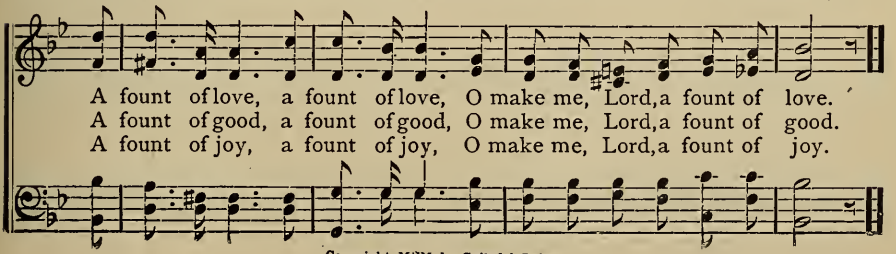
Rev. W. B. Williams. R. Frank Lehman.





Chorus.





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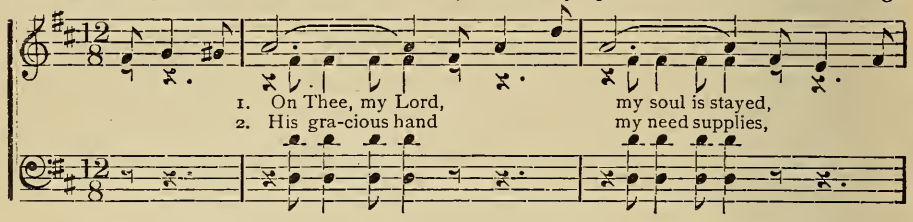
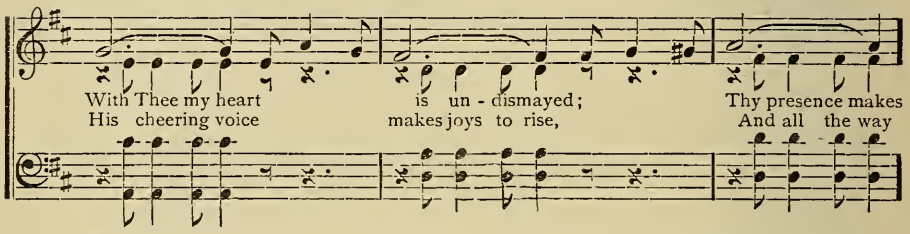
No. 98. ON THEE MY SOUL IS STAYED.

P. H. J. H. FILLMORE.

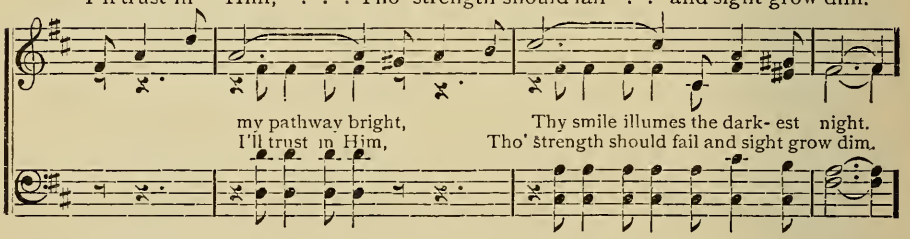
1. On Thee, my Lord, ... my soul is stayed . . . With Thee my
2. His gra- cious hand . . . . my need sup - plies, . . . His cheer-ing



heart . . . is un - dis - mayed; . . . Thy pres-ence makes . . . .
voice . . . makes joys to rise, ... And all the way . . . . .

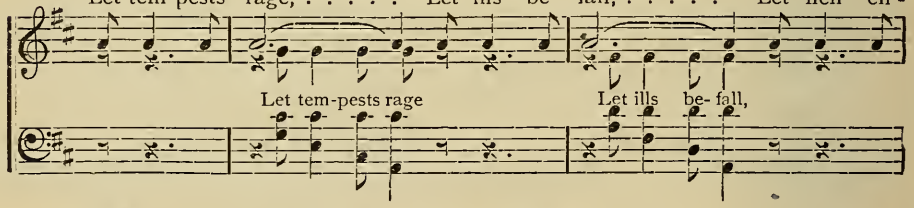


my pathway bright, . . Thy smile il - lumes . . . . the dark-est night.
I'll trust in Him, . . . Tho' strength should fail . . and sight grow dim.

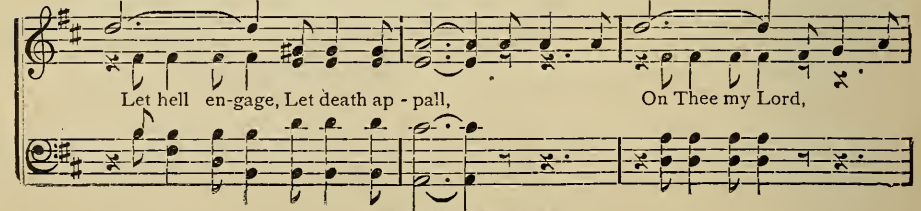


REFRAIN.

Let tem-pests rage, ... Let ills be - fall, ... Let hell en -



gage, ... Let death ap - pall, On Thee my Lord, ... my soul is



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ON THEE MY SOUL IS STAYED.—Concluded.

stayed, ...

On Thee my soul is stayed.

my soul is stayed,

No. 99. O WONDERFUL TIDINGS.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O won-der-ful, wonder-ful ti - dings Christ Je - sus has brought unto me;
2. O won-der-ful, wonder-ful bless - ing, My Saviour has purchased for me;
3. O won-der-ful, wonder-ful pow - er My Saviour has giv - en to me,

That He from the throne of His glo - ry Has come my Redeemer to be.
The won-der-ful gift of re-demp-tion. Sal - va- tion so full and so free.
In time, and thro' a - ges e - ter - nal, A child of the kingdom to be.

CHORUS.

O won-derful, wonder-ful sto - ry, No tongue can its beauties un - fold,

O won-derful grace of the Sav - iour, Its rich - es can nev - er be told.

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No. 100. THE WORLD'S CREATOR.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Unison.

1. The praises of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ever fully sing;
2. So great is God, so good and wise, His glory fills the earth and skies;

* The prais-es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ev - er ful - ly sing;

By His commands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid.
Beneath the strength of His control, The seasons o'er us swiftly roll.

By His commands the world was made, The cav-erns of the deep were laid.

Harmony.

He formed the sky, He holds the world within His hands.
Tho' years may pass, To Him they are as but a day.
formed the sea, sky and land,
years and years, pass a - way,

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS. ALL.

He made the gleaming worlds on high, That light the pathways of the sky; His glance can

sweep the ocean's space, Or search the farthest place, And unto man by Him was giv'n

* Bass voices may sing the words under staff *ad libitum.*

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THE WORLD'S CREATOR.—Concluded.

ritard. *Unison.*

The likeness of the King of heav'n. { The praises of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ever
So great is God, so good and wise, His glory fills the

The prais-es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can

fully sing; By His commands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid.
earth and skies; Beneath the strength of His control, The seasons o'er us swiftly roll.

ev-er fully sing; By His commands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid.

Harmony.

He formed the sky, He holds the world within His hand.
Tho' years may pass, To Him they are as but a day.
formed the sea, sky and land,
years and years, pass a-way,

No. 101. TARRY WITH ME, O, MY SAVIOUR.

(ST. SYLVESTER.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Deep-er, deep- er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
3. Lone-ly seems the vale of shad - ow; Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
4. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - iour! Lay my head up - on Thy breast

See! the shades of eve-ning gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Give me faith for clear - er vis - ion, Speak Thou, Lord! in words of cheer.
Till the morning; then a - wake me— Morn- ing of e - ter - nal rest.

No. 102. ABOVE THE SHADOWS.

KATE ULMER. ADAM GEIBEL.

With spirit and dignity.

1. Lin-ger nev-er in the val - ley, Grasp the Saviour's mighty hand;
2. Strive to help the faint-ing on - ward, As the sun-ny heights you scale;

In His strength rise ever up - ward, Till up - on the heights you stand.
For with-out your aid some broth - er, In the heav'nward path may fail.

In the val - ley there is dan - ger, Shades of dark- ness oft - times
As you aim to gain the sum - mit, Let the Mas - ter be your

fall; Doubts and fears like mount- ains ris - ing, E'en the
guide; Then the grace to suc - cor oth - ers, You will

Somewhat slower.

strong- est hearts ap- pall, E'en the strong-est, strong-est hearts ap - pall.
free - ly find sup-plied, You will free - ly, free - ly find sup - plied.

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No. 103. DAY BY DAY BE FAITHFUL.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Are we mindful of our du - ty while the days are go - ing by?
2. Are we read-y when for Je - sus we could speak a joy - ful word?
3. O the days are swift - ly passing: there is work for each and all,

Are we pointing those who wander, to the pathways of the sky? Are we trusting
Are we by an - oth-er's sor-row in-to love and kindness stirred? Are we mindful
For the har-vest field is read-y, and we hear the Master's call! Let us bravely

in the Sav-iour who for sin - ners came to die? Let us all be
of the goodness and the mer - cy of the Lord? Let us all be
work for Je - sus till the even-ing shad-ows fall, Let us all be

CHORUS.

true and faithful, day by day. Day by day let us be faithful, Let us to our

trust be true, In the vineyard of the Mas-ter There is work for all to do.

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No. 104. RALLY! RALLY!

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. To the bless-ed work be-fore us, Let us ral-ly once a-gain,
2. Precious seed must we be sow-ing, As the months shall glide a-way;
3. Tis a bless-ed work be-fore us, 'Twill en-no-ble ev-'ry hour;

Ral-ly with a joy-ful cho-rus, With a hope-ful, glad re-frain!
We must watch the har-vest grow-ing For the wondrous reap-ing-day.
Love's bright banner float-ing o'er us, Christ, our nev-er-fail-ing power.

Harmony.

For the Mas-ter still is near us; Let us la-bor at His side;
In our hearts we'll store the treas-ure Of the ho-ly Words of Truth,
Ho-ly Spir-it, lead us ev-er, In this serv-ice of de-light,

He will help us, he will cheer us, And our will-ing foot-steps guide.
And with o-ver-flow-ing meas-ure, Scatter bless-ing in our youth.
Till we all, "be-yond the riv-er," In the har-vest-song u-nite.

CHORUS.

Ral-ly, ral-ly, The Mas-ter's call is sounding, "come!"
Ral-ly, cheer-i-ly! like a bu-gle call,

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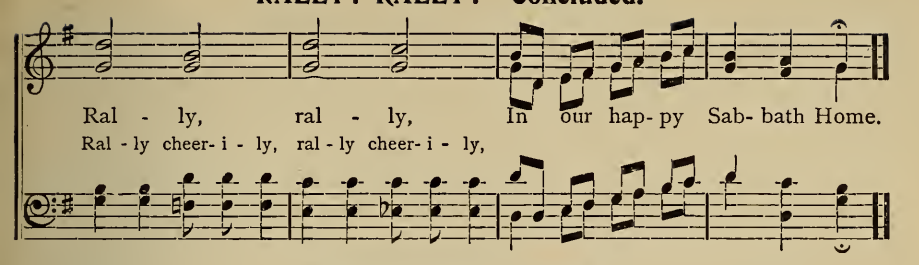
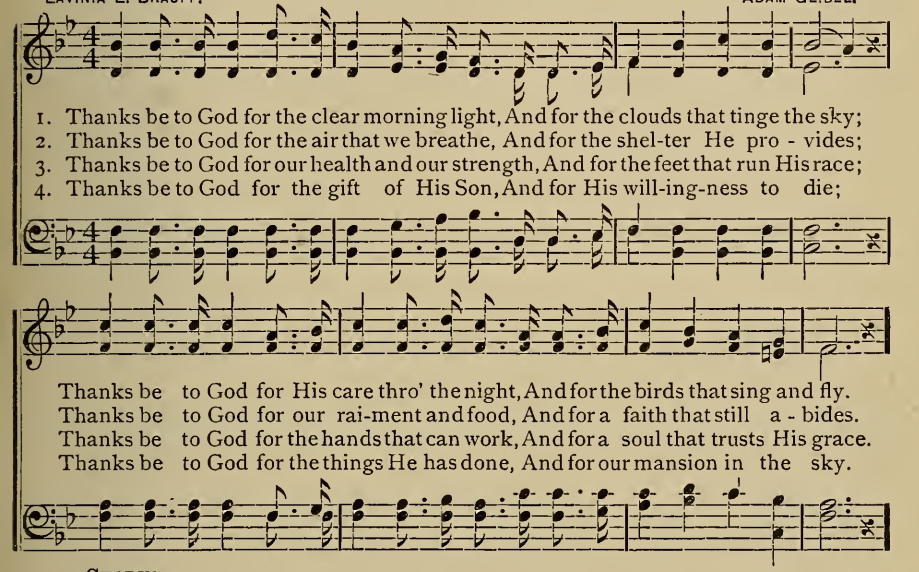
RALLY! RALLY!—Concluded.

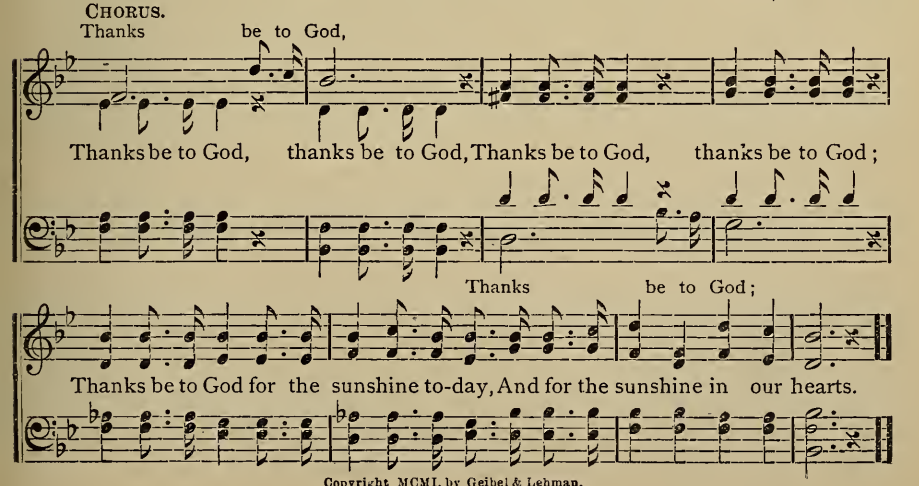


No. 105. THANKS BE TO GOD.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.



CHORUS.



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No. 106. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14 : 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, spread the tidings 'round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wherev - er hu-man
2. The long, long night is past; the morning breaks at last; And hushed the dreadful
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal- ing in His wings, To ev- 'ry cap-tive
4. Oh, boundless love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To wond' ring mortals
5. Sing, till the ech- oes fly a- bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a-

hearts and human woes abound; Let ev' ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o' er the golden hills the day advanc-es fast!
soul a full de-liv' rance brings; And thro' the vacant cells the song of triumph rings:
tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine!
bove to all be-low re- ply, In strains of endless love, the song that ne' er will die:

Chorus.

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come, The

Comfort-er has come! The Ho-ly Ghost from heav' n, The Father's promise giv' n;

Oh, spread the tidings round, Wherever man is found—The Comfort-er has come!

By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 107. OBEY GOD'S WILL.

H. M. HAROLD MARLOW.

1. O see the blue waves as they chase one another In tire-less, endless play;
2. O see the white clouds as they sail thro' the heavens Upon their joyous way;
3. The hill-side and valley, the forest and meadow, The flow'ret by the way,

We'll list-en a-while to their mu-sic-al murmur, And hear what they will say.
We'll watch them a while as they troop off together, Then hear what they will say.
With nev-er a murmur each du-ty performing, This song will sing al - way,

O - bey, ... o - bey.....

"O- bey, o-bey, o-bey God's will to-day," They dance, and they
"O- bey, o-bey, o-bey God's will to - day," They scatter their
"O- bey, o-bey, o-bey God's will we pray," His blessings will

CHORUS.

glisten, and whisper this message, "Obey God's will to - day."
bless-ings on hillside and valley, And thus God's will o-bey.
nev-er be offered or given, Till we His will o - bey.
} To Thee, O

God, we lift our song, All Truth and Right to Thee be - long.

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No. 108. THE UNSEEN CITY.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

SOLO, OR FEMALE VOICES IN UNISON.

1. There is a cit - y that gleams a-far Where flow'rs are blooming ev - er; A
2. O fair the skies that o'er us lean With radiant splen- dor shin - ing, Yet
3. O cit - y fair! O land of bloom! O realm of radiance ten - der! With-

cit- y that needs no sun or star, For God is light for - ev - er;
bright - er far that land un- seen Beyond our weak di - vin - ing;
in that home may we find room, That home of peace and splen - dor;

ritard.

And fair- er far its streets that wait Than those of song or sto - ry,
For past the por- tals of its gates There is no sin or sor - row,
For past the por- tals of its gates There is no sin or sor - row,

Tempo.

For thro' the bars of sun - set gates We al - most catch its glo - ry.
No wea - ry path- way there a - waits, No long and sad to - mor - row.
No wea - ry path- way there a - waits, No long and sad to - mor - row.

CHORUS.

O beau- ti- ful cit - y un - seen, Where mor-tal hath nev - er been,

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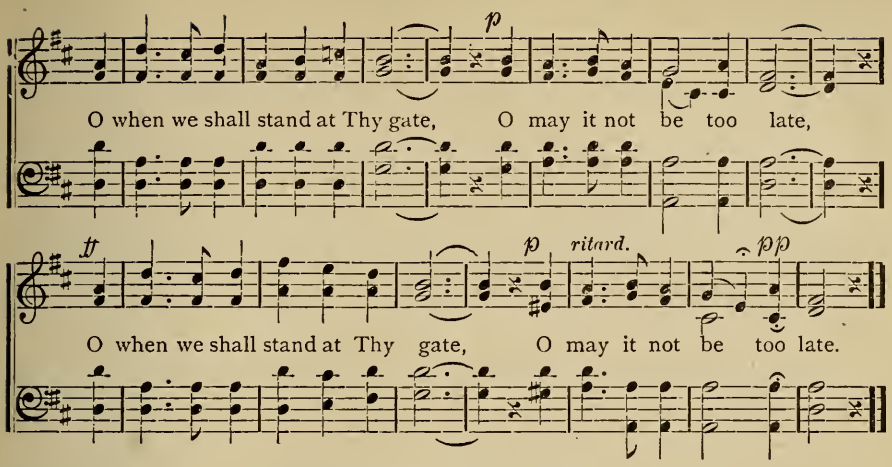
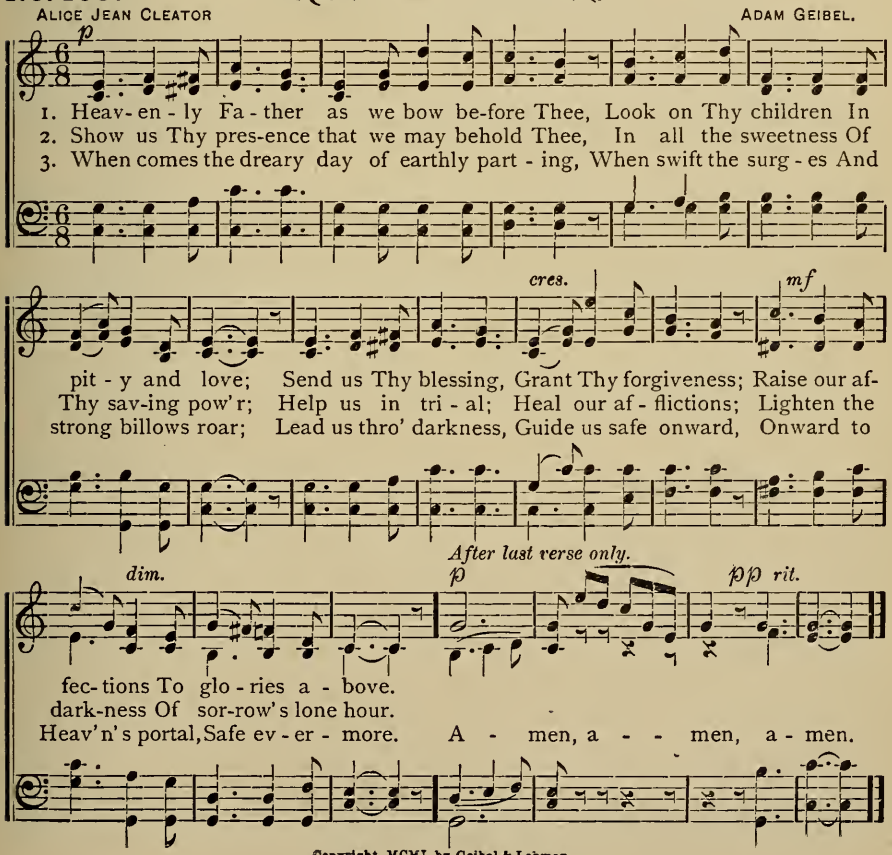


No. 109. REQUEST.—"A PRAYER."

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR — ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 110. GOD IS GOOD.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. In the field, in the wood, Blos-soms tell us God is good;
2. On the breeze, in the trees, By the brooks and by the seas,
3. In the song borne a-long, Let us join the hap-py throng;

ritard.

Na-ture fair ev-'ry-where Whis-pers of God's care.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Harmony.*

Ro-ses blow, brook-lets flow, Na-ture sings in glad-ness that

ritard. *Unison.*

God is good, Whis-pers sweet . . . they re-peat,

Harmony.

No-where on earth is sad-ness, for God is good.

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No. 111. I LOVE HIM BEST OF ALL.

ADA BLENKHORN. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I love the bright hued flow'rs that bloom Within the wood-land way, I
2. I love the mer-ry war-bling birds That car-ol all the day, I
3. My parents, friends and teach-ers dear, I love with all my heart, I

FEMALE VOICES. *Unison.*

love the sunbeams warm and bright That with the shadows play. The laughing rills that
love the bright-winged butterflies A-mid the flow'rs at play. The lit-tle raindrops
love the gentle words they speak, The knowledge they impart. Within my heart I

rip-ple by, The trees so strong and tall, But my dear Lord, who lov-eth me,
cool and clear Re-freshing as they fall, But my dear Lord, who lov-eth me,
hear a voice That doth so sweet-ly call, It is my Lord, who lov-eth me,

CHORUS.

ALL. *Harmony.* Best of all, best of

I love Him best of all. Best of all, best of all, best of all,

all,

best of all, But my dear Lord who lov-eth me, I love Him best of all.

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No. 112. SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

(DUET AND CHORUS.)

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET.

1. Seed-time and har - vest since time be - gan, Sow-ing and reap-ing are
2. Won - der - ful seed-time! 'tis ours to sow Seeds that for e - vil or
3. O - ver the hill - side and fer - tile plain, Hast-en to scat - ter the

in God's plan, While earth re - main - eth, 'tis His de - cree,
good will grow, O, let us scat - ter the seeds of love,
gold - en grain, Then when the bells ring their ev - 'ning chime,

CHORUS.

Seed-time and har - vest must ev - er be.
Spring-ing to glad - den our souls a - bove.
Wel-come the song of the har - vest-time.
} Sum-mer and win-ter and

snow and rain, Seed - time and har - vest must still re-main; Seed-time and

har-vest for you and me, Gath - er - ing sheaves for e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 113. "OH, IT IS BEAUTIFUL."

Dying words of Dwight L. Moody.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, the home of the blest, Beau-ti - ful mansions where
2. Beau - ti - ful an-gels a-round the white throne, Beau-ti - ful chil-dren for -
3. Beau - ti - ful serv-ice of wor-ship in song, Beau-ti - ful fam - i - ly—
4. Beau - ti - ful greet-ing when friend meeteth friend, Beauti - ful meet-ing that

wea - ry shall rest, Beau - ti - ful riv - er of life, nev - er old,
ev - er our own, Beau - ti - ful saint - ed, en - robed in pure white,
per-fect - ly one, Beau - ti - ful har - mo - ny— liv - ing in love,
nev - er shall end, Beau - ti - ful day, with no shad - ow of night,

Refrain.

Beau - ti - ful streets of the pur - est of gold.
Beau - ti - ful Sav-iour, re - ful-gent with light.
Beau - ti - ful scenes that a - wait us a - bove.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ion, e - ter-nal - ly bright.
} Oh, it is beau-ti - ful!

"eye hath not seen," Neither hath ear heard the heav-en - ly theme; Oh, it is

beau-ti - ful! all I have seen, Thrilling my soul with the heav-en - ly theme.

By permission of John J. Hood.

No. 114. I LOVE TO SCATTER SUNSHINE.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to share a sor-row, I love to dry a tear, I love to aid the
2. I love to lift the fall-en, And comfort those distress'd, I love to cheer and
3. I love to bear His ban-ner A- mid the worldly throng; I love to spread His

wea-ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my
gladden, The lone-ly and oppressed, I love to brighten pathways And share
gos-pel, By sto - ry and by song, I love to plead with sinners, Un- til to

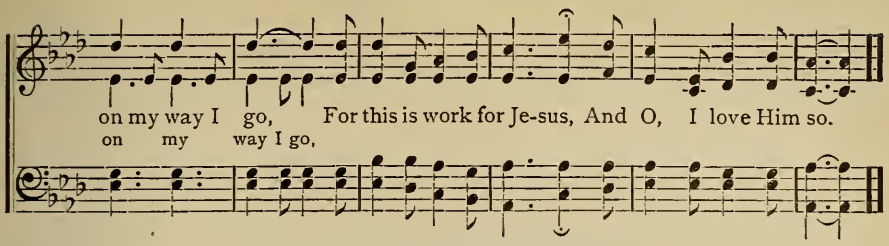
way I go; For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him so.
noth-er's woe; For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him so.
Him they go; For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him so.

CHORUS.

I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my way I go, For this is work for
on my way I go;

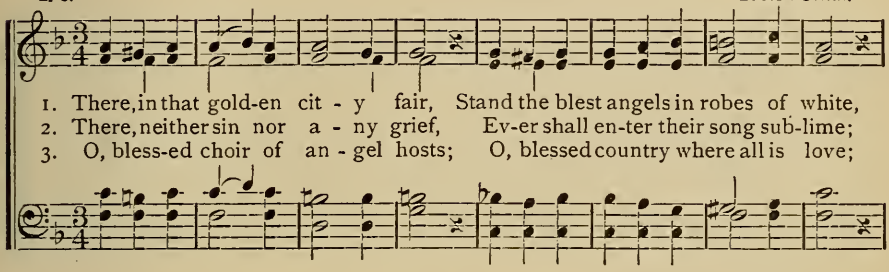
Je - sus, And O, I love Him so, I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As
O, I love Him so,

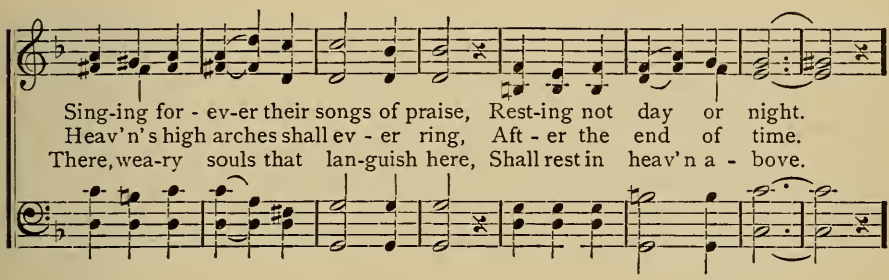
By permission of Fillmore Bros



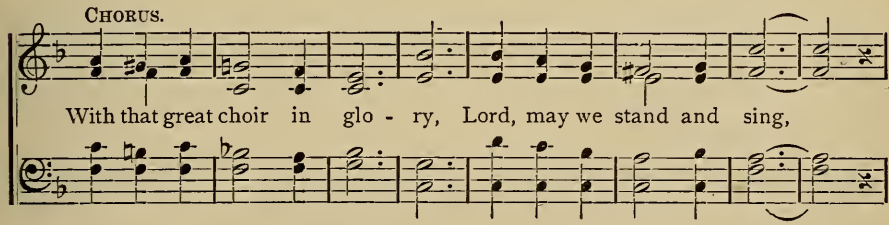
No. 115. THAT BLESSED COUNTRY.

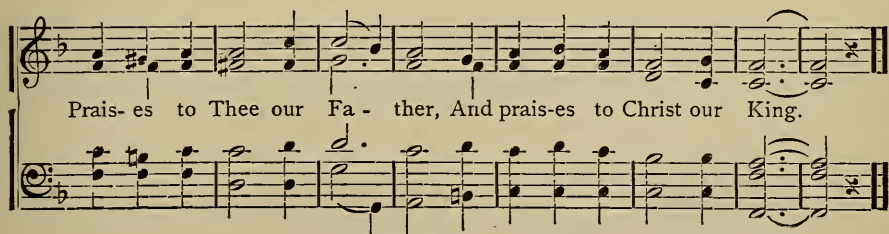
L. S. LOUISE SWAN.





CHORUS.





From "Songs for the Master," by permission.

No. 116. GRANT WE MAY MEET AGAIN.

J. H. C. J. HARRY CROSSLEY, and A. T. GOODSELL.

1. May Jesus watch between us, When we a-part shall be; With tender care, O,
2. We thank Thee for the blessings Which we receive each day; For peace and joy Thou
3. Help us to be of serv-ice To those we dai- ly meet; O, may we strive some

Fa- ther, Thy lov-ing chil-dren see. From harm and danger keep us, From
giv- est, When we Thy word o - bey; For love of friends and dear ones, While
lost one To bring to Je - sus' feet. May we Thy kingdom fur-ther, All

sickness, grief and pain: And if Thou wilt, dear Saviour, Grant we may meet again.
we on earth remain; And grant, Lord, if it please Thee, That we may meet again.
sin and wrong dis-dain; And Fa-ther, if Thou willest, Grant we may meet again.

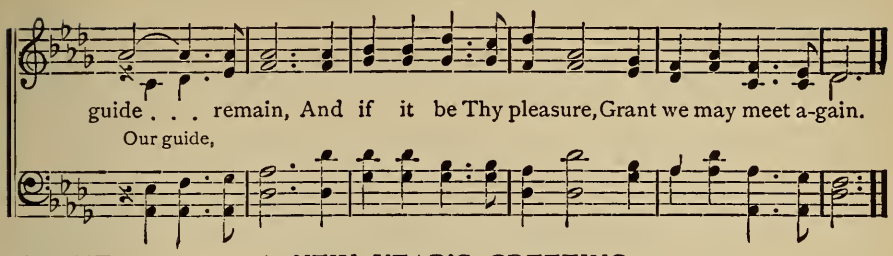
CHORUS.

Watch o'er . . and keep us, Oh! guide, . . . in peace; Dear Heav'nly Fa-ther
Watch o'er, oh! guide,

lead us, May naught, our faith decrease; Watch o'er . . . and keep us, Our
Watch o'er,

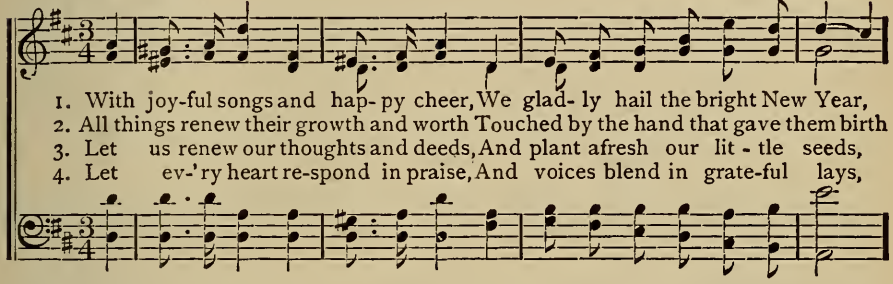
From "Songs for the Master," by permission.

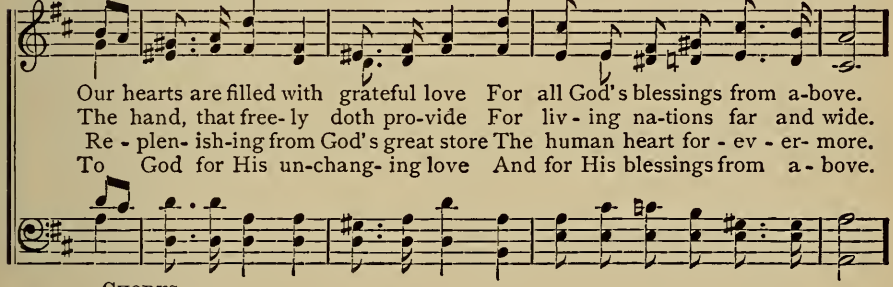
GRANT WE MAY MEET AGAIN.—Concluded.



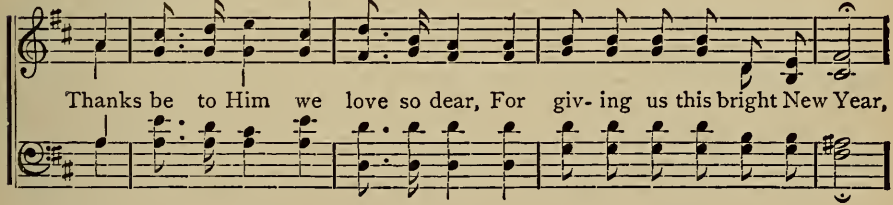
No. 117. A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

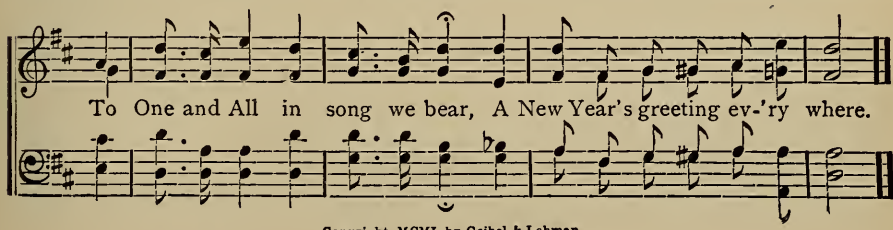
LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.





CHORUS.





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No. 118. SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN — FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har - vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
With joy un-told your sheaves of gold Will all be gar - nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way, ... The seeds of
Then day by day along your way,

prom - - - - ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast. That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home . . . . at last. . . . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last. . . . . .

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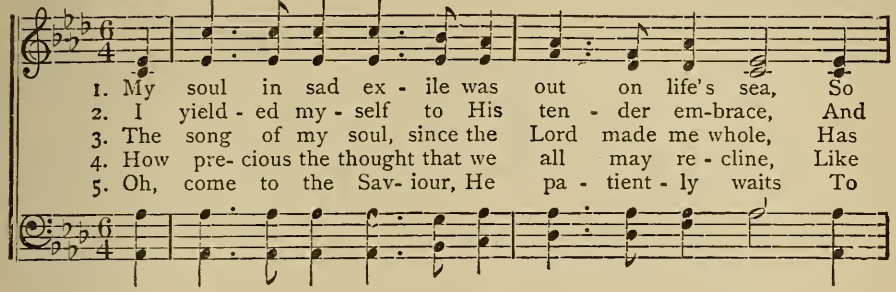
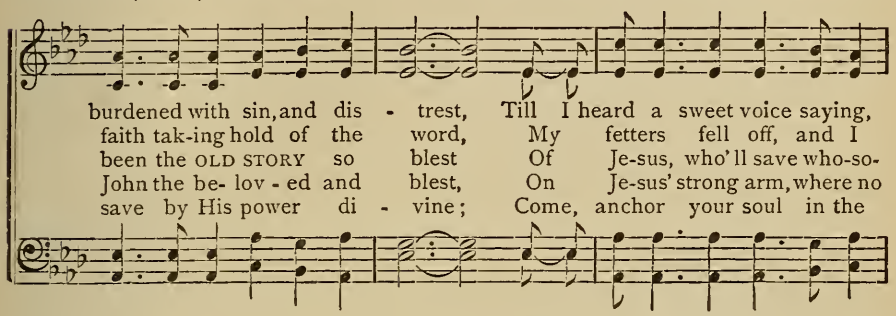
No. 119. THE HAVEN OF REST.

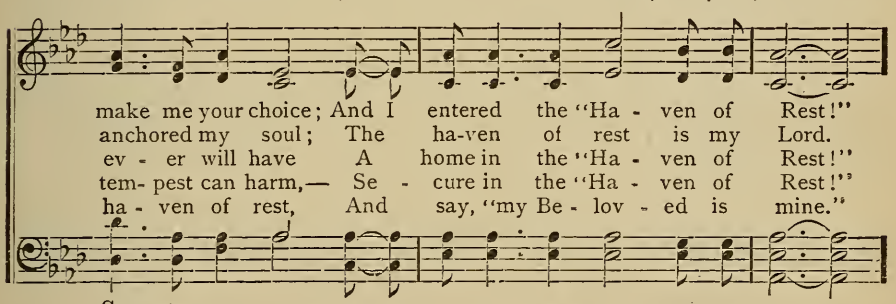
H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em-brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre- cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav- iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

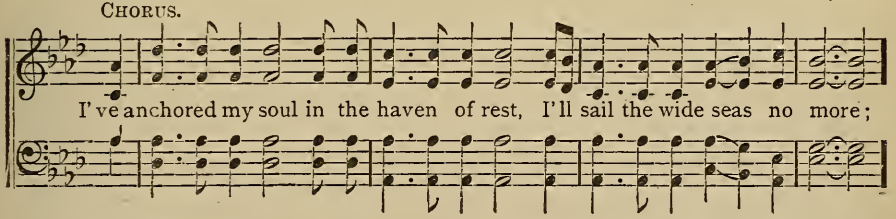


burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Je-sus' strong arm, where no
save by His power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

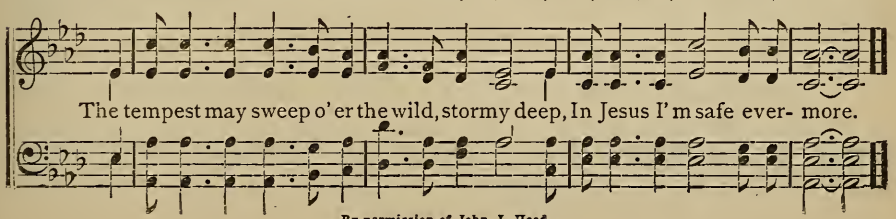


make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem- pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

CHORUS.



I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe ever- more.

By permission of John J. Hood.

No. 120. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.

1. What will you do with the King call-ed Je - sus? Ma - ny are wait - ing to
2. What will you do for the King call-ed Je - sus, He who for you left His
3. What will you do with the King call-ed Je - sus,—Who will sub-mit to His

hear you say,—Some have despised Him, reject- ing His mer-cy, What will you
throne a- bove, Here 'mid the low - ly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un -
gen - tle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone Him? Who will His

do with your King to-day? What can you witness concern - ing His goodness,
fold - ing His Father's love. Look on the fields white alread - y to har- vest,
kind com - mands o- bey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bit - ter thrall? Who will declare Him the
Who now is will - ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Ren - der to Him all your

fair - est of thousands? Who now will crown Him the Lord of all?
dear Sav-iour, Je - sus? Lo, He is wait - ing, He calls for you!
loy - al de - vo - tion; Seek to ex - alt Him by prais - es meet.

By permission of John J. Hood.

WHAT WILL YOU DO? - Concluded.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?

Harmony.

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in His blood and righteousness.

No. 121. PRAYER.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hear us, Heav'nly Fa- ther, As on Thee we call, May Thy gracious
2. Countless are Thy mer- cies As the stars a - bove; Boundless as the
3. Grant us Thy for- give-ness In this sa - cred hour, May we know the

fa - vor On Thy children fall; Help us in temp - ta - tion,
wa - ters Is Thy wondrous love; May we, Heav'nly Fa - ther,
sweet - ness Of Thy sav- ing pow'r; Guide us safe - ly on - ward,

Make us brave and strong. Keep our wand'ring footsteps From the path of wrong.
In Thy love a - bide, Draw us ev - er near - er—Nearer to Thy side.
By Thy hand of love, Till we reach the glo - ry Of the home a-bove.

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No. 122. SONG OF PRAISE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. A. A. DUBOIS.

1. O praise the Lord, ye hills and vales! O praise Him, mountains high! O praise Him,
2. O praise the Lord, ye na - tions all! His mighty pow'r pro - claim! O spread a -

wa - ters of the deep, And wonders of the sky! The stars were fashioned
broad from sea to sea, The glo - ry of His name! Sing out ye lands with

by His pow'r, All things His wisdom prove, He watches o'er us hour by hour, And
one accord! O join ye choirs of light! Make known the goodness of the Lord—His

CHORUS.

guards us with His love!
wisdom and His might. } O praise the Lord, ye hills and vales! O praise Him, mountains

high! O praise Him, waters of the deep, And wonders of the sky!

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No. 123. GO AND TELL JESUS.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE

1. Lit - tle doubts and fears per-plex us, On life's road from day to day,
2. Sometimes hearts are sad and heav - y, And the tears un- bid-den flow,
3. Loved ones oft - en die and leave us, In this dark, cold world a-lone,
4. We should learn the les - son ear - ly, Taught us in the Bi - ble blest,

But if we will go to Je - sus, He will clear the clouds a-way.
But if we will go to Je - sus, He will heal the bitt-'rest woe.
But if we will go to Je - sus, He will love us as His own.
That if we will go to Je - sus, He will al- ways give us rest.

REFRAIN.

Go and tell Je - sus, tell Je - sus all a- bout it, Show Him the

thorns, the thorns in your heart, He is your friend, He is your friend and

broth - er, Mak - ing all doubt - ings, all doubt - ings de - part.

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No. 124. NATURE'S LULLABY.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Evening shades around us gath - er, Fades the light in yon - der sky,
2. See the li - ly on her bo - som Gen - tly close its lan - guid eye,
3. Fa - ther, hear Thy wea - ry chil - dren, To Thy bo - som may we fly,
4. Un - derneath Thy wings pro - tect us; Guard, oh, guard us from the sky;

Soft and low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.
Now the birds their wings are fold - ing While she sings her lul - la - by.
Ah, thy ten - der love can soothe us With a sweet - er lul - la - by.
Thou hast taught the voice of na - ture How to sing her lul - la - by.

CHORUS.

p Lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, ... Soft and

Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by, Soft and

pp

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.

By permission of John J. Hood.

No. 125. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can save thee this ver-y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di-vine.
At His feet all my bur-dens roll,—Cured by the Heal-er di-vine.
I will sing while the a-ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di-vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di-vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di-vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di-vine.

divine.

By permission of J. Howard Entwisle.

No. 126. BENEDICTION HYMN.

ADAM GEIBEL. Arranged from FRANZ SCHUBERT.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, hear Thy chil- dren At the close of this glad
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, watch Thou o'er us All throughout our earth- ly

day; Ere we part from one an - oth- er, Ere we home - ward take our
life: Be Thou e'er our balm in sor-row, Be Thou e'er our stay in

way. Let Thy Heav'n - ly Ben- e - dic - tion Fall up - on us
strife. And when life's long day is end - ed, And the jour - ney

peace-ful - ly: And to Thee we'll give the glo - ry, Fa - ther
is com - plete: May we dwell in Heav'n for-ev - er, Rest - ing

Son, and Spir-it three, Fa - ther Son, and Spir- it three.
at the Saviour's feet, Rest-ing at the Saviour's feet.

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No. 127. THE SUNSHINE LAND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Be - yond the shad - ows of the sink - ing day, Be - yond the win - ter and the gleam of May, Beyond the storms that beat the rock-y strand,
2. Be - yond the wea - ry sick- ness and the pain, Be - yond the loss and ea - ger strife for gain, Beyond the tempter seeking to command,
3. Be - yond the bloom of spring and au - tumn bright, Be - yond the morn and darkness of the night, Beyond the fears that rise on ev - 'ry hand,

CHORUS.

There waits the blessed Sun-shine Land. The Sun-shine Land we soon shall see, ... And O how hap - py we shall be: From we soon shall see, ev - 'ry sin and sor - row free, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

By permission of E. S. Lorenz

No. 128. THE APOSTLES' CREED.

(CHANT.)

ADAM GEIBEL.

mf

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heav'n and earth: And in Jesus Christ, His on - ly Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Vir - gin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was cruci - fied, dead and

dim. rit.

a tempo forte. *mf*

buried; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Al - mighty; From thence He shall come to judge the

forte.

dim. *pp* *cres.*

quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Catho - lic Church, (Chris - tian)

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THE APOSTLES' CREED.—Concluded.

cres. *slowly.* *p*

The communion of saints, The forgive-
ness of sins: The resurrection of
the body: And the life ev-er - last - ing. A - men.

No. 129. LIVE A LIFE OF SUNSHINE.

J. HARRY CROSSLEY. A. T. GOODSELL.

1. All our life is joy - ous, all the way is bright, For the Saviour's presence,
2. Storm-y clouds may gather, wild the tempest blow, But with-in, my soul, with
3. When the sunshine en-ters, darkness flees away, Doubts and fears are scattered

ban - ish - es the night; Sin has no a - bid - ing, sor - row takes its flight,
light is all a - glow; Hap - pi - ness and peace thro' ev-'ry heart will flow,
by its cheering ray; All a-long, the path grows brighter ev - 'ry day,

CHORUS.

When we live a life of sun-shine.
If we live a life of sun-shine.
When we live a life of sun-shine.
} Gladness and joy, fill all my soul,
and joy, my soul,

When I hear the Master say: "My peace I give," That makes it sunshine all the way.
I give,

From "Songs for the Master," by permission.

No. 130. TRENCHES IN THE VALLEY.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. 2 Kings 3: 16–20. J. Wesley Hughes.

1. "Make this val-ley full of trenches," Thus the Lord Jehovah spake, "Without
2. Wea - ry trav'ler o'er life's desert, Tortured by its burning sand, Lift your
3. Wea - ry trav'ler cease thy doubting; If thy soul is sore distressed, Dig the

wind or rain to- mor - row, Each of you your thirst shall slake." As they
heart and eyes to heav - en For de - liv-'rance is at hand. Stop, and
trench-es in the val - ley, God Himself will do the rest. Streams of

toil'd within the desert, Active faith their murmurs still'd; And when morning dawn'd they
in the bar-ren valley Dig the wells and trenches wide; God will fill them with His
love and mercy blended, In - to ev'ry well will flow, Then, refreshed, revived and

Chorus.

witnessed Ev'ry trench with water filled.
blessing, 'Till thy heart is sat - is - fied.
strengthened, On to vict'ry thou shalt go.
} Praise the Lord, . . . the Lord Je-

Praise the Lord Je-ho-vah, God of

ho - vah! God of Is - - rael, God of all. . . Thou art

Israel, God of all. Praise the Lord Jehovah, God of Israel, God of all. Thou art

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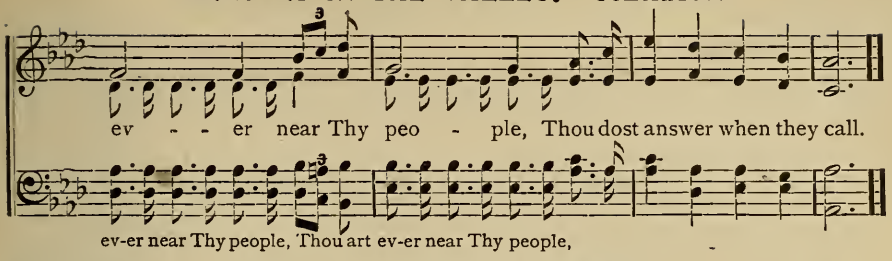
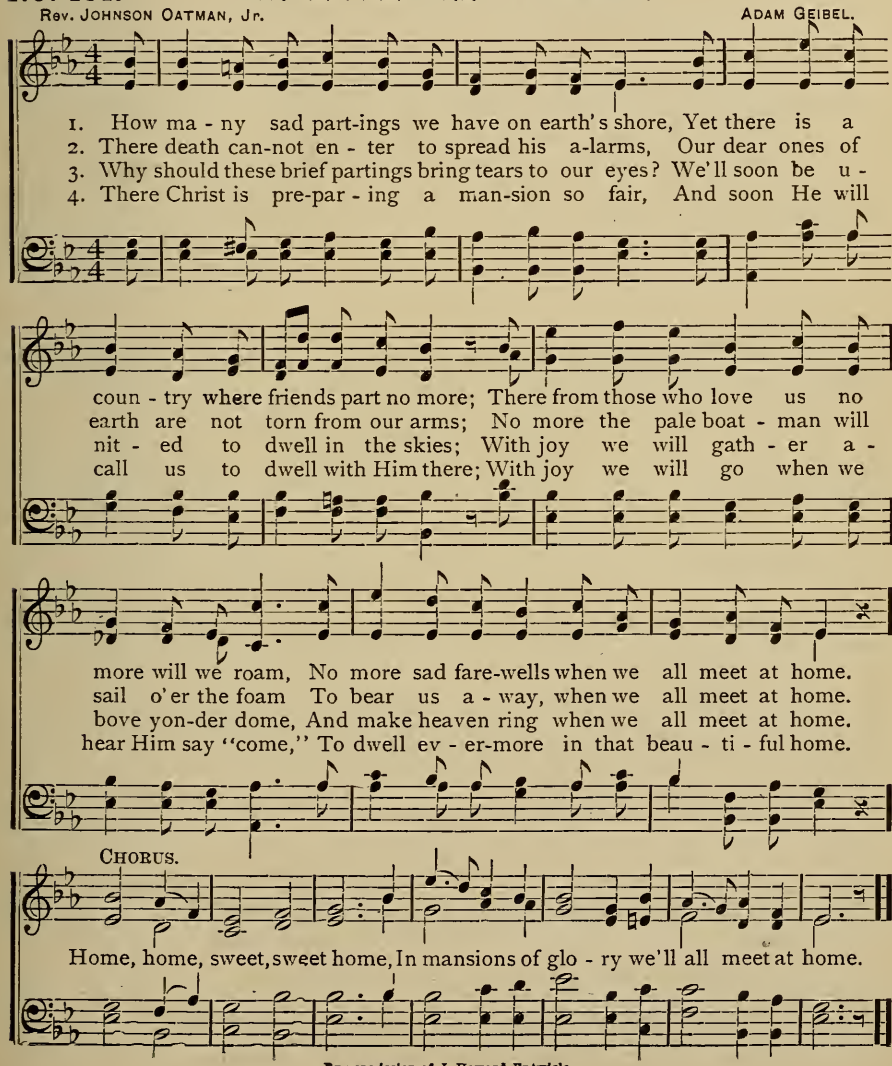
TRENCHES IN THE VALLEY.—Concluded.



No. 131. WE'LL ALL MEET AT HOME.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Adam Geibel.



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No. 132. EVER NEAR.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. When the way is bright with sun-shine, When the clouds of dark- ness come,
2. Though the fu - ture seems un- cer - tain, And the clouds oft-time ap-pear,

One there is who's ev - er near you, Je - sus Christ the Ho - ly One.
Let this prom - ise be your com- fort, Je - sus Christ is ev - er near.

When the way is sad and lone - ly, And the eyes with tears are dim,
When the wan-derer turn- eth backward, From the paths of sin so drear,

Turn, O mourn- er in your sor - row, Turn and tell your grief to Him.
If he cries "O help me Mas - ter!" He will find Him ev - er near.

REFRAIN.

In the sun - shine, in the shad - ow, With a
In the sun- shine, in the shad - ow, Christ is near,

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EVER NEAR.—Concluded.

word . . . . . of com- fort dear, He is
With a word of com - fort, with a word of com - fort dear,

wait - ing there to help you,
Wait - ing there to help you, wait - ing there to help you,

Christ the Lord . . . . . is ev - er near.
Christ, the Lord is ev - er, ev - er near, is ev - er near.

No. 133. THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

1. Boundless as the might-y sea, Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Ten- der as a moth- er, Thou, Gen- tly strok - ing sor - row's brow;
3. Gen- tle as a lit - tle child, With the lamb up - on the wild,
4. Brighter than the noonday sun, Is Thy glo - ry, Ho - ly One!

Is Thy love, O per- fect One, Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son!
Healing hearts with balm of peace, Mak-ing all our troub-les cease.
Leading it back to the fold, Safe from dan-gers of the world.
Mighti - er than monarch's fame, Is Thy matchless, peer- less Name.

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No. 134. CROSSING ONE BY ONE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Adam Geibel.

Solo or Duet.

1. We shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, one by one, When beyond the hills we see life's set-ting sun; With the boat-man, grim and pale, Ev -'ry soul must shortly sail,—We shall cross the mystic river, one by one, (one by one.)
2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one, When at e-ven-tide their earth- ly race was run; We have heard them say "good-bye," As we stood with tear-dimm' d eye,—We have seen them cross the river, one by one.
3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one, Soon our toil-ing and our jour-ney will be done, Then with joy we'll sail a- way For that land of perfect day,—Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.
4. We shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, one by one, When the soul's e- ter-nal morn-ing is be - gun; When the boat for us shall come, We will sail away for home,—We shall cross to be with Je-sus, one by one.

Chorus.

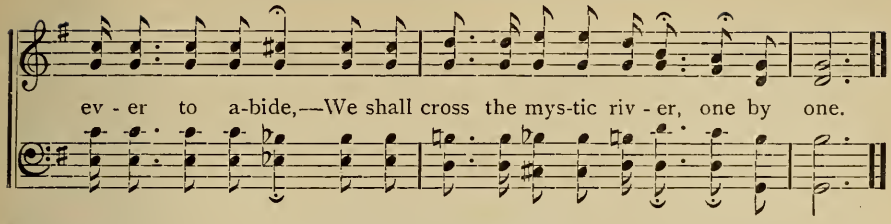
One by one, one by one, We shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, one by one, To that land beyond the tide, There for-

One by one, one by one,

one by one,

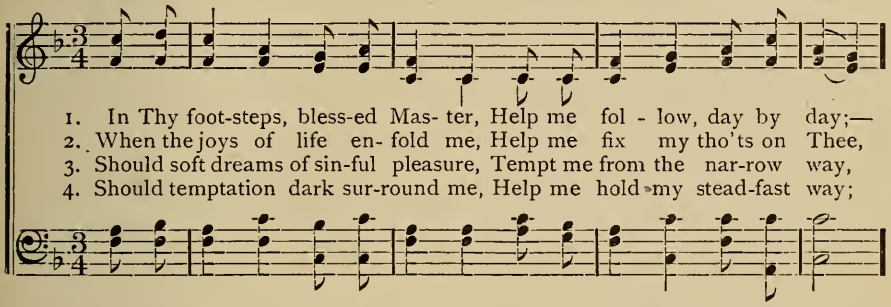
By permission of J. Howard Entwisle.

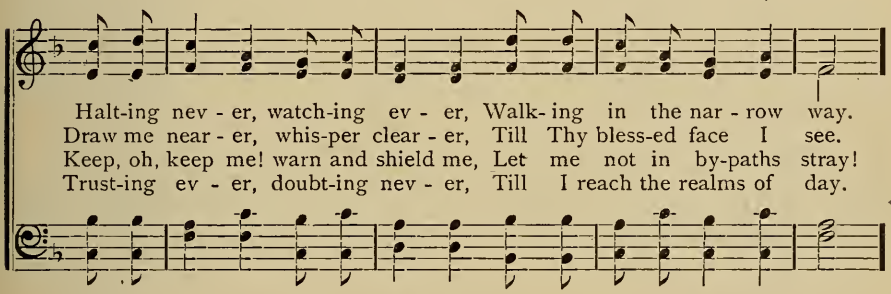
CROSSING ONE BY ONE.—Concluded.



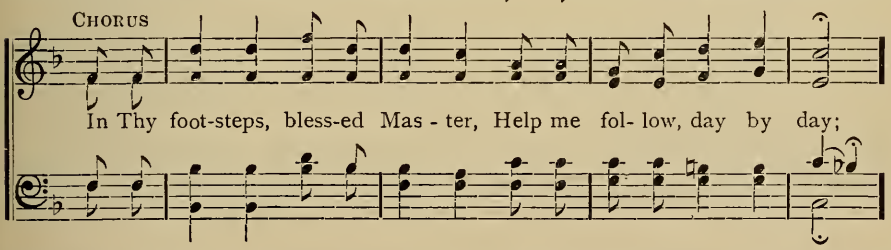
No. 135. IN THY FOOTSTEPS.

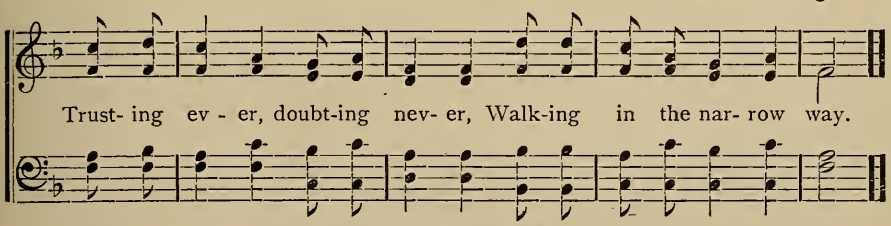
FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.





CHORUS





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No. 136. IN THE THRONE-ROOM.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. Esther 5: 2. J. Wesley Hughes.

1. I entered the throne-room where Jesus, my Lord, Was wait-ing the
2. I entered the throne-room when burdened with care; A load I had
3. I entered the throne-room when earth-ties were riven, And darkness had

cap-tive to free; He reach'd out His sceptre; He spake the glad word,
car- ried too long. He reach'd out His sceptre; He answered my pray'r,
shrouded the day; I touch'd the bright scep-tre, and comfort was giv'n;

Chorus.

And cleansing and joy came to me.
And sent me a-way with a song.
The shadows were driv - en a - way.
} O glo - ry! O glo - ry,

what rapture is mine! The King in His beau- ty I see; I'm singing His

praises since Jesus di - vine Extended His scep- tre to me.

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No. 137. IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

ADAM GEIBEL. FLOREN E W. WILLIAMS.

1. We're toil- ing in the vineyard of the Lord, (the Lord,) We're trusting in the
2. We're toil- ing on the highway of our King, (our King,) And hearts of love and
3. Then let us toil with willing hearts and hands, (and hands,) O - bey - ing all our

com- fort of His word, (His word,) Sal - va - tion He has of - fered you and
grat - i - tude we bring, (we bring,) To Him whose reign on high shall nev - er
Heav' nly King's commands, (commands,) Then when our toil-ing here on earth is

CHORUS.

me; (and me;) Sal - va-tion ev-er full and wide and free.
end, (ne'er end,) Our lov-ing Father, and our truest Friend.
o'er, (is o'er,) We'll dwell with Him in glory evermore.
} We're toil-ing, yes, we're

We're toil - ing, toil- ing,

toil - ing, Yes, we're toil- ing in the serv - ice of the Lord. We're

toil - ing, toil - ing, In the serv - ice of the Lord.

toil - ing, yes, we're toil - ing, Toil - ing in the serv-ice of the Lord.

toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing on.

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No. 138. CHEERFULLY GIVE.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. All that thou hast is the gift of the Lord, Lent to thee on - ly for
2. Thousands in heathen lands per - ish each day, Hav-ing not heard of the
3. Is there a broth-er or sis - ter in need? Close not thy heart to the

life's fleeting day; Use thy gifts free-ly to help on His cause, Hoard not thy
dear Saviour's love; What art thou do-ing the dy- ing to save? Give as is
pit - i - ful plea; Reach out a helping hand in His dear name, Give as the

CHORUS.

treasures in napkins a - way.
giv-en to thee from a-bove.
Master has giv-en to thee.
} Give, give, cheerfully give, Willingly, cheerfully

give, Give, give, cheer-ful- ly give, As the Lord giv- eth thee, give.

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No. 139. BEYOND THE HILLS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be-yond the hills, be-yond the sea, Be- yond the sun - set's gold,
2. No trace of sor- row en - ters there, All tears are wiped a - way:
3. With joy - ful eyes we then shall meet The loved for which we long,

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BEYOND THE HILLS.—Concluded.

Bright mansions wait for you and me With glo-ries all un - told!
There is no sick-ness, pain, or care With - in that Land of Day!
With them we'll walk the gold - en streets And sing the glad new song!

CHORUS.

A home of peace and love and light, When scenes of earth are past!

O may our feet be led a-right, To walk those streets at last!

No. 140. CONSECRATION HYMN.

C. E. EBERMAN. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Je-sus, my King, with thorn-crown'd brow, Oh! let Thy Spir - it fill me now;
2. Yes, Lord, I hear Thy voice of love, That draws my soul to Thee a - bove;
3. I give my-self, my time, my all; In wor-ship at Thy feet I fall;
4. I will o - bey Thy voice di-vine, And calm-ly place my hand in Thine;
5. My bur-dens, Lord, I bring to Thee; Oh, change them into songs for me;

In faith, I bow be-fore Thy cross, All earth-ly things I count but dross.
For strength, I ask to fol- low Thee, Where'er, by faith, Thy hand I see.
Then bid me rise to serv-ice new, Whate'er there is for me to do.
I'll fol- low Thee with joy-ful heart, Where'er I can Thy word im-part.
No oth - er place heart-strength affords, My King of kings, and Lord of lords.

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No. 141. FLY YOUR BANNERS.

P. H. J. F. H.

1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly, All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky, Rend the sky; Now we see the brightness of His word, And we hail the rising dawn, Now Jehovah takes His conq' ring sword, And His cause goes marching on.

2. That the ti - dings blest may be borne a-broad, Give your hand, give your hand, That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand, Take your stand, Take your stand, And no ill thy soul unmoved shall see, In the bat - tle's din and shock, For the Lord Himself Thy strength shall be, And thine everlasting rock.

Let them fly, Give your hand,

let them fly, give your hand,

CHORUS.

In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly, Let them fly, let them fly,

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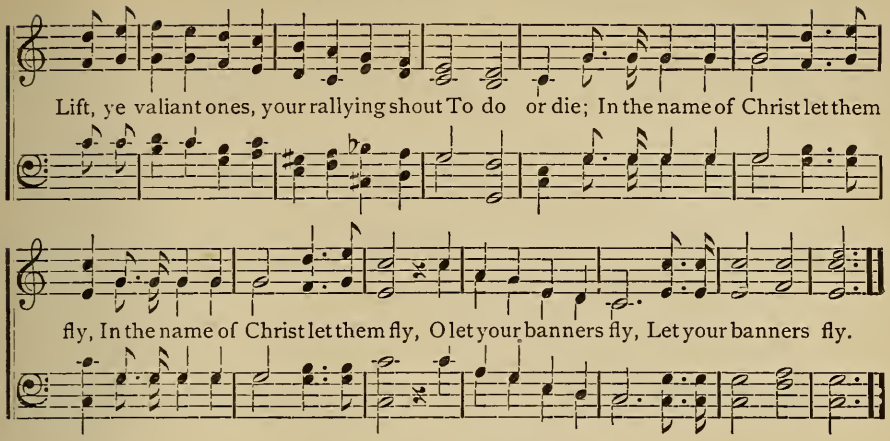
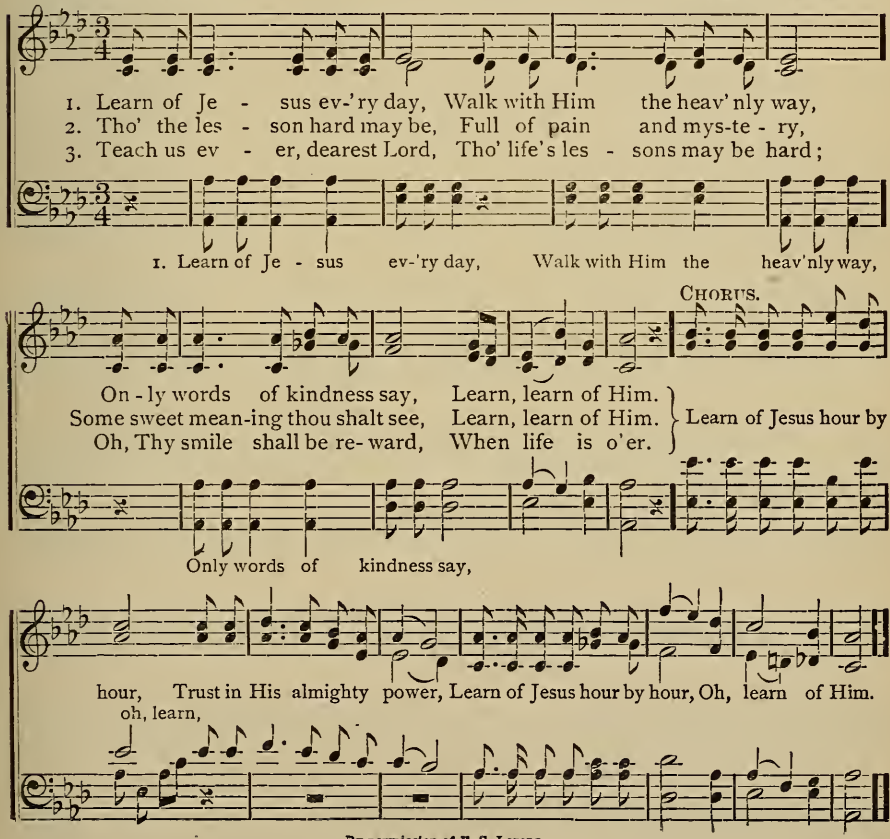


No. 142. LEARN OF JESUS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.



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No. 143. WE PRAISE THEE, WE BLESS THEE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HENRY TUCKER.

CHORUS. *Vigoroso.*

We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who on - ly art di - vine; No name is

wor - thy such hom - age as Thine; Our heart's ad - o - ra - tion for-

ev - er we will gladly bring To Thee, our Re-deem- er, Cre - a - tor, and King.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To meet the glad ech - oes our voic - es we raise, And join with our
2. For mer- cies un - number'd, for ten - der - est care, For bless-ings Thy
3. For all the sweet prom - is - es faith - ful - ly giv'n, For all the bright
4. Our voic - es in cho - rus ex - ult - ing - ly rise, To join with the

CHORUS.

souls in the an - them of praise;
chil - dren so bounteous - ly share:
hopes that look for - ward to heav'n:
an - gel whose songs fill the skies:
} We praise Thee, we bless Thee!

Thou, who on-ly art di-vine, For no name is wor- thy such homage as Thine.

WE PRAISE THEE, WE BLESS THEE.—Concluded.

SOLO, OR FEMALE VOICES IN UNISON.

1. With an - gels in glo - ry, We her - ald the sto - ry,
2. Now joy - ful - ly blend - ing, With rap - ture as- cend - ing,
3. Our hearts . . warmly glow - ing, With mel - - o - dy flow - ing,
4. Ye an - gels in glo - ry, Still her - ald the sto - ry,

D.C.

Glad ti - dings of joy and peace Thro' our Sav - iour and King.
Our trib - ute of praise to Thee, Bless- ed Sav - iour and King.
All glo - ry and praise to Thee, Bless- ed Sav - iour and King.
Sing prais - es for- ev - er more To our Sav - iour and King.

CODA. *After last verse.*

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thou who only art di - vine, No name is worthy such

hom-age as Thine; Our heart's ad- o - ra- tion for - ev - er we will gladly bring

To Thee, our Cre - a - tor, Re-deem- er and King. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal- le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal- le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men.

No. 144. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY DOOR.

W. J. KENNEDY. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Now Jesus knocks, O let Him in, He's standing at thy door; Thy heart He's seeking
2. Let Jesus in, there's none but He, Can give thee peace with God; He died that sinners
3. Let Jesus in, He'll give thee rest, Thou canst not find elsewhere; With sin no longer
4. Let Jesus in, He pleads with thee, In low sweet tones of love; Thy dearest Friend, and

CHORUS.

Let Je - - sus in,

still to win As oft He's done be - fore.
might go free, He paid their debt with blood.
be oppress'd, No lon - ger burdens bear.
Guide He'll be Un - to the home a- bove.

Let Jesus in, Let Jesus in,

Let Jesus in, poor soul; Let Jesus in, His love alone Can make the wounded whole.

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No. 145. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . . | be Thy | name,
2. Give us this day, our . . . . . | dai - ly | bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . | us from | evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on . . | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . | them that | trespass a - | gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - - - - | ever and | ever, A - | men.

No. 146. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de- ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I de- part from Thee, When Thou see' st me wav-er, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-mem-brance Sad Gethsem- a-
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor- tal

call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf- fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark- er sem-blance, Cross-crown' d Cal-va- ry.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je- sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 147. LONGING FOR GOD.

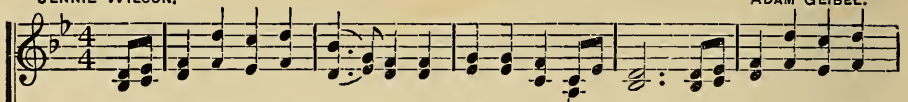
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. PSALM 42: 1. LOUIS SPOHR.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing

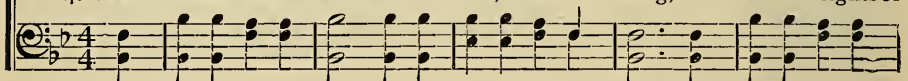
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re- fresh - ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di- vine?
The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

No. 148. MARCH ONWARD, GLADLY ONWARD.

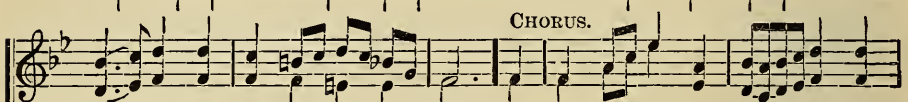
JENNIE WILSON. ADAM GEIBEL.



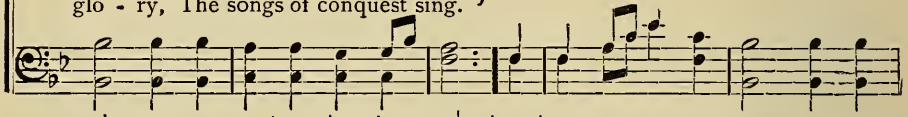
1. March onward, gladly onward, With happy songs of praise, Before you gleams a
2. March onward with rejoicing That you have been enrolled, In Christ's triumphant
3. March onward never doubting, Your great Commander's word, That all shall gain the
4. March onward in the service Of Christ, the Saviour King, And then on heights of



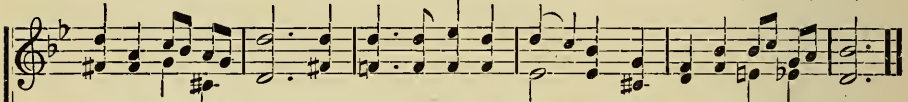
CHORUS.



ban- ner, All bright with ho- ly rays.
ar- my, Whose numbers are un-told.
vic - t'ry, Who bat-tle for the Lord.
glo - ry, The songs of conquest sing.
} March onward where the ban- ner Of



truth di-vine doth glow, March onward, gladly onward, Where Jesus bids you go.



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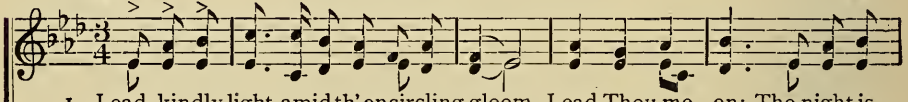
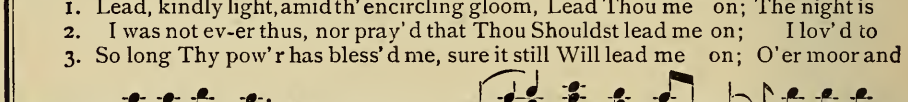
No. 149. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

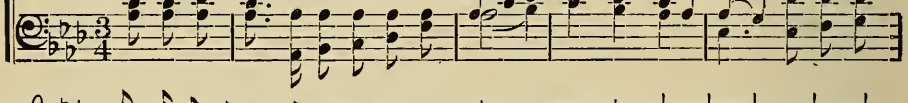
J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

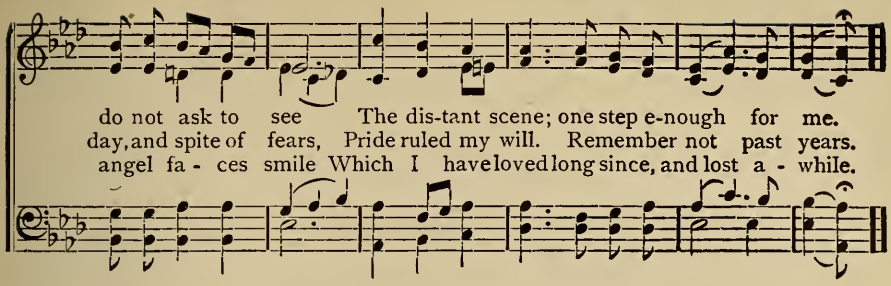


1. Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



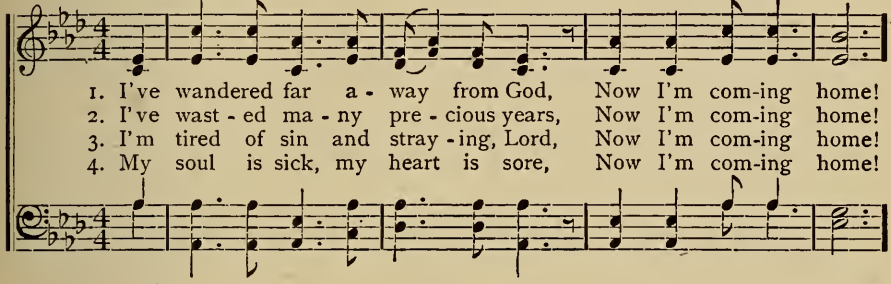
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

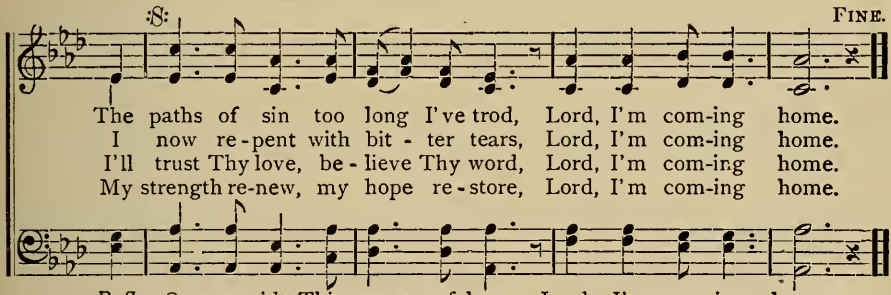


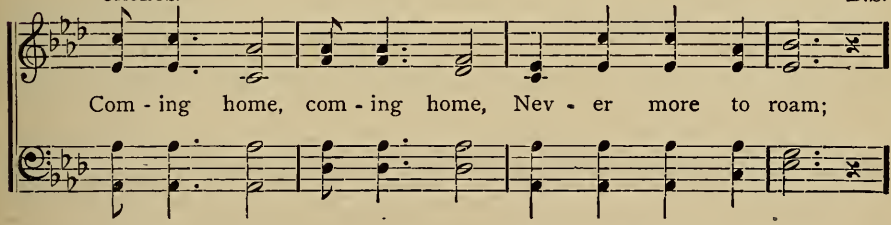


No. 150. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. *With great feeling.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 151. BITS OF SUNSHINE.

Rev. I. Mench Chambers — Thos. O'Neill.

Sprightly.

1. A lit - tle bit of sun-shine, A lit - tle word or two,
2. A lit - tle bit of sun-shine, E - nough to throw a smile,
3. These lit - tle bits of sun-shine Caught from the skies a - bove,

Just fall - ing as the mo - ments Sug - gest the way to you; Ah!
Up - on some down-cast spir - it, His sor- rows to be - guile; Ah!
Just fall - ing with the mo - ments, From out a heart of love; Such

these will change the fea-tures Of all the world's sad face, And give some soul the
this is what is need-ed More oft - en than we know, By those whose hearts are
serv- ice tru - ly giv- en To each will sure-ly bring, Its bless-ing here, and

Refrain.

cour- age To stand with - in its place.
ach - ing A - long their paths be - low.
yon - der, From Christ, our Lord and King.

Sun-shine; sun-shine; A

Repeat p.

lit- tle bit of sunshine, Sunshine; sunshine, From out a heart of love.

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PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

No. 152. BE A LITTLE LIGHT.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

Not too fast.

1. Be a lit - tle light for Je-sus, Shine on brightly day by day, Some one wand'ring
2. Be a lit - tle light for Je-sus, Shine on brightly like a star, O you may not

in the darkness, May be guided by its ray. Think not that it does not matter
know how many Catch its radiance from a-far. Some one groping in the shadows,

If your lit - tle light grow dim, Let it bright - ly shine for Je - sus,
Some one strayed in sin's dark night, May be - hold its cease-less shin - ing

CHORUS.

It may lead some soul to Him.
And be led to Christ the Light. } Be a lit- tle light for Jesus, Shine on brightly

day by day, Some-one wand'ring in the darkness, May be guid-ed by its ray.

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No. 153. LITTLE GLEANERS.

MINNIE A. GREINER. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. Bus- y lit - tle glean-ers we In the grain-fields of our King; When the ev' ning
2. Bus- y lit - tle glean-ers we Where the purple clusters shine; Bringing home at
3. Bus- y lit - tle glean-ers we Toil-ing glad-ly for our King; Precious are the

CHORUS.

shad-ows fall Precious little sheaves we bring.
e-ven-tide Treasures from the la- den vine.
ti-ny sheaves Lit- tle children to Him bring.
} Bus- y, bus- y gleaners we,

Where the harvest fields are white, Gladly, gladly for our King, We' ll toil till dewy night.

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No. 154. LITTLE SHIPS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. We're lit - tle ships that sail a - way, O'er life's great sea so wide. We're
2. We fear not ocean's an - gry might; No harm can us be - tide, We're
3. Tho' small our ships—tho' wild the blast, Tho' deep the sea and wide, We'll

CHORUS.

sail-ing, sail-ing day by day, And Je-sus is our guide.
sail-ing to a haven bright, And Je-sus is our guide.
anchor safe in Heav' n at last, For Je-sus is our guide.
} Sail- ing, sail - ing,

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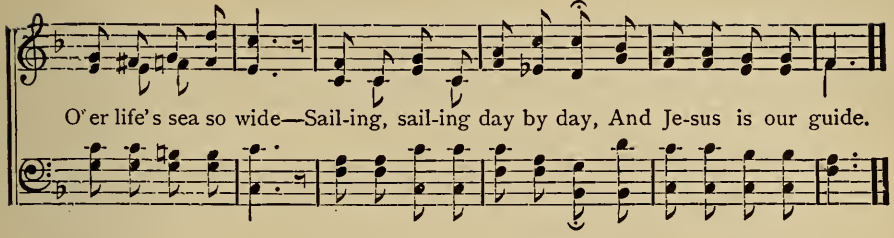
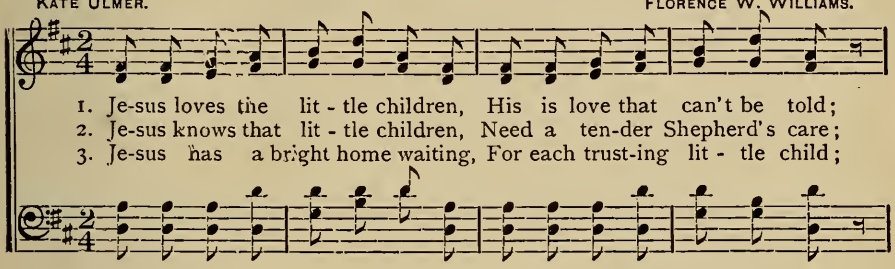
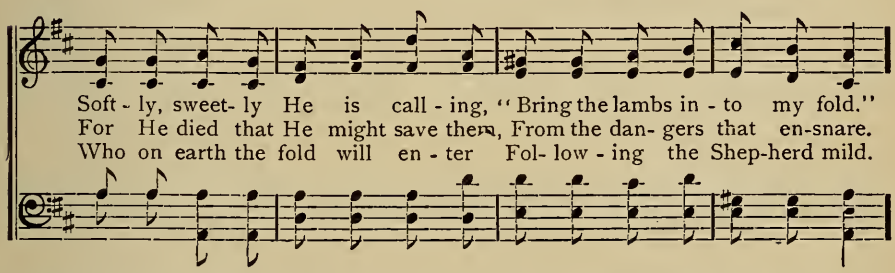
LITTLE SHIPS.—Concluded.



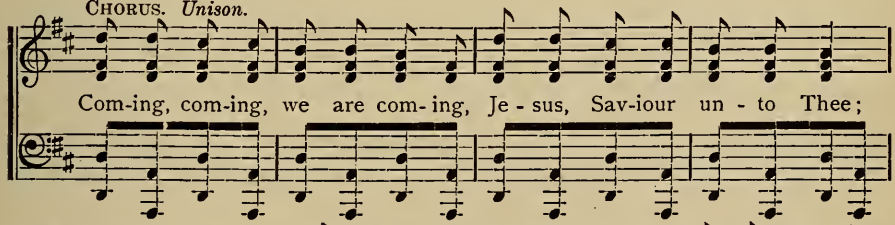
No. 155. BRING THE LAMBS.

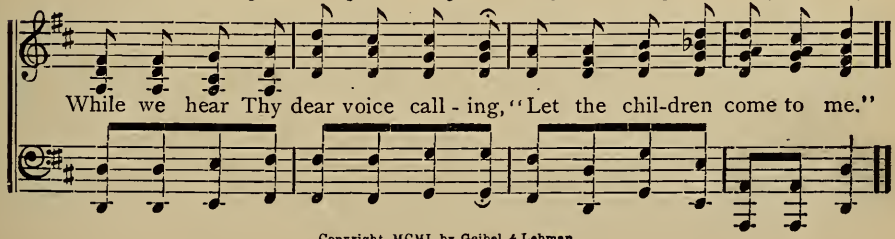
KATE ULMER. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.





CHORUS. *Unison.*





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No. 156. HAPPY LITTLE WORKERS.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL

1. Hap-py lit-tle sow-ers, scatt'ring by the way Precious seed for Je-sus,
2. We will watch the springing of the precious seeds, Clear a-way the rub-bish
3. Hap-py lit-tle reap-ers, we can sure-ly yield Glad and willing serv-ice
4. Hap-py lit-tle glean-ers, like the love-ly Ruth, Gath'ring wheat for Je-sus
5. Bind the sheaves together with the cord of love, Till the waiting an-gels

serv-ing ev-'ry day; Ev-'ry word of kind-ness, ev-'ry gen-tle deed,
plucking up the weeds; All who work for Je-sus have a bless-ed share
in the bus-y field; In some quiet cor-ner, we can find a place,
in the hours of youth, He is ev-er drop-ping blessings by the way,
car-ry them a-bove, Casting out as worthless, chaff and withered leaves,

CHORUS.

Prompted by His Spir-it, is a liv-ing seed.
In the song and gladness of the har-vest fair.
Reaping for the Mas-ter, trusting in His grace.
Let us find and use them, thanking Him to-day.
To the heav'nly gar-ner, bringing gold-en sheaves.
} Happy lit-tle work-ers,

sing-ing as we go, Je-sus, blessed Mas-ter, makes the har-vest grow.

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No. 157. GIFTS FOR YOU AND ME.

FLORA KIRKLAND. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. The clo - ver blos-soms sweet, Are blooming at our feet,
2. The dai - sies seem to be, Fair stars for you and me,
3. O, sum - mer blos-soms dear, We're bending ver - y near.

Each ti - ny cup is lift - ed up With per-fume sweet to greet.
So free and bright, so pure and white, These dear day-stars we see.
Your mes-sage sweet, to us re - peat Your words we'll try to hear.

The dan - de - li - ons gay Like lit - tle ones at play
The but - ter-cups of gold So ma - ny sun-beams hold
The blos- soms seem to say, All in their own sweet way,

Are here and there and ev - 'ry-where The live - long sum-mer day.
They fill the hours with gold - en show'rs, Their wealth is nev-er told.
From God a- bove, whose name is Love, We come to you to - day.

CHORUS.

They come from God a - bove Sweet gifts for you and me.

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No. 158. IN THE SHADY WOODLANDS.

JENNIE WILSON. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. In the sha-dy wood- lands, Sweet it is to roam, When in gold- en splen - dor Sum-mer days have come.
2. 'Mong the leaf-y tree - tops, All the bright day long, Joy-ous lit - tle wild - birds Flood the air with song.
3. There the laughing brook-lets Bab-ble on their way, Where cool reeds and wil - lows O'er their wa-ters sway.
4. Soft wind-mu-sic mur-murs Through the for-est aisles, While glad woodland voic - es An-swer Summer's smiles.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

In the sha - dy wood- lands,

ALL.

'Mong the syl-van bow'rs, Sweet it is to wan- der, Spending happy hours.

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No. 159. WE WILL SHINE FOR CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

IDA L. REED. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. We will shine for Christ our Saviour, Though our years are ver - y few, We some lit - tle lov - ing serv- ice, Dai - ly for our Lord may do.
2. We will shine for Christ our Saviour, We will keep our lights a - glow, Teach us how to serve Him bet - ter, As we old - er, wis - er grow,
3. We will shine for Christ our Saviour, Striv - ing ev - er - more to bring, By our lov - ing deeds the stray-ing, To the pal-ace of our King.

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We Will Shine for Christ our Saviour.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We will shine for Christ our Sav - iour, Each with-in his lit - tle sphere,

Shin - ing ev - er for His glo - ry, Send- ing out love's light and cheer.

No. 160. GOD'S CARE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Oh little shell by the sea-shore, What are you murmuring? What the words you are
2. Oh lit-tle rose of the gar-den, What do your lips repeat? What the words you are
3. Oh lit-tle rob-in and blue-bird, Playing on bush and tree, What's your message of

CHORUS.

saying, What are the songs you sing? Dear little child, this is my song, This I murmur
saying, What is your message sweet? Dear little child, this I would say, All the long bright
mu- sic, What is your song to me? Oh little child, this is our song, This we sing the

all the day long— God, who has made the ocean blue, Cares for a tiny sea-shell too.
summer day— God, who has made the sky and sea, Cares for a tiny flow' r like me.
whole day long—God, who loves the children fair, Cares for His song-birds of the air.

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No. 161. MARCHING, EVER ONWARD.

(Can be used as a Processional, if desired.)

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Marching, ev - er on-ward, Lit-tle trav'lers, we, Starting on life's jour-ney
2. Let us, like the sun-shine, Ev-'ry day, impart Light and joy and gladness
3. Ev- 'ry day we jour-ney We are sowing seeds, Kind words grow to blossoms,

With hearts light and free, Skies are blue a-bove us, Bright the flow - er band,
Un- to many a heart, Shad-ows dark will van - ish At our glad command,
Frowns are ug- ly weeds, Let us know but kind-ness, In our hap-py band,

CHORUS

While we're bravely marching, Thro' life's Summer land. March - ing ev - er

hand in hand, March - ing thro' life's summer land, Lit-tle deeds of kindness,

Like a mag - ic wand, Bright-en paths of du - ty, In life's Sum-mer land.

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No. 162. EASTER PRIMARY SONG.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. Pearl-y dew-drops glis - ten O - ver hill and plain; Nodding flow-ers
2. Streamlets gently mur- mur Greet-ings in their flow; Joy-ous bells are
3. Na-ture's beauties whis-per Of the Saviour's might; And His res - ur -

tell us Eas - ter dawns a - gain; Flee - cy clouds are peep - ing
chim- ing Car-ols sweet and low; Gold-en sunbeams spark - le
rec - tion In the morning light; If the voice of na - ture

From the a- zure sky; Hap-py birds are sing-ing Praise to God on high.
O-ver branches green; Lov-ing Eas-ter to - kens Ev-'ry-where are seen.
Ech-oes in God's praise; Can we not, His chil-dren, Hearts and voices raise?

CHORUS.

If the voice of na - ture Ech - oes in God's praise;

Can we not, His chil - dren, Hearts and voic - es raise?

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No. 163. SONG OF SPRING.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. When the smiling skies of spring Send their sunshine down, Then we scat-ter
2. When the golden A - pril light Flush-es in the skies, Spring calls softly
3. Hear the footsteps of the rain Pat- ter o'er the land, Soon the lit - tle
4. Tall - er, tall - er still they grow; Harvest days be-gin; Soon the fruits from

CHORUS.

ti - ny seeds In the fur-rows brown.
o'er the land, "Lit-tle plants a - rise."
plants a-rise In a mer- ry band.
plant and bough All are gathered in.
} Wel-come, hap- py days of spring,

In a mer-ry throng! All things o'er the joyous land, Wake to life and song.

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No. 164. THE LITTLE LORD JESUS.

LAVINIA BRAUFF. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. A ba - by once slept in a man - ger, A moth - er sat
2. Wise men sought this lit - tle Lord Je - sus Who lived on the
3. Now if we will seek this Lord Je - sus He'll fill all our

close by His side; This babe was the lit - tle Lord Je - sus Who
earth long a - go, They came with their beauti - ful treas - ures To
hearts with His love; And gen - tly His spir - it will guide us To

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THE LITTLE LORD JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

for our sins suf-fered and died.
Beth-le-hem's plain through the snow.
beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove.

Je-sus, Je-sus,

Born this bless-ed morn-ing, Hail Him! hail Him! On this Christmas day.

No. 165. CHRIST WAS ONCE A LITTLE BABY.

LAVINIA B. BRAUFF. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

Not too quickly.

1. Christ was once a lit-tle ba-by Just like you and me: Born in Bethl'hem
2. Day by day the lit-tle Je-sus Grew like you and me: Learn'd to lisp a
3. This is still the same dear Je-sus Of whose birth we sing: O! 'tis sweet to

of Ju-de-a, Far a-cross the sea; No room for the lit-tle Je-sus,
pray'r to heaven At His mother's knee; He was poor, but ver-y hap-py,
tell the sto-ry Of our new-born King, Who was once a lit-tle ba-by

Could be found on earth: And a stable dark and dreary Was His place of birth.
Hap-py in God's love: List'ning to His gentle guidance Coming from above.
Just like you and me: Born in Bethl'hem of Jude-a Far a-cross the sea.

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CHRISTMAS DEPARTMENT.

No. 166. THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In yon- der sta - ble gleams a light, Se - rene- ly calm, di- vine- ly fair;
2. Be-hold the Lamb of God from heav'n, Bow low be-fore His In-fant feet,
3. Be-hold the Man of Gal - i - lee, He rest-ed first in Bethle'm's stall;

The King hath come to earth to-night, Be-hold Him rest-ing low-ly there.
The pow'r that res- cues you and me Is vest-ed in that Christ-child sweet.
Up - on this bless - ed, bless-ed night, Come worship Him, your All in All.

CHORUS. MALE VOICES.
Unison.

The light of heav-en seems to fold Him As in a won-drous dress,

In Bethle'm's man-ger we be-hold Him, The Lord our Righteousness;

ALL. *Unison.*

The light of heav-en seems to fold Him As in a wondrous dress,

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THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.—Concluded.

Harmony. *rit.*

In Bethle'm's manger we be - hold Him, The Lord our Righteousness.

No. 167. THE WONDROUS ADVENT.

FLORA KIRKLAND. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Light from a stable shin-ing, Mu-sic from angel choir; Hail-ing the wondrous
2. Beau-ti-ful In-fant Saviour! Ly-ing so low-ly there! Smil-ing up-on Thy
3. Won-der-ful King of glo - ry, Coming to save the world, O-ver Thy hal-lowed

CHORUS. *Unison.*

ad-vent,—Ev-'ry true heart's Desire.
moth- er, Guarded by an-gels fair.
man-ger—Love is for aye unfurled.
} Hark! hark! we almost hear them singing;

Harmony.

Hark! Hark! how clear the voices ringing; Come! come! your worship bringing, Bow before the

In-fant King. Adore be-fore the Infant King, Adore be-fore the Infant King.

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No. 168. O CITY OF DAVID.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR — ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O cit - y of Da-vid a-rouse from rest, From slumber and dreaming arise!
2. O cit - y of Da-vid a-wake! re-joice! A Saviour to thee hath been giv' n.
3. O cit - y of Da-vid a-wake, a-wake, Be-hold all the skies are a-light,

Mes - si - ah long promised is now thy guest, Come, join in the song of the skies!
Come welcome His presence with heart and voice, Come join in the gladness of Heav' n.
The gateways of Heaven are swung a - jar, Joy comes to the world this glad night.

CHORUS. MALE VOICES *in Unison.*

His name shall be called Jesus, Redeem - er, Imman-u-el, His name shall be call' d

ALL *in Unison.*

Je - sus, His pow' r the world shall win, His name shall be called Je - sus, Re -

Harmony.

deem - er, Imman- u-el, His name shall be called Jesus, For He shall save from sin.

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No. 169. THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

mf

1. All the cit - y lies in sleep - ing, O'er the sea a silence reigns;
2. Lo! a star - ry light is shin - ing Mu-sic thrills the arch of night,
3. In a shel - ter rude and low - ly Shepherds find the Prince of Light;

1. All the cit - y lies in sleep - ing, O'er the sea a silence reigns;
2. Lo! a star - ry light is shin - ing Mu-sic thrills the arch of night,
3. In a shel - ter rude and low - ly Shepherds find the Prince of Light,

Low-ly shep - herds watch are keeping O'er their flocks on Judah's plains.
Shepherds on the plains reclin - ing Rise to greet the song and light.
O how beau - ti - ful and ho - ly Was that hap - py Christmas night.

Low-ly shep - herds watch are keep - ing O'er their flocks on Judah's plains.
Shepherds on the plains re-clin - ing Rise to greet the song and light.
O how beau - ti - ful and ho - ly Was that hap - py Christmas night.

CHORUS. *ff* GIRLS. *Voices in distance.*

Hark the song, the song of an-gels, "News of joy and peace we gladly bring;

Hark the song, the song of an - gels,

ALL. GIRLS.

In the fa - vor'd cit - y yon-der, Christ is born, is born to-day a King."

In the fa-vor'd cit - y - yon - der,

ALL.

In the fa - vor'd cit - y yon - der, Christ is born to - day a King.

In the fa-vor'd cit - y yon - der, Christ is born to - day a King.

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No. 170. CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A. G. ADAM GEIBEL.

We greet this happy season, This blessed Christmas time: With songs of joy and

glad-ness And mer- ry, mer- ry chime, For Christ the Lord of Glo - ry Is

born this Ho-ly night, And an-gels bear the tidings On wings of Heav'nly light.

GIRLS. *Unison.* BOYS. *Unison.*

Peace on earth, Good-will from Heav'n to men, Peace on earth,

GIRLS.

Good-will from Heav'n to men, Peace on earth, Good-will from

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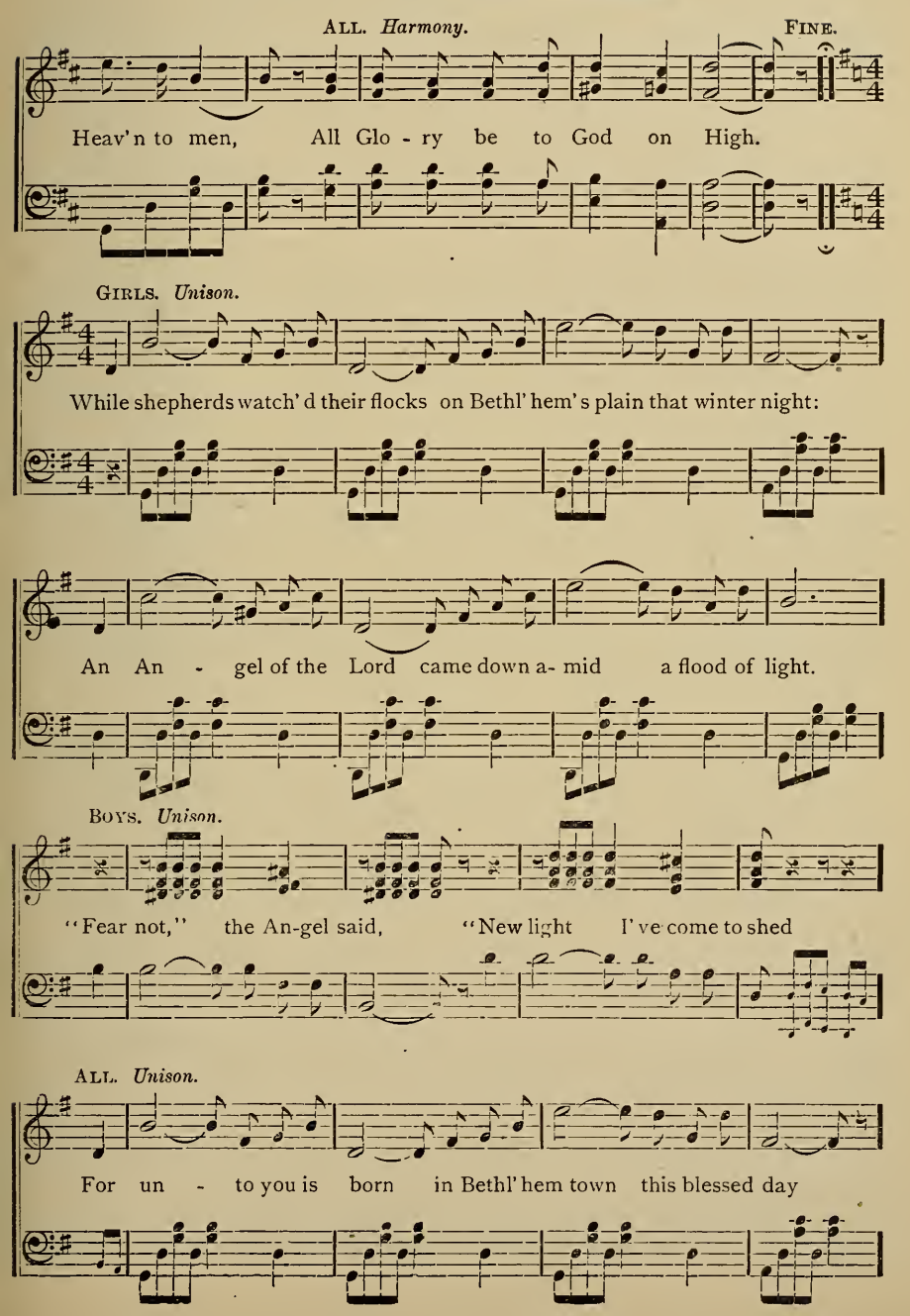
CHRISTMAS GREETING.—Continued.



CHRISTMAS GREETING.—Concluded.

A Sav - iour, Christ the Lord," and He shall take our sins a -

Harmony.

way: And a host of Angels swell'd the strain, "Glory be to God on high,

D.C. al Fine.

(*Instrument.*)..... And on earth, Peace, Good-will to men."

No. 171. THERE'S A WONDERFUL STAR.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a won - der - ful star in the cold win - ter sky, And it
2. There's a won - der - ful vis - ion of an - gels and light, And a
3. There's a won - der - ful Child in a cat - tle shed low, Rest ing

shines o- ver Beth - le- hem town, It was ne'er seen be - fore, un - til
car - ol o'er Beth - le-hem's hill, Such a car - ol as nev - er by
there a - mid ox - en and kine; And the glo - ry of heav- en shines

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THERE'S A WONDERFUL STAR.—Concluded.

o - ver the door Of a sta - ble its glo - ry shone down.
mor - tal was heard, Till the an - gel host chant-ed "Good-will."
bright on His brow, For 'tis Je - sus, the In - fant di - vine!

CHORUS. BOYS. *Unison.*

O, won-der - ful star, oh won-der - ful song!

O vis-ion of an - gels, O vis - ion of an-gels in light!

GIRLS. *Unison.*

O won-der - ful King in the cat - tle-shed low!

ALL. *Unison.*

O, won-der - ful night, O won-der - ful, won-der-ful night!

No. 172. SING AND REJOICE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

With Spirit.

Sing and rejoice! The Lord is come! Oh, message glad and sweet; Ye nations bring your gifts of love To lay at Je-sus' feet. Re-joice from shore to shore! Be glad ye sons of men! The night of gloom is o'er, The King of kings shall reign! The King of kings shall reign! The King of kings shall reign! The King, the King of kings shall reign.

re-joice,

be glad, is o'er, shall reign!

FINE.

DUET. *Andante.*

The day of peace is nigh, Ajar the gates of heav'n! To mortals have been giv'n. Sweet hopes that ne'er shall die,

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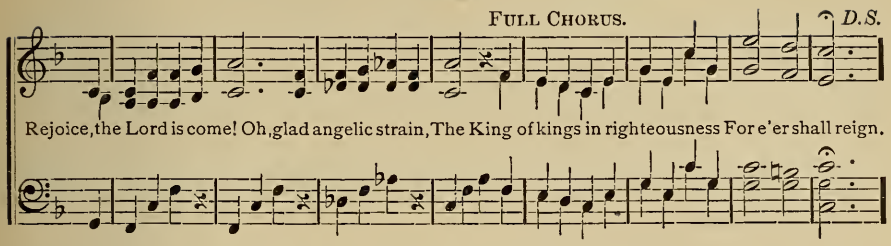
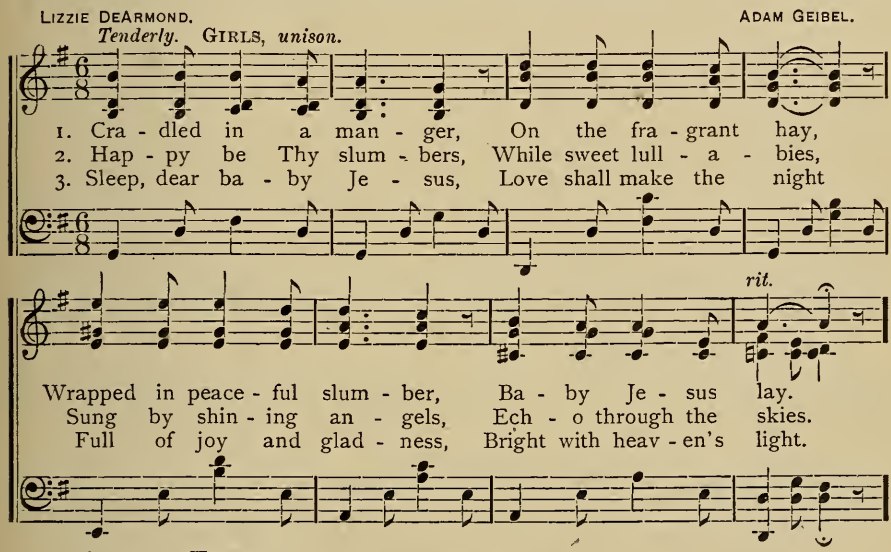
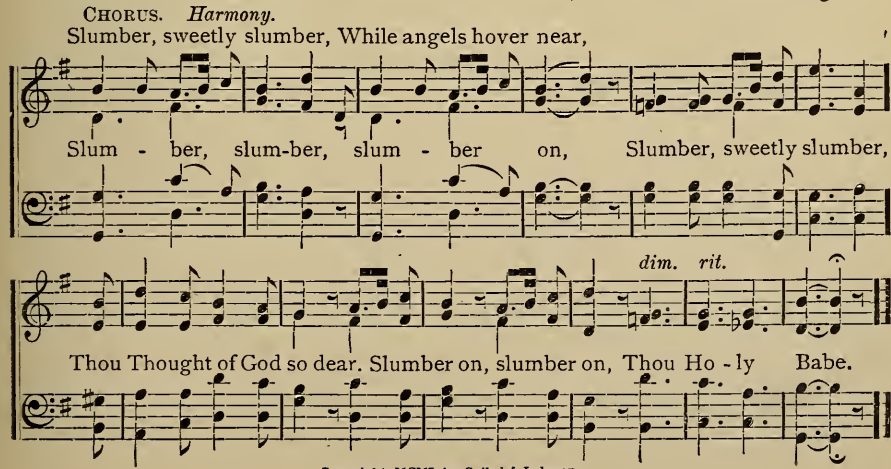
SING AND REJOICE.—Concluded.



No. 173. SLUMBER, SWEETLY SLUMBER.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.





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No. 174. UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Lis - ten, catch the Christ-mas strain, Heark-en to the song from heav'n,
2. "Un - to us a Son is giv'n!" Came that Son to Ma - ry mild;
3. "Won-der - ful" His name to - day,—Coun-sel free He gives to all;
4. "Prince of Peace;" —oh, tru - est name! Peace He free - ly doth be - stow;

"Un - to us a Child is born! Un - to us a Son is giv'n!"
"Un - to us a Child is born!" Ju - dah's man - ger held that Child.
"Might - y God!" He rules the sea;—"Ten-der Father;"—hears our call.
Peace re - main - ing deep and calm, While the a - ges ebb and flow.

CHORUS. FEMALE VOICES. *Unison.* MALE VOICES.

'Twas of Christ the prophet sang, Sing to - day of Christ your King! Nineteen

ALL. *Harmony.*

hundred years a - go Shepherds heard the an - gels sing! Glo - ry be to

God on high! (*Inst.*) Peace on earth, on earth good-will to men. A - MEN.

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No. 175. STAR OF FULFILLMENT.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O-ver a cit - y shin-eth at night Marvellous whiteness, wondrously bright!
2. Not o'er a pal-ace, shineth this light; Not o'er a tem-ple, fair to the sight.
3. O-ver a sta-ble? how can it be! Go with the shepherds, hasten and see!

Never such starlight glittered be - fore;—See how it hov- ers o-ver yon door!
No; this bright beacon shineth so fair, O-ver a sta-ble,—low in the air.
En- ter the sta-ble, bend and a - dore Je-sus the In-fant,—King ever-more!

REFRAIN.

Star of ful - fill - - ment! beau - ti - ful star!..... Light - ing the

Star of ful - fill-ment! beau-ti- ful, beau-ti - ful star!

star!.....

man - ger; seen from a - far,..... Bea-con from heav - en;

Lighting the manger; seen from a - far, from a-far, Beacon from heav'n; from heaven;

far,.....

Sign of the King..... Light out of dark - ness, earthward you bring.....

Sign of the King, the King, Light out of darkness, darkness, earthward you bring, you bring.

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bring.....

No. 176. DAY OF DAYS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. O day of days that time can nev-er dim, O day that lives in
2. O time of joy and ad - o - ra-tion sweet, When men and an - gels
3. Some day the Heav'ns a brighter glow shall wear, When Christ un-to the

Christmas chime and hymn, When He so strong and yet so meek and mild,
worshipped at His feet, When earth and Heav'n resounded with His praise,
na-tions shall ap-pear, When He shall come, but not in low-ly guise,

CHORUS.
Male voices in unison.

Came e - ven as a lit - tle child!
Up - on that glo-rious day of days!
In pow'r and splendor from the skies.
} Now a - wake and

car - ols sing! Hail the birth - day of the King!

ALL. *In unison.* *Harmony.*

Now a - wake and car - ols sing! Hail the birth-day of the King!

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No. 177. HAIL THE LORD OF GLORY.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. Hail the Lord of glo - ry! Hail the King of kings! All the ra-diant
2. Sin and gloom and sorrow Long have held their sway, Je- sus now has
3. Hail the Lord of heav-en! Hail the King of kings! Nev-er shall His

hosts of heav'n re-joice . . . . An-gel choirs in rapture Of His glo - ry sing,
come un-to His own . . . . See the golden dawning, Darkness flees a-way,
glorious kingdom cease . . . . An-gel choirs in rapture Of His glo - ry sing,

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

O - pened are the gates of

Praise Him, sons of men, with heart and voice.
Might-y hosts of sin shall be o'er- thrown.
Hail the splendor of the day of peace!

O-pened are the gates, the

heav - en, way, To the world a King is

gates of heav-en, Darkness, darkness flees a-way, a - way. To the world a King, a

giv - en, day!

King is giv - en, Hail, Hail the dawn of day, the dawn of day!

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No. 178. O CHRISTMAS BELLS, RING OUT!

MINNIE A. GREINER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Whene'er I hear the Christmas bells Chime out a-cross the snow, My
2. Whene'er I hear the Christmas bells Ring out so joy - ous - ly, The
3. Whene'er I hear the Christmas bells Ring out so sweet and clear, The

thoughts go back to Bethlehem, Two thousand years a - go. I watch with humble
wondrous light which stream'd from heav'n, That night I seem to see. I catch a glimpse of
song the bright-wing'd angels sang Methinks I still can hear: "All glo- ry in the

shepherds there At midnight calm and still, While snowy flocks sleep peacefully Up -
an- gels fair, I hear the news they bring, That in a lone - ly man-ger lies The
high-est be Un - to our God for aye; Good-will to men and peace on earth, Up-

rit. CHORUS.

on the dew-kiss'd hill.
world's expected King.
on this hap-py day."

O Christmas bells, ring out, ring out Your merry chimes to-

day; And bear us back to Beth - le-hem Where Christ the Saviour lay.

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EASTER DEPARTMENT.

No. 179. IN THE HALL OF JUDGMENT.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

BARITONE SOLO OR MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

1. In the hall of judg - ment see the Sav - iour stand, Dead - ly pow'rs of
2. Oh, on Calv'ry's brow be - hold the Cru - ci - fied, See the cru - el
3. See with - in the shad - ows gleam of an - gels' wings, Hear the heav'nly

mf

dark - ness wait on ev - 'ry hand, See the guard-ing sen - try;
cross, the bleed-ing hands and side; Oh, the grief and pain that
word that thro' the si - lence rings; Look with - in the tomb; be -

f

hear the cru - el word— Cru - ci - fy Him! Cru - ci - fy your King and Lord.
paid the price of sin! Oh, the wondrous love that sought the world to win.
hold the Saviour rise, Hail the ris - en One, the King of earth and skies.

rit.

ff CHORUS. *Piu mosso.*

Hail Him, crown Him King of kings, Ye nations rise, Join the angels' songs of praise that fill the skies.

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No. 180. EASTER LILIES.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

GIRLS' VOICES *in Unison.*

1. Lil - ies of Eas - ter, Won-drous-ly fair, Breath - ing thy
2. Hark to the whis - pers Of the fair bloom, Ris - en from
3. Out from the still - ness Of the dark mold, In - to new

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

sweet-ness On the still air; What is the mes - sage
si - lence Of their dark tomb; "We bring an an - swer
beau - ty, Lil - ies un - fold; Ev - er their pres - ence

rit.

Ye would im - part, In - to the si - lence Of the sad heart.
To doubt and strife, We bring a mes - sage Of ris - en life."
In the still air, Are signs and sym - bols Of life most fair.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Beau - ti - ful Eas - ter Lil - ies, Bring to our hearts the word,

Of One more fair and love - ly, Je - sus, the ris - en Lord;

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EASTER LILIES.—Concluded.

Beau - ti - ful Eas - ter Lil - ies, Bring to our hearts the word,

Harmony. *rit.*

Of One more fair and love - ly, Je - sus, the ris - en Lord.

No. 181. THAT BLESSED EASTER DAY.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. The sepulchre was empty, The women stood without, Their hearts were filled with
2. "Fear not," the angels whisper'd," May peace your spirits cheer, The Lord you love is
3. Sometimes life's heavy crosses Seem more than we can bear, Sometimes our footsteps

sor - row, With wonder, fear and doubt They came with fragrant spi - ces That
ris - en, Your Master is not here; Go tell all His dis - ci - ples Their
fal - ter Be-neath the load of care, When tri - als o - ver - take us, Let

blessed Easter day, They said, "The stone is heav - y, Who'll roll the rock away?"
Saviour lives again, Who for the sins of ma - ny On Cal-va-ry was slain."
us look up and pray, No cross will be too heav - y For Christ to roll a - way.

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No. 182. GETHSEMANE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Solemnly. SOLO OR QUARTETTE, *ad lib.*

mp

1. In the still gar - den, dark and lone, See Him in pray'r—the Sin - less One,
2. Soon comes the hour of cru - el pain; Soon must the Lamb of God be slain;
3. With-in the gar - den still and lone, Ere yet the mid-night watch is done,
4. Hark to the clam - or of the crowd! Hark to those voic-es strange and loud!
5. O Lamb of God! O sin - less One! Such love as Thine was nev-er known;

pp *cres.....*

His lov'd dis - ci - ples sad - ly sleep; The Lord, alone, a watch doth keep.
Look how He pleads new strength and pow'r To bear—alone—dark Calv'ry's hour.
Hark to the sound of an-gel wings For One from Heav'n sweet comfort brings.
They bear Him to the Cross of pain, And lo!—for us—the Lord is slain!
O Love di- vine that suffered so—That bore—for us—such weight of woe!

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

The morning breaks! The shadows flee, All hail the song of vic - to - ry!

The gloom of death has passed a- way, Before the dawn of Easter day,

of death, - away, the dawn, Easter day.

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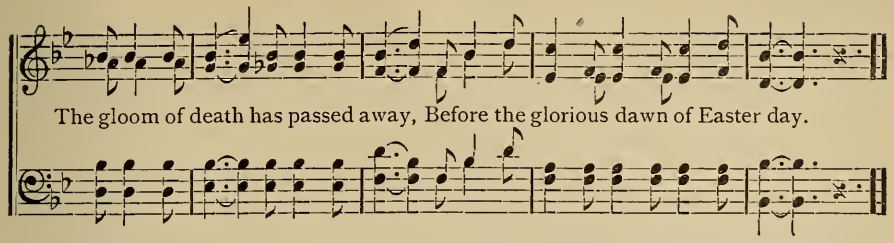
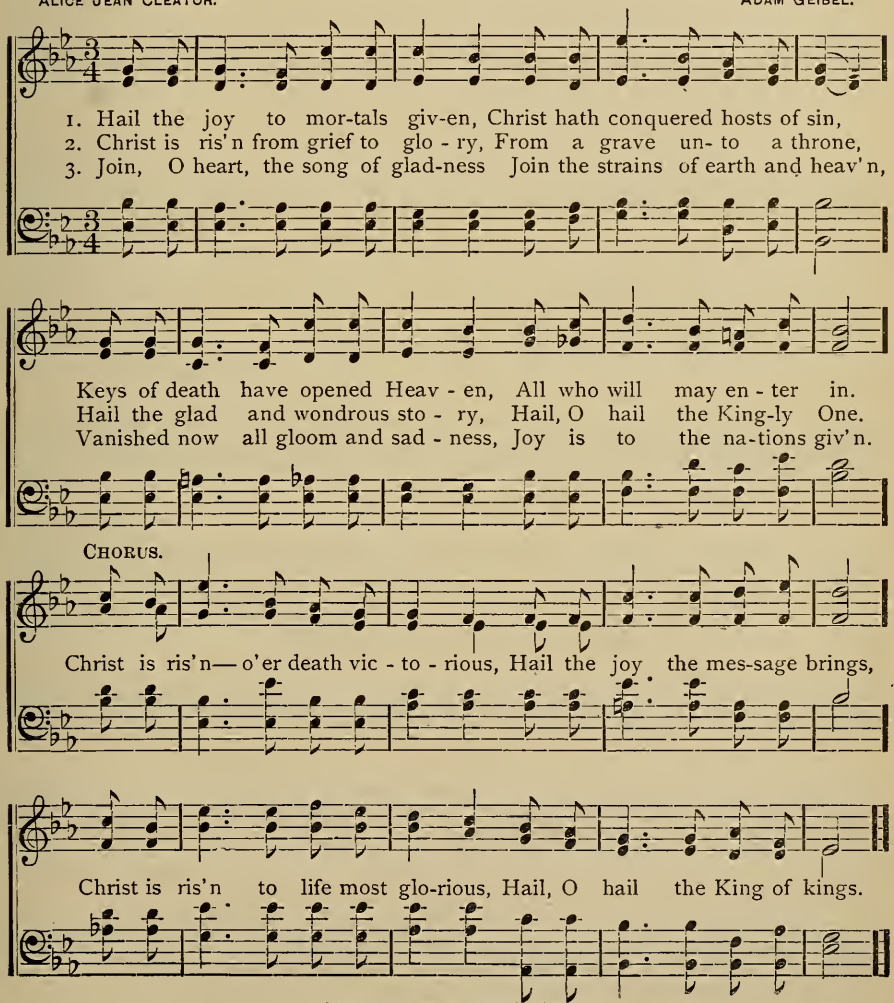
GETHSEMANE.—Concluded.



No. 183. CHRIST IS RISEN.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 184. VICTORIOUS KING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Hail, Mighty Vic - tor, hail, Hail, Mighty Vic - tor,
Hail, Vic - tor, Hail, Mighty Vic - tor, Hail, Vic - tor,
Hail, Hail, Hail,

hail, Hail, Mighty Victor, hail, hail, Hail, Mighty Victor, hail.
Hail, Mighty Victor, hail, hail,
Hail,

Unison.

Un - to Him that liv - eth, A - ris - en, as - cend - ed, ex -
alt - ed, enthron - ed, Be pow - er and do - min - ion For - ev - er and
ev - er. All the hosts of Heav - en, A - maz - ed, en - rapt - ured, ex -

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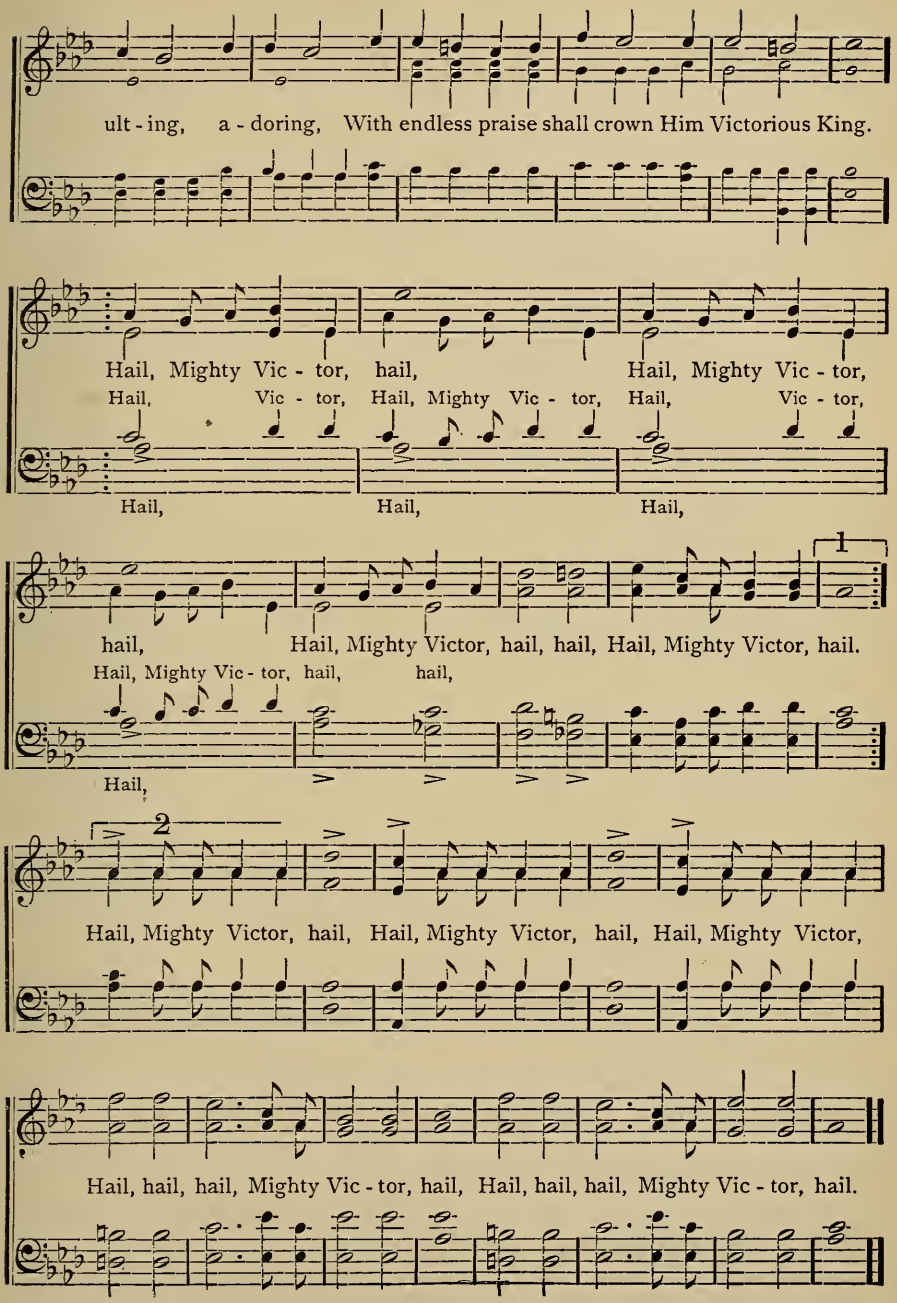
VICTORIOUS KING.—Concluded.



No. 185. O GLORIOUS EASTER DAY.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O theme of mu - sic's pa - ges, Il - lumed by light di - vine! O
2. The night of gloom is end - ed, Be - hold the morning's ray! To
3. Be - hold a flood of glo - ry That gleams up - on the grave! All

CHORUS. GIRLS. *Unison.*

crown of end-less a - ges That shall for-ev - er shine!
earth has joy descend - ed, All hail this Eas-ter Day!
hail the angel's sto - ry Of Heaven's pow'r to save!
O joy - ous

BOYS. *Unison.* GIRLS.

morn! O glo-rious Eas - ter Day, When doubt and gloom

BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS.

As shadows flee a - way! O joy - ous morn! O glorious Eas-ter

Harmony.

Day, When doubt and gloom as shad - ows flee a - way.

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No. 186. THE TRIUMPH SONG.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. There's a gleam of light in the skies of morn, There's a great stone
2. There's an an - gel's voice that good ti - dings brings, There is light and
3. There's a tri - umph-song that shall ev - er ring From the a - ges

rolled from the grave a - way; To the wait - ing world there's a hope new-born
peace af - ter Calv'ry's strife, By the si - lent tomb there's a gleam of wings
gone to the years be - fore, There's a Liv - ing Lord—there's a Ris - en King

CHORUS.

Of a joy to last for aye!
In the place of death is life.
Who a - bides for - ev - er - more.

Ten thousand voices sound the

word . . . . . Through gleaming courts on high,

sound the word thro' courts on high,

"The Mighty One, the Risen Lord . . . . . Hath gained the vic - to - ry."

the Risen Lord

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No. 187. JUBILATE!

MINNIE A. GREINER. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. How ju - bi - lant and clear they ring Those joy-ous Eas- ter bells,
2. How cheer-i - ly and blithe they ring Those gladsome Eas- ter bells,
3. How mer - ri - ly and gai - ly ring Those hap - py Eas- ter bells,

As to and fro their great tongues swing How sweet their mu- sic swells,
As to and fro their great tongues swing Of love their mu- sic tells.
As to and fro their great tongues swing How clear their mu- sic swells.

The gen - tle breez - es catch the tones, And waft them far and near,
The Fa- ther sent His on - ly Son From realms of bliss on high,
The grave could not en-chain our King, Death must yield up its prey,

Of hope and com-fort do they speak Un - to the list-'ning ear.
Up - on the Mount of Cal - va - ry For sin - ful men to die.
The Vic - tor o - ver ev - 'ry foe, Christ Je - sus rose to - day.

CHORUS.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi -

Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, Hear as they gently swing, Ju - bi- la - te,

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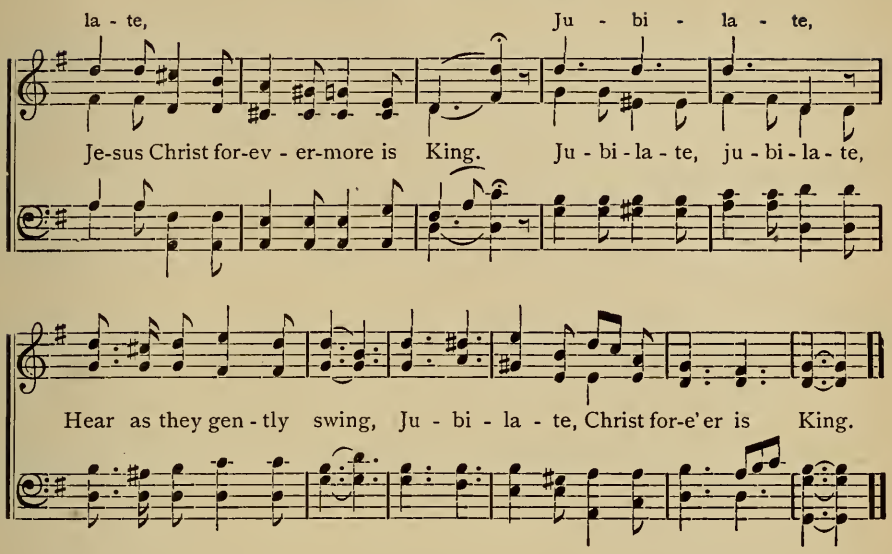
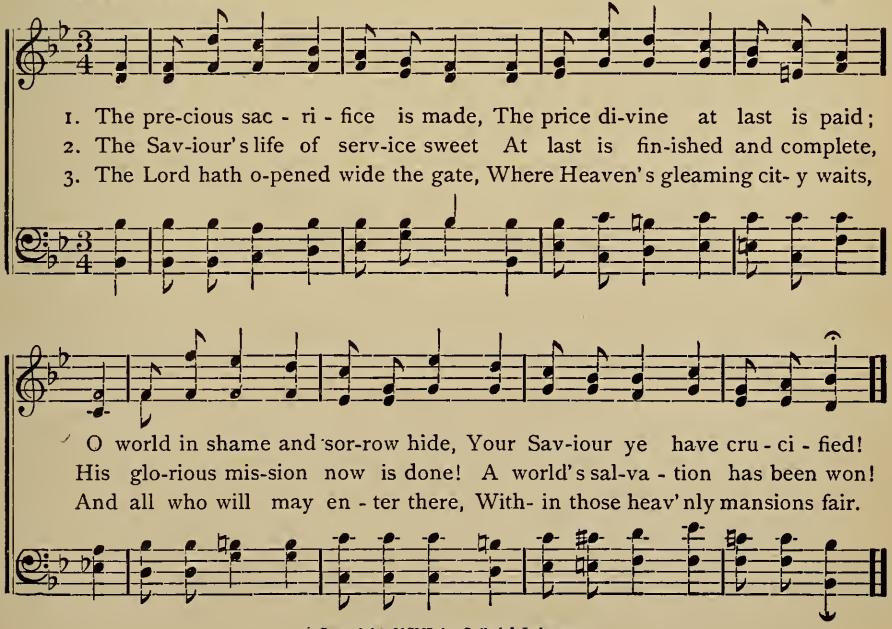
JUBILATE!—Concluded.



No. 188. THE PRECIOUS SACRIFICE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.



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No. 189. FROM GLOOM TO GLORY.

Words adapted. ADAM GEIBEL.

The Gloom is past, a Glo - ry lights the sky; The Eas - ter dawns, the

The gloōm is past, the Gloom is past, The Eas - ter dawns, the

sun is ris - ing high. The Sav - iour lives, hath won the vic - to - ry; 'Tis

sun is high. The Sav - iour lives, hath won the vic - to - ry;

thus we pass from Gloom to Glo - ry. O Glo - ry-light- ed bless-ed Eas-ter day

We hail thy dawn..... with songs of joy,.....

We hail thy dawn with songs of joy, O

FINE.

Glo - ry-light- ed bless-ed Eas-ter day Thy praise shall e'er our tongue employ.

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FROM GLOOM TO GLORY.—Concluded.

Andante. DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

mp

Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won:

Je - sus' ag - o - ny is o'er, Darkness veils the earth no more.

ALL. *mf*

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of

seal, the watch, the seal,

hell; Death in vain for-bids Him rise, Christ hath opened Par - a -

hell, the gates of hell;

rit. *D. C. al Fine.*

dise. Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Christ hath o- pened Par- a-dise.

CHILDREN'S DAY DEPARTMENT.

No. 190. THE SUMMER-LAND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. O, we greet with joy and song All the smil- ing flow-er-throng, For in
2. O, an-oth - er land a-waits, Far be- yond the sun - set gates, Far be -
3. So in help - ful- ness and praise, Let us pass life's gold-en days, Till in

glad-ness and in joy we stand In the splendor of the year, In the
yond the gleaming o - cean - strand, There shall be no grief or gloom, In that
glad-ness and in joy we stand At the por-tals of the gates, Where that

CHORUS.

dawning bright and clear, Of the gold-en Sum-mer land.
morning land of bloom, In the heav' nly Sum-mer land.
gleaming cit - y waits, Of the heav' nly Sum-mer land.

O the

Summer land! The beautiful Summer land! O the Summer land, the

glorious Summer land! There no clouds shall dim the sky In that happy home on

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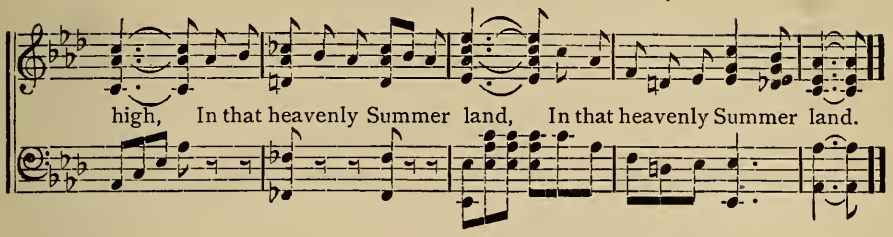
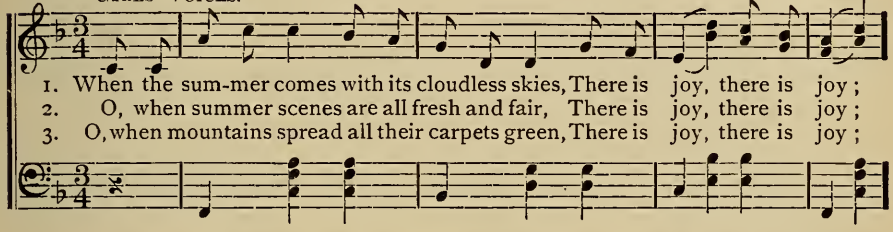
THE SUMMER-LAND.—Concluded.

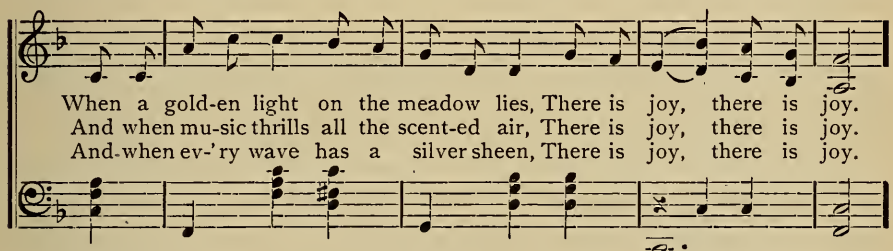


No. 191. THERE IS JOY.

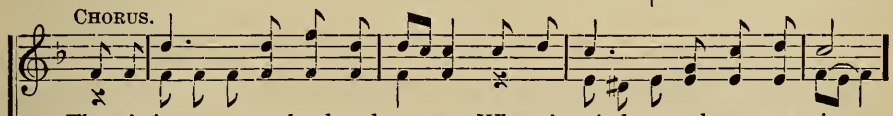
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

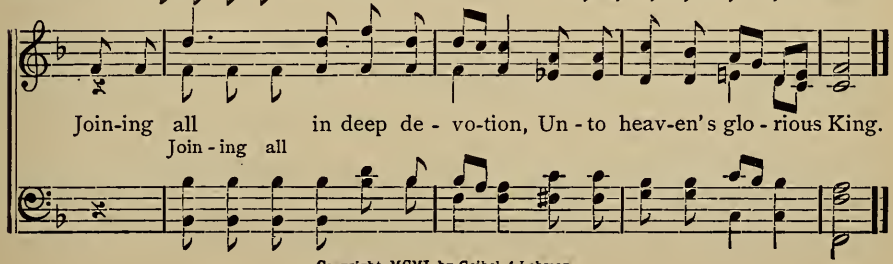
GIRLS' VOICES.





CHORUS.





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No. 192. THERE IS A DAY.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, OR VOICES IN UNISON.

1. There is a day be-tween the Spring and Sum-mer, When na-ture seems re- joic-ing in God's love; When trees and shrubs seem clapping hands to-
2. At this sweet sea - son comes the children's Sab-bath, This love-ly time when na-ture is so fair. We meet to praise and worship our Re-
3. There was a day when chil-dren in Ju - de - a, Sang glad ho - san - nas to the blessed Lord; When He, Who is to-day the Friend of
4. And so we come, as-sured of Je - sus' bless - ing, Be-fore His throne our songs of praise we sing. In Him, all peace, and hope and joy pos-

geth - er, And Earth seems sing - ing praise to God a - bove.
deem - er, Who makes us all, the ob-jects of His care.
chil - dren, Gave to their praise His sweet commending word.
sess - ing, We give our hearts in trib- ute to our King.

REFRAIN.

O, Chil-dren's Day! oh day for chil-dren's prais-es! To Him Who on Ju - de - a's children smiled! We lift glad hearts on
O, Chil- dren's Day! oh day! oh day for chil-dren's prais - es! To Him, to Him, to Him Who on Ju - de - a's little children smiled! We lift glad hearts, glad hearts on

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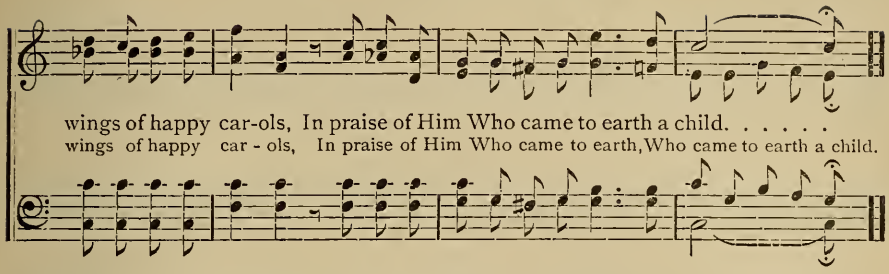
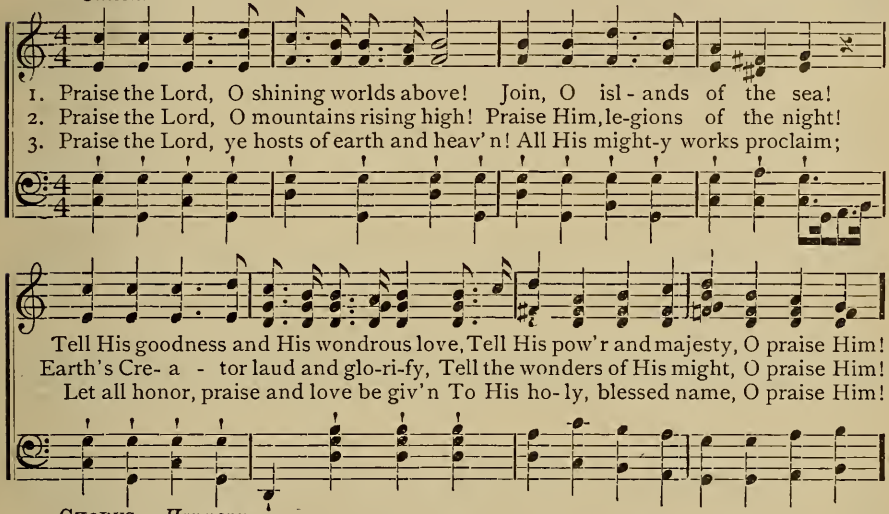
THERE IS A DAY.—Concluded.



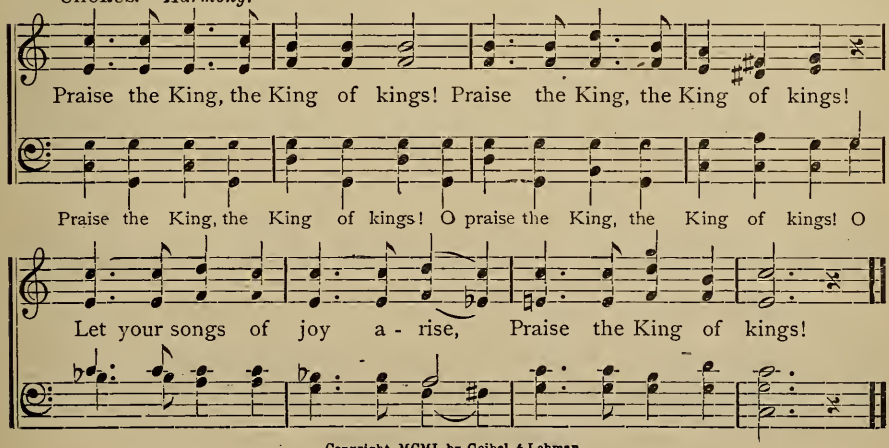
No. 193. PRAISE THE KING OF KINGS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Unison.



CHORUS. *Harmony.*



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No. 194. AWAKE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

FULL CHORUS.

A - wake, O world, from slum - ber, A - wake from winter's night!

O world, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake from win- ter's night!

A - wake, and hail the splen - dor Of Heaven's gold- en light!

splendor bright, gold - en light!

MALE VOICES. *In unison.*

Blue skies are smil-ing o'er us, The fields are fresh and fair,

FEMALE VOICES.

And nature's sweetest cho - rus, Is ring- ing thro' the air.

FULL CHORUS.

from slum - ber, night!

A - wake, O world, O world a- wake, A - wake from winter's night! awake,

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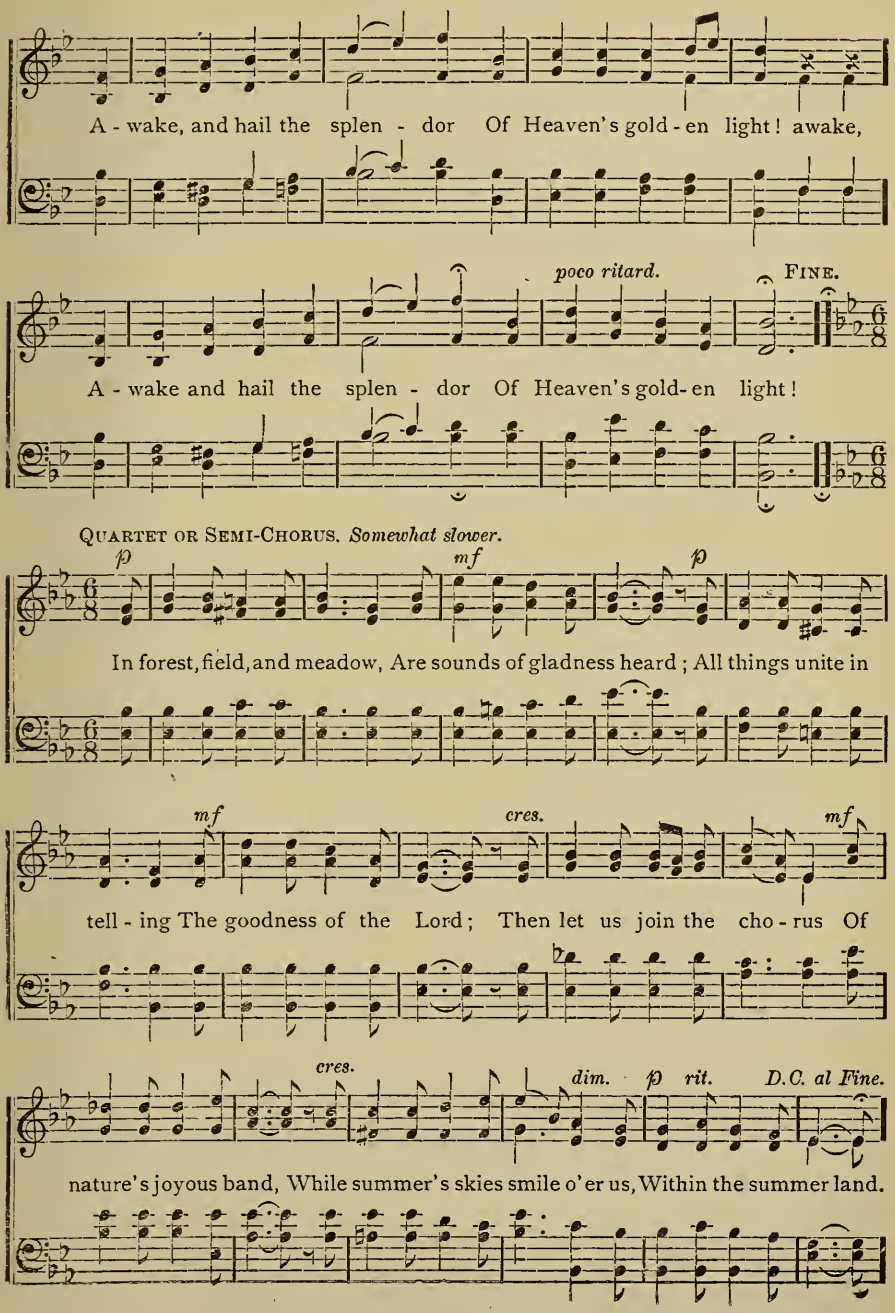
AWAKE.—Concluded.



No. 195. LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

DUET.

1. Lil - ies of the val - ley, White as drift - ed snow,
2. Lil - ies of the val - ley, All in si - lence stand,

With the sum-mer's beau-ty, Now are bend-ing low,
Yet they breathe a les - son, In the sum- mer land,

How their won-drous in - cense, Ev - er seems to rise,
O they tell the sto - ry, Old, yet al- ways new,

Like a glad thanks-giv - ing, To the sum-mer skies.
Of the King of glo - ry, Ev - er pure and true.

CHORUS.

Lil - ies of the val - ley, Seem to soft - ly say, "There is One more

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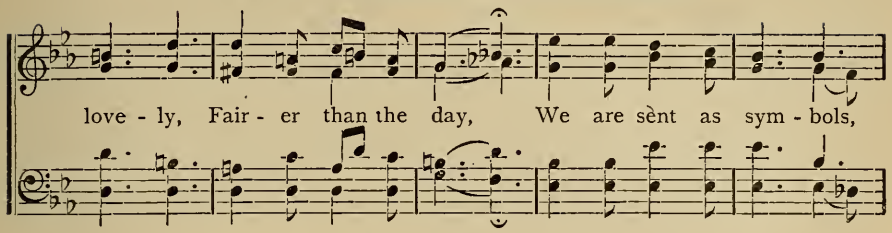
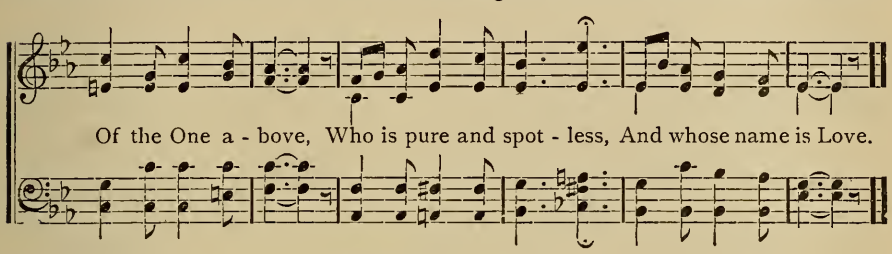
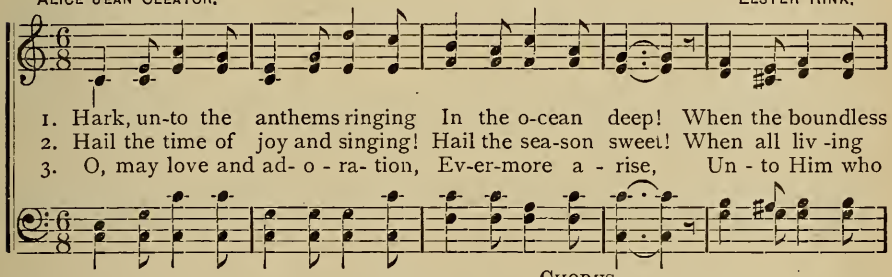
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.—Concluded.



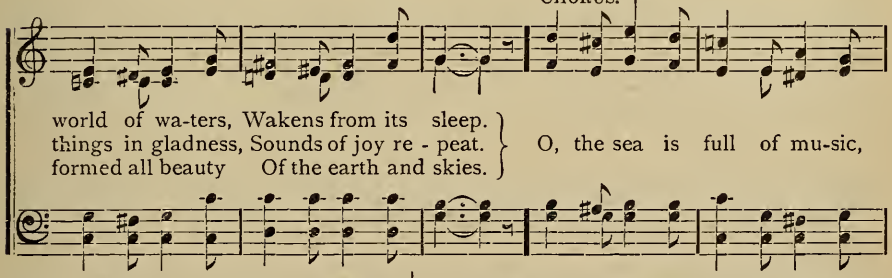


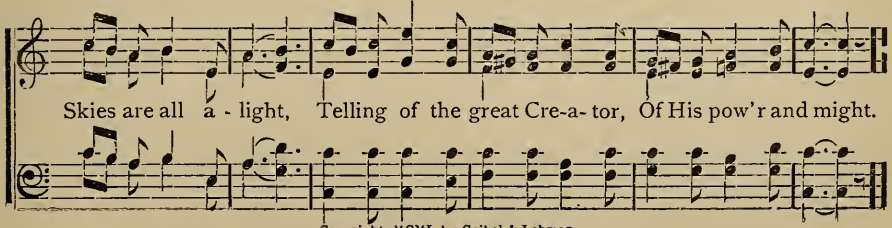
No. 196. NATURE'S PRAISE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. LESTER RINK.



CHORUS.





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No. 197. OUR WAY GROWS BRIGHT.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Our way grows bright with a ho - ly light That guides us to realms a - bove,
2. When clouds a-rise in the peace-ful skies By faith we can see the light,
3. 'Tis sweet to talk and to dai - ly walk With Je-sus the chil-dren's Friend,

Whene'er we pray that the dear Lord may Refresh us with peace and love;
That shines a - far like a guid - ing star, And scatters the com - ing night;
Whose peace imparts joy to wand'ring hearts, And crowneth our journey's end;

There's naught can harm when the Saviour's arm Protects us from ev'ry ill,
When tempted here words from Christ bring cheer, Reechoed in thought or song,
O Lord, may we ev - er faith - ful be, Till beckoned to realms a - bove,

With Him we're blest, and He'll be our guest, Whene'er we o-bey His will.
They give us grace for our heav'n-ly race, And souls that look up grow strong.
Where tu - mults cease, and where perfect peace Is found in a Sav-iour's love.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

God's name we praise, and our hearts we raise To Jesus who rules on high, Whose

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OUR WAY GROWS BRIGHT.—Concluded.

Harmony.

love is dear to His chil-dren here, Whose glory can nev-er die.

No. 198. MANY VOICES.

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

GIRLS. *Unison.*

1. Hark, the birds and brooklets sing-ing! Hark, the breez-es soft re-ply!
2. Bend and watch the daint-y flow-ers, Soft and low they seem to say;—
3. List the mu-sic from the tree-tops, Soft the leaf-y fin-gers play.
4. Chil-dren, heed these ma-ny voic-es, Lift your hearts in earn-est praise,

Children, join the song of na-ture;—Singing praise to God on high.
"God hath made us si-lent preach-ers, Sing His praise on Children's Day."
'Tis the wind-harp's gen-tle mu-sic Prais-ing God on Children's Day.
To the Lov-er of the chil-dren Who with bless-ings crowns your days.

CHORUS.

Hark, the blos-soms seem to whis-per "Think of all your Father's love."

Hark, the bird-notes seem to ech-o, "Lift a song to God a-bove."

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No. 199. SUMMER TIME IS HERE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

FULL CHORUS.

Re-joice, for sum-mer time is here. The fair- est sea-son of the year,

With Na- ture let us glad-ly sing The prais-es of our Sav- iour King!

Unison.

Be glad with happy birds and flow - ers, Be glad thro' all the summer hours,

Harmony.

With Na-ture let us glad - ly sing The praises of our Sav-iour King,

FINE.

With Na-ture let us glad- ly sing The prais-es of our Sav-iour King.

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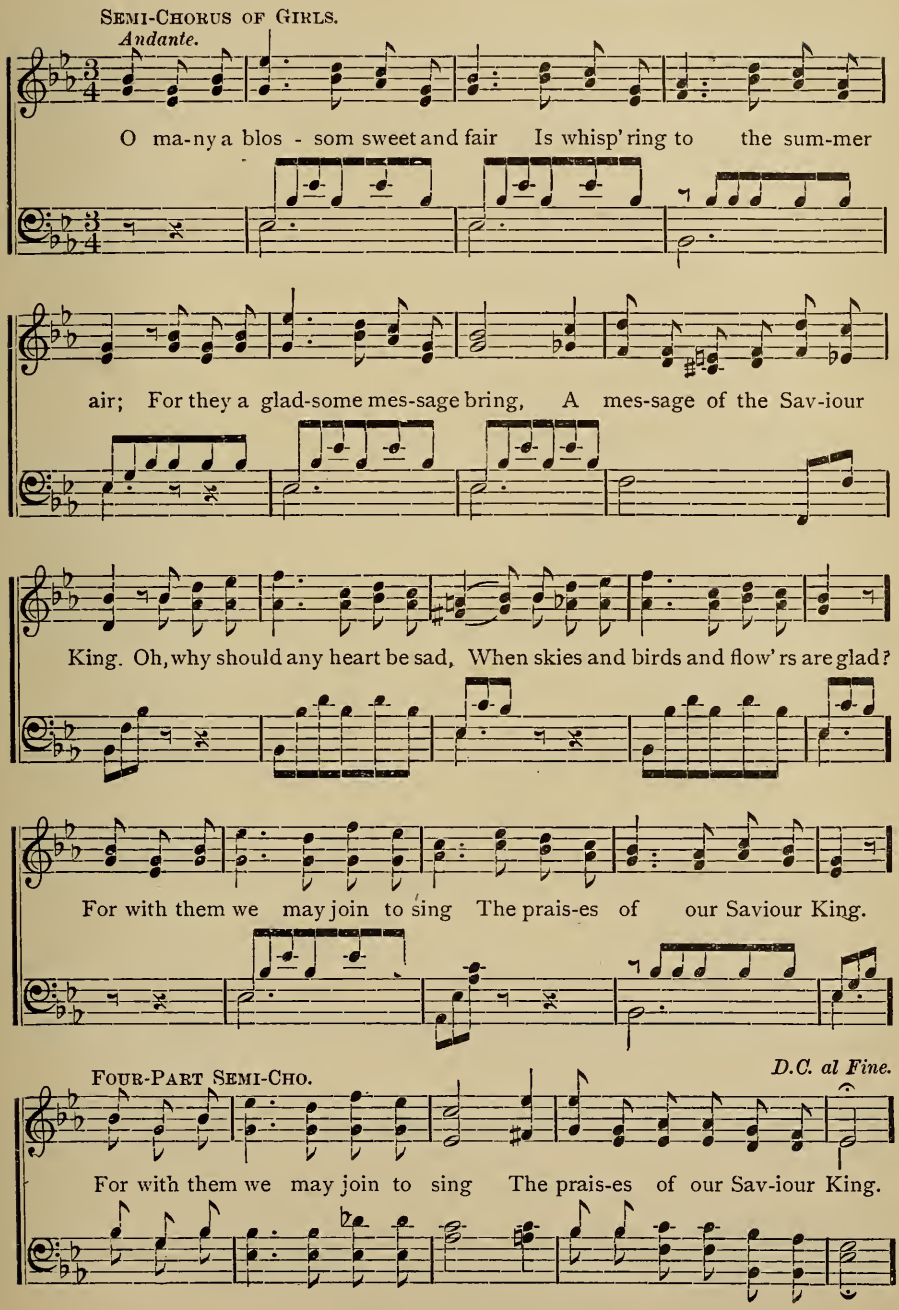
SUMMER TIME IS HERE.—Concluded.



No. 200. O SEASON SWEET.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. O sea - son sweet when hill and vale Are all in beau - ty drest, When
2. Each flow'r that ris - es from the sod, To make the world more fair, Re -

si- lent is the rag-ing gale And waves have sunk to rest. O time of joy and
veals the wondrous pow'r of God, And whispers of His care. Each star whose splendor

song and light, We hail thy shining hours, We bid farewell to Winter's night And
is unfurl'd Thro' midnight's arches deep, Proclaims the pow'r that rules the World With

CHORUS.

wel-come thee with flow'rs. } O time of joy and song and light, We hail thy
love that ne'er shall sleep. }

gold-en hours, We bid fare-well to Win- ter's night, And welcome thee with

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O SEASON SWEET.—Concluded.

wel - come, and wel - come

flow'rs, And welcome thee, wel- come thee, And wel-come thee with flow'rs.

No. 201. THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. Flow'rs are blooming ev - 'ry-where In the mead - ows green and fair,
2. Ro- ses gay of crim- son dyes, Bloom be - neath the bright' ning skies.
3. Through the gold-en sum - mer days, Na - ture speaks in heav -en's praise;

By the brook - lets shelv- ing brim, In the wood-lands dark and dim.
Soft their whis - pers seem to say, "Sum- mer rules the world to - day."
For each smil - ing bud and flow'r, Whis-pers of an un - seen pow'r.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Oh we greet with joy and song All the smil-ing flow - er- throng

For they bring a mes - sage fair, Of a lov - ing Fa - ther's care.

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No. 202. JUNE SONG.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

DUET, SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

rit.

1. In the dim woodlands, Silent and deep, Blossoms are waking, From their long sleep.
2. Out in the meadows, Gay brooklets run, Shining like silver, In the bright sun.
3. Trees of the woodland, Birds of the air, Splendor of sunset, All are most fair.

a tempo.

Bird songs are ringing On ev'ry hand, Blue skies are smiling, O'er a fair land.
Mountains are smiling, In robes of green, O'er all the landscape, Beauty is seen.
Then let our praises Rise un-to heav'n, For all this beau-ty, So free-ly giv'n.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

O, the gold - en sum-mer time is here, At the

fair - est sea-son of the year, Let none be sad,

harmony. here.....

Let all be glad For the golden summer-time is here, summer's here.

here.....

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No. 203. THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH.

REGINALD HEBER. (EMULATION. C. M. D.) DR. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: His blood-red banner streams a-far, Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain; Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master in the sky, And call'd on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The matron and the maid, A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light arrayed: They climb'd the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!

No. 204. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 205. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING GOULD. (GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D.) A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
3. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers,

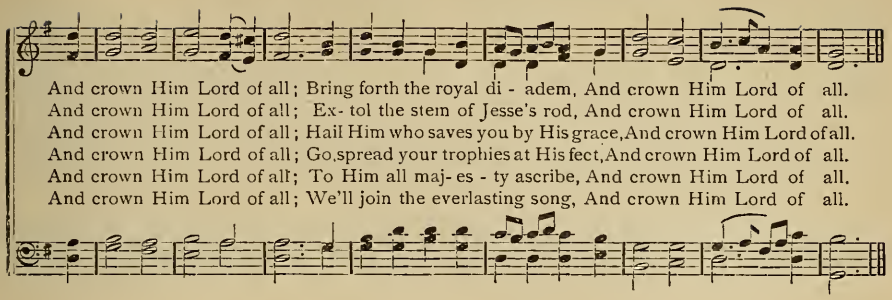
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 206. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

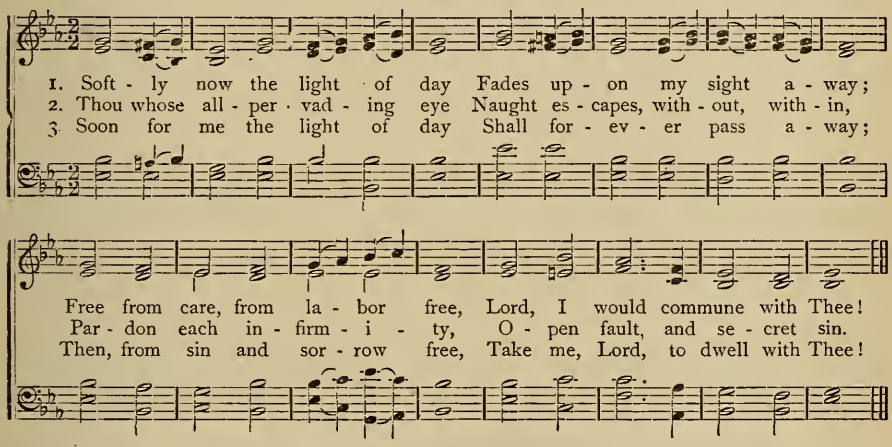
1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem,
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His altar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod,
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
5. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter- res- trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe,
6. O, that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - lasting song,

ALL HAIL THE POWER.—Concluded.



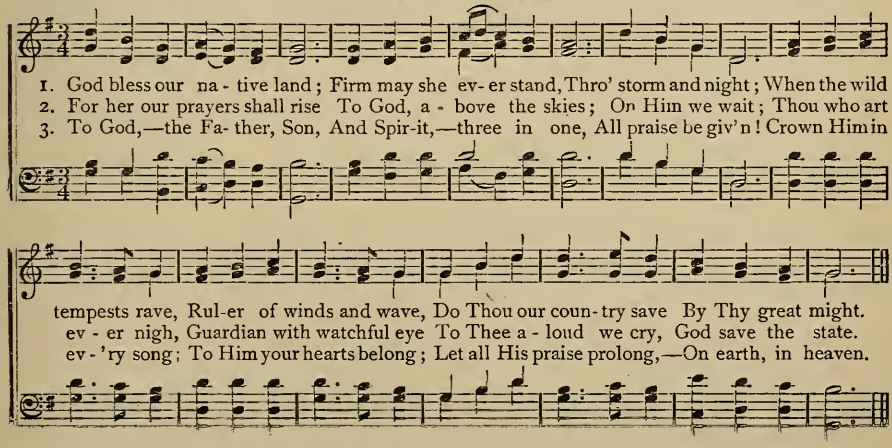
No. 207. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

GEORGE W. DOANE. (HOLLEY, 7s.) G. HEWS.



No. 208. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

JOHN S. DWIGHT. (ITALIAN HYMN, 6s. 4s.) F. GIARDINI.



No. 209. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

KEITH, in Rippon's Selections. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) J. READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed! I, I am thy God, and will
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I will not, I will not de-

ex - cellent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,— To you who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - verflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by my right- eous, om-nip - o - tent hand."
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep- est dis - tress."
nev - er, no nev - er for - sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."

No. 210. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) W. H. MONK.

1. A- bide with me! fast falls the e - ventide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a- way;
3. I need Thy presence ev-'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth- er help- ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
Change and de- cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a-bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 211. MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

B. SCHMOLKE. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In-to Thy hand of love
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene

I would my all re-sign; Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el

rit.

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

No. 212. SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 213. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICAEA. P. M.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.

3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 214. O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. (CRUCIFIX. 7s. 6s.) Greek Melody.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sad- ness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and lowly,

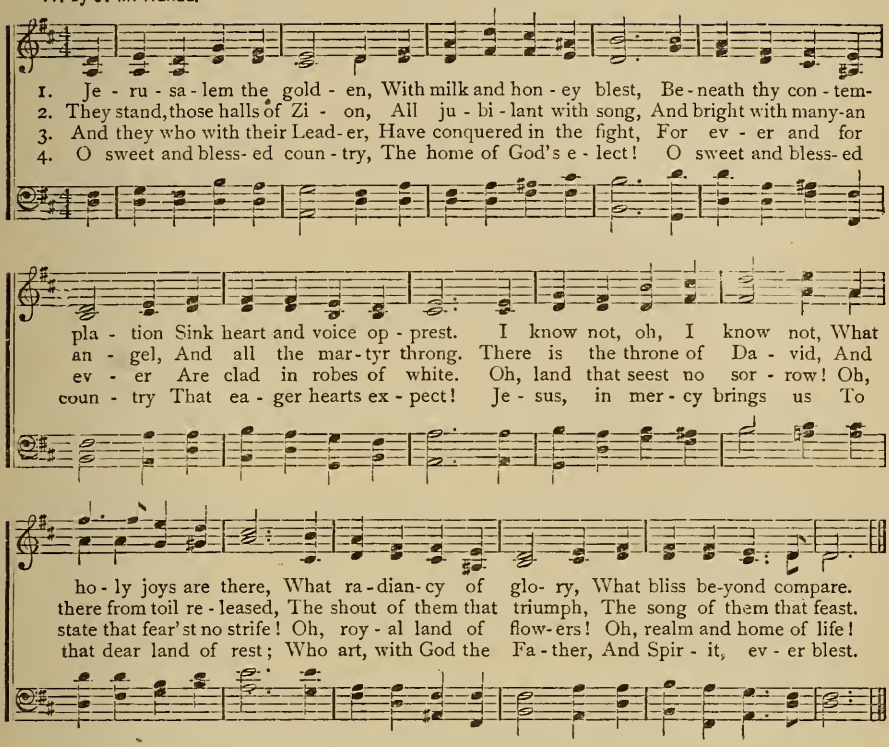
2. { On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; / On thee, for our sal-vation, Christ rose from depths of earth; } On thee our Lord victorious

3. { To - day, on wea - ry na- tions, The heavn'ly man-na falls; / To ho - ly con - vo- ca - tions The sil- ver trum-pet calls, } Where gospel light is glowing

Bend- ing be-fore the throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One.
The Spir- it sent from heav'n: And thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was giv'n.
With pure and radiant beams, And liv- ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul- re-freshing streams.

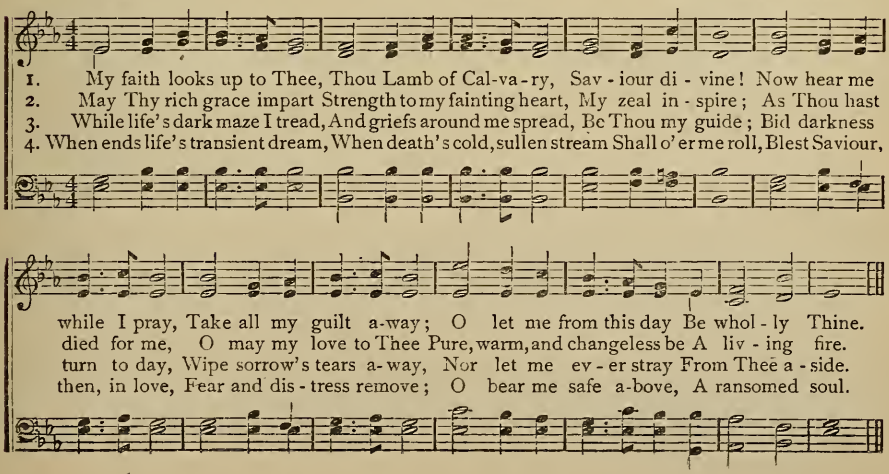
No. 215. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. by J. M. NEALE. (EWING. 7s. 6s.) ALEX. EWING.



No. 216. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s. 4s.) DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 217. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ZUNDEL. 8s. 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast;
3. Car - ry on Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and ho - ly may we be;

S. FINE.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all Thy grace in - her - it; Let us find Thy prom - ised rest;
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;

D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
D.S.—End the work of Thy be - gin - ning; Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
D.S.—Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

D.S.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Take our load of guilt a - way;
Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 218. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. (WEBB. 7s. 6s.) J. G. WEBB.

S.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban - ner,
2. Stand up!—stand up tor Jesus! Stand in His strength alone: The arm of flesh will fail you;—
3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle,

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished,
D.S.—Where duty calls or dan - ger,
D.S.—He with the King of glo - ry

FINE. *D.S.*

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos- pel arm - or, And, watching un-to pray'r,
The next the victor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Be nev - er wanting there.
Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 219. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Rev. Wm. H. Hunter, D. D. Arranged by J. H. Stockton.

1. The Great Phy-si - cian now is here, The sym- pathiz - ing Je - sus: He speaks the drooping
2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus; Go on your way in
3. All glo - ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus; I love the bless-ed
4. The children too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus, May now ac-cept His
5. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Je - sus, We'll sing around the

Chorus.

heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
gra- cious call To work and live for Je - sus.
throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

Sweet- est note in ser - aph song,

pp

Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

No. 220. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D. C.

Un- known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois- t'rous waves o - bey, Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

No. 221. JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) ARR. from G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth; the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na-ture
Re-peat the sound-ing
Far as the curse is
And won-ders of His

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy,
found, Far as the curse is found,
love, And won-ders of His love,

No. 222. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN. S. M.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm-or down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode.

No. 223. PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand, to bless Thee, ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 224. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

RESPONSIVE EXERCISES.

No. 225.

JANUARY.—New Year Thoughts.

Bell for Silence.

Singing.—No. 213, 3, 117.

Prayer.

SUPT.—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

SCHOOL.—"The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey."

SUPT.—"Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

SCHOOL.—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised."

SUPT.—"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

SCHOOL.—"Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

Singing.—No. 4, 13, 120.

Lesson Study.

Bell for Closing Exercises.

Questions on Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

SUPT. AND SCHOOL IN UNISON.—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing you; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

Lord's Prayer, repeated by all.

Singing.—No. 61, 124.

No. 226.

FEBRUARY.—Winter.

Bell for Silence.

SUPT.—"Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Opening Hymn.—No. 91, 85.

Prayer.

Scripture Verses, read by selected classes.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?"

"The waters are hid as with a stone and the face of the deep is frozen."

"He sealeth up the hand of every man that all men may know his works."

"By the breath of God frost is given and the breadth of the waters is straightened."

SUPT.—"Come now let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."

ALL.—"Fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy winds fulfilling his word."

Singing.—No. 82, 112.

Apostles' Creed, recited or chanted.—[No. 128.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Review of Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

All Recite Closing Texts.

"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised and his greatness is unsearchable."

"Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God, thy spirit is good, lead me unto the land of uprightness."

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 116, 87.

Gloria Patri.—No. 86, 52.

No. 227.

MARCH.—Herald of Spring.

Bell for Silence.

Chant.—Lord's prayer, No. 145.

SUPT.—"The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

BOYS.—"Then shall he give the rain of thy seed, that thou shalt sow the ground withal; and bread of the increase of the earth and it shall be fat and plenteous."

GIRLS.—"For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

ALL.—"Drop down, ye heavens from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I the Lord have created it."

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 118, 127.

Bible Studies in "Seven."

SUPT.—What are the seven great doctrines?

SCHOOL.—Sin, Repentance, Faith, Redemption, Justification, Regeneration and Sanctification.

SUPT.—What are the seven great Bible events?

SCHOOL.—Creation, Fall, Sinai, Bethlehem, Calvary, Ascension, Pentecost.

SUPT.—Who are the seven great men of the Old Testament?

SCHOOL.—Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David, Elijah, Daniel.

SUPT.—Who are the seven great women of the Bible?

SCHOOL.—Miriam, Ruth, Esther, Dorcas, Mary, Lydia and Mary Magdalene.

Prayer Hymn.—No. 121, 23.

Lesson Study.

Bell for Closing Exercises.

Review of Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

ALL.—"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

"Praise ye the Lord, for he is good, his mercy endureth forever.

Closing Hymn.—No. 210, 126.

Benediction.—"The Lord watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from another."

No. 228.

APRIL.—The Easter Thought.

Bell for Silence.

Singing.—No. 185, 5, 44.

Prayer.

SUPT.—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

TEACHERS.—"Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart."

SCHOOL.—"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Singing.—No. 84, 186, 187.

SUPT.—"For the Lord shall comfort Zion, he will comfort all her waste places and he will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

TEACHERS.—"I am the resurrection and the life."

SCHOOL.—"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

Lesson Study.

Bell for Closing Exercises.

Golden Text, recited by small scholars.

Questions on Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

School Recites, Psalm 23, or sing No. 73.

Prayer.

ALL IN UNISON.—"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

Singing.—No. 188, 50.

No. 229.

MAY.—Spring in its fullness.

Bell for Silence.

Singing.—No. 9, 77, 196.

Prayer.

Selected Hymn.

SUPT.—"For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands."

SCHOOL.—"The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

GIRLS.—"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

BOYS.—"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man that he may bring forth food out of the earth."

SUPT.—"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

School Recites Ten Commandments.

Singing.—No. 114, 194.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Review of Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

Closing Verses.

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

"Thus saith the Lord"—

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

SUPT.—"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

Gloria Patri.—No. 52, 86.

No. 230.

JUNE.—The Children and Summer.

Bell for Silence.

All Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Singing.—No. 190, 41, 48.

SUPT.—"Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

BOYS.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

GIRLS.—"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom."

SUPT.—"And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

TEACHERS.—"I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

SUPT.—"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer."

Singing.—"The Rose of Sharon."-No. 20.

School Recites, Books of the Old Testament.

SUPT.—How many chapters in the Old Testament?

SCHOOL.—929 chapters.

SUPT.—How many verses?

SCHOOL.—23,214 verses.

Lesson Study.

Bell for Closing Exercises.

Short Talk on Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

ALL READ.—"And there shall be a tabernacle in the day time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm. and from rain."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name"

Singing.—No. 194, 199, 192.

Prayer.

No. 231.

JULY.—Patriotic.

Bell for Silence.

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 53, 224.

SUPT.—"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

SCHOOL.—"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance."

SUPT.—"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

TEACHERS.—"Many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day and shall be my people."

Singing.—No. 208, 141, 62.

SUPT.—"Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

"The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

School Recites, books of New Testament.

SUPT.—How many chapters do we find in the New Testament?

SCHOOL.—Two hundred and sixty.

SUPT.—How many verses?

SCHOOL.—Seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine.

Singing.—No. 21, 100.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Review of Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

Closing Texts. (All read in unison.)

"But now they desire a better country that is an heavenly; therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

"Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

Singing.—No. 87, 61, 124.

No. 232.

AUGUST.—Rest Service.

Bell for Silence.

Silent Prayer.

Singing.—No. 10, 119.

SUPT.—"And God did rest the seventh day from all his works."

SCHOOL.—"Return unto thy rest O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

SUPT.—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

SCHOOL.—"Is not the Lord your God with you and hath he not given you rest on every side?"

SUPT.—"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 56, 30.

Beatitudes.—

GIRLS.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:
BOYS.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
GIRLS.—Blessed are they that mourn:
BOYS.—For they shall be comforted.
GIRLS.—Blessed are the meek:
BOYS.—For they shall inherit the earth.
GIRLS.—Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
BOYS.—For they shall be filled.
GIRLS.—Blessed are the merciful:
BOYS.—For they shall obtain mercy.
GIRLS.—Blessed are the pure in heart:
BOYS.—For they shall see God.
GIRLS.—Blessed are the peace-makers:
BOYS.—For they shall be called the children of God.

Singing.—No. 131, 25

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Each teacher presents a thought on the lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

SUPT. AND SCHOOL IN UNISON.—"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

"There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Singing.—No. 124, 223.

Gloria Patri.—No. 86, 52.

No. 233.

SEPTEMBER.—Rally Day and Reunion.

Bell for Silence.

Singing.—No. 38, 104.

Prayer.

SUPT.—"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

SCHOOL.—"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work."

TEACHERS.—"For we are laborers together with God."

SUPT.—"I will arise and go unto my father."

SCHOOL.—"And the Lord said unto Jacob, return unto the land of thy fathers, and to thy kindred and I will be with thee."

Singing.—No. 137, 34.

SUPT.—What armor of God must soldiers of Jesus wear?

SCHOOL.—They must take the shield of faith.

The helmet of salvation.

The breast-plate of righteousness.

The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Having your loins girt about with truth.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

Singing.—No. 7, 18, 28.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Review of Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

SUPT.—"We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.

TEACHERS.—"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

ALL.—"Be not afraid or dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's."

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 126.

No. 234.

OCTOBER.—Harvest.

Bell for Silence.

SUPT.—"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright."

Singing.—No. 51, 72.

Prayer.

SUPT.—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness." "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

SCHOOL.—"He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

SUPT.—"I say unto you lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

TEACHERS.—"And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that serveth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

SUPT.—"When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy fields and hast forgotten a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go forth again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands."

SCHOOL.—"And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Singing.—No. 45, 64.

SUPT.—Name some of our Lord's parables.

SCHOOL.—1. The tares, 2. The hidden treasure, 3. The goodly pearl, 4. The draw-net, 5. The unmerciful servant, 6. The laborers in the vineyard, 7. The two sons, 8. The marriage of the King's son, 9. The two virgins, 10. The ten talents, 11. The sheep and goats, 12. The seed growing secretly, 13. The house-holder, 14. The two debtors, 15. The good Samaritan, 16. The friend at midnight, 17. The rich fool, 18. The wedding feast, 19. The wise steward.

Lesson Study.

Bell for Closing Exercises.

Various Classes give facts in the day's lesson.

Application by Supt.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

SUPT.—"He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

SCHOOL.—"Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

ALL.—"Bless the Lord O my soul, O Lord my God thou art very great, thou art clothed with honor and majesty."

Singing.—No. 112.

Repeat or Chant Lord's Prayer.

No. 235.

NOVEMBER.—Thanksgiving.

Bell for Silence.

Prayer.

Singing.—No. 12, 55, 92.

SUPT.—"Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."

BOYS.—"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer with supplication and thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

GIRLS.—"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation."

Gloria Patri.—No. 86, 52.

SUPT.—Did the Jews ever keep a thanksgiving feast?

SCHOOL.—Yes, the Feast of Tabernacles.

"In the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days."

"And ye shall take you on the first day, the boughs of thick trees and willows of the brook: and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God."

SUPT.—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name."

Singing.—No. 66, 105.

One of the Teachers recites a thankful Bible verse and makes a few comments upon it.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

School Recites Golden Text.

Remarks on Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

Closing Bible Verses.

ALL READ.—"My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

"Blessed is the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation."

"Praise ye the Lord, praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power."

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Singing.—No. 101.

Mizpah Benediction.

No. 236.

DECEMBER.—Christmas and the Old Year.

Bell for Silence.

Singing.—No. 177, 172.

Prayer.

SUPT.—"Behold a king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment, and a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

TEACHERS.—"I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren and I will put my words in his mouth."

SCHOOL.—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

SUPT.—"And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the Princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

TEACHERS.—"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

ALL.—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Singing.—No. 169, 171, 175.

SUPT.—Give some of the names of Christ.

SCHOOL.—Saviour, Shepherd, Sun, Shield, Rock, Corner-stone, Branch, Vine, Morning Star, Dayspring, Counsellor, Lamb of God, Prophet, Priest, Witness, Deliverer, Bread of Life, Water of Life, Shiloh, Passover, King and many other names.

Singing.—No. 168, 166.

Lesson Study.

Closing Bell.

Questions on the Lesson.

Fifteen Minutes' Song Service.

Closing Verses.

SUPT.—"That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and

SCHOOL.—God requireth that which is past."

SUPT.—"Thou art the same and thy years shall have no end."

SCHOOL.—"Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."

ALL.—"I will be merciful to their unrighteousness and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Singing.—No. 42.

All Repeat Lord's Prayer.

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ON, PENNSYLVANIA!

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SONG.

Composed for the State Sabbath School Association.

ELIZA EDMUNDS HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Workers for Je - sus, in His name we forward go, Marching to-geth-er in the
2. Blessed be-gin-ings of a hundred years ago, Bright little streamlets—how they
3. On, Penn-sylva- nia! Let us lab - or, let us pray, "Giving and lov-ing," as we
4. On, Penn-sylva- nia! Let us plan great things for God; Gladly expect-ant, as we

century's ris-ing glow; Lift- ing His ban-ner in the good old Keystone state,
wid- en as they flow! Riv - ers of gladness, bear-ing joy to this broad land;
press a- long the way; Swell- ing our le- gions in the serv- ice of the King,
spread His truth abroad; All precious children for the Mas-ter whom we love;

CHORUS.

Lead- ing our country in a no-ble cause and great.
Still, hap- py comrades, let the work of Christ expand.
Hence, for His kingdom, ev-'ry hallowed force we bring.
Loud - ly we'll praise Him, at the Ral - ly Day a- bove.
} On, Pennsylva- ni-a!

On - ward, on - ward,

we are marching on, Sabbath School co-workers, we are marching on! From our first con-

on - ward marching, on - ward, on - ward,

ven- tion in the century's dawn, "Onward," Pennsylva-ni - a! we are marching on,

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UPLIFTED VOICES

"They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord."
Isaiah 24-18.

A NEW CENTURY HYMN BOOK FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

EDITED BY
ADAM GEIBEL AND R. FRANK LEHMAN.